

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

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November 16, 1966

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PRICE

COLOR FEATURES

CHALLENGE YACHTS

(Gretel, Vim, Dame Pattie)

SHOW THEIR PACES

The strange life of

GODFREY MILLER

Australian painter

**Night-life success of
THEATRE RESTAURANTS**

16-page lift-out

**16 SUMMER DESIGNS
TO KNIT OR CROCHET**

**Birthday
portrait of
PRINCE
CHARLES**



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NOVEMBER 16, 1966

Vol. 34, No. 25

OUR COVER

● H.R.H. Prince Charles, Prince of Wales, will celebrate his 18th birthday—his royal coming-of-age—on November 14. This birthday portrait was taken by Godfrey Argent at Balmoral Castle.

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GLAMOR YACHTS IN TRIALS



VIM, in foreground, and GRETTEL, tacking during a 24-mile Cup-style test. Vim is Gretel's trial-horse in races preceding the selection of a challenger for the America's Cup.



● Next year Gretel and Dame Pattie, the two potential challengers for the America's Cup to be contested at Newport, Rhode Island, in September, 1967, will vie for selection in races to be sailed off Sydney Heads.

During the past weeks, Gretel and her trial-horse, Vim, have been meeting in a comprehensive series of races off the coast.

These pictures were taken during one of these trials, when Gretel, skippered by Archie Robertson, beat Vim, with Eric Strain at the helm by 7½ minutes over a full 24-mile Cup-style course.

In the Harbor they chanced on Dame Pattie, which sailed alongside them for a few minutes.

Gretel and Vim had fresh testing conditions. The wind over the course was up to 16 knots and the seas were heavy.

Gretel had a near-miss in her attempt in 1962 at breaking America's 113-year-old grip on the America's Cup, when she beat the U.S. defender, Weatherly, in one heat, and sailed another in the closest finish in the Cup's history.

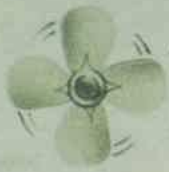
After she came back to Sydney, the 12-metre Gretel underwent extensive modifications and emerged a slimmer and a racier-looking craft.

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NEW SOUTH WALES



ABOVE: Silhouetted against heavy seas, Gretel leads Vim in a spinnaker race. Picture was taken seven miles off the N.S.W. coast outside Sydney Harbor.
LEFT: Reaching across Sydney Harbor, headed for open sea, Gretel and Vim come upon their rival, Dame Pattie, which turned about and sailed alongside them for a few minutes. Dame Pattie, skippered by Jock Sturrock, is in the foreground, Gretel centre, and Vim right. Pictures taken by Keith Barlow.

YOUR MODERN FOODS NEED TWO KINDS OF COLD



DRY COLD

IN THE FREEZER

(Dry sub-zero air for frozen food).

The "NO FROST" fan's dry sub-zero breeze just won't let frost form — ends chipping, scraping and defrosting. Frozen food packets never stick together and their labels can always be clearly read.

MOIST COLD

IN THE REFRIGERATOR

(So fresh foods can't dry out)

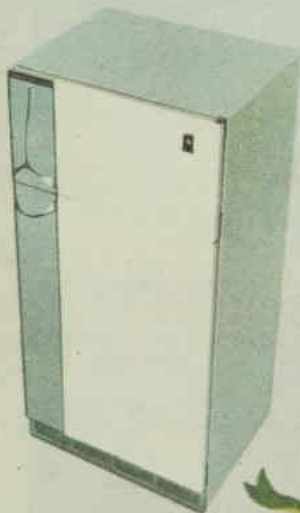
No fan here, because that would dry out meats, greens and salads. Instead, "MOIST COLD" with cyclic automatic defrost keeps food fresh in varying temperature zones from top to bottom. Best of all, there's no chance of food flavours from refrigerator tainting freezer foods, and vice versa. (There's no fan to circulate them). 2 kinds of cold, 2 separate sealed-off cabinets keep flavours tastefully apart.

This is the new

**Pretty
Face
Look**

The look that will lead refrigerator styling for years to come. Sheer, beautiful exteriors. Sculptured handles. The touch of textured silver.

Inside, white is excitingly in. Glistening white with silver shelving that goes with every kitchen decor — always.



TWO APPLIANCES IN ONE



Choose from 15, 14 and 12 cu. ft. models. Only Kelvinator has "NO FROST"* and "MOIST COLD"

Kelvinator
NO-FROST
FOODARAMA

With no defrosting anywhere — and think what you can do with the big freezer cabinet. Buy big. Buy in bulk. Cut down your shopping expeditions. Buy fruit, vegetables and family favourites in season and enjoy them months later when they cost twice as much.

**"Take me to the leader...
Kelvinator"**



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 16, 1966

KL569A
* (Registration pending)

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Dame Pattie finds shopping in Virginia fun, but confusing

By GEORGE MCGANN, of our New York Staff

● The other housewives at the Charlottesville supermarket would probably get quite a shock if they knew that the gracious little grey-haired lady pushing her shopping cart about was Dame Pattie, the wife of Sir Robert Menzies.

DAME PATTIE is temporarily mistress of lovely "Morea," the 132-year-old red-brick home they are occupying in the grounds of the University of Virginia during Sir Robert's term as the university's Scholar in Residence. She is "just another housewife" these days.

She does all her own shopping at the local stores and all her own cooking. Her only help is a woman who does the cleaning twice a week.

"I find it all very stimulating," Dame Pattie said as she sat in the lounge-room of the antique-filled house, its windows giving out on a garden alive with autumn coloring.

"My neighbors are extremely kind," she added. "I don't drive here in America, since the wheel is on the other side of the car. But there is always someone offering to pick me up for shopping, or for luncheon, or to go sightseeing."

Dame Pattie did the cooking and shopping at home in Malvern, Vic., after she and Sir Robert moved from Canberra.

In America, however, the vast array of foodstuffs and the unfamiliar labels on tins and packages are baffling to a newcomer.

"I find it all dreadfully confusing," she confessed. "It's so difficult to identify the various prepared foods when you don't know the brand names."

"I suppose I will learn in time. Meanwhile, I often find I am buying the wrong things. The butcher shop gives me the most trouble."

"The cuts of meat are quite different here and I don't recognise them. I haven't asked for steak yet. However, I have tried the chickens and found them delicious."

"I have never had so many failures

in cooking as I've had here, but Sir Robert is being very patient."

"Morea," which was built by a professor in the original faculty of the university, is a comfortable two-storey house with a charming lounge-room and dining-room.

It is used for guests of the university, and is furnished with antiques gathered from the surrounding countryside by a committee of professors' wives.

Among their finds is a lovely grandfather clock, built in London in the 18th century, which records the phases of the moon and days of the week, as well as telling the time.

The garden of "Morea" contains a magnificent group of old trees—ash, walnut, cedar, pine, spruce, magnolia, and hickory—as well as box-wood shrubbery.

Dame Pattie is looking forward to her first "cold Christmas."

"We are going to miss our children and grandchildren, of course," she said, "but I am looking forward to a white Christmas. If it doesn't snow I'll be very disappointed."

She and her husband will be in residence at "Morea" until mid-January, the end of the first university term. Sir Robert is delivering a series of seven public lectures on Australian constitutional development, as well as making addresses at other universities.

The arrival of Sir Robert and Dame Pattie has created a considerable stir at the lovely old university, which was founded by Thomas Jefferson in the early 19th century.

Sir Robert is considered by far the most distinguished Scholar in Residence in the university's history. His immediate predecessors included novelists William Faulkner and Katherine Anne Porter and poet Stephen Spender.



SIR ROBERT MENZIES AND DAME PATTIE in front of "Morea," the charming old residence they are occupying at the University of Virginia. BELOW: In the lounge-room Dame Pattie shows one of the old "silver safes," in which cutlery is locked away. The house is furnished with many fine antiques gathered by a group of professors' wives.



MELBOURNE



CHEERS for the hero, boos for the villain are half the fun at the Music Hall restaurant at Windsor, where "East Lynne" has been playing.



PERSONALITIES John Newman and Tikki Taylor share a joke with guests at their Theatre Lounge. Old-time songs entertain the diners.



PLUSH decor at the Lido sets off the floor show put on by the Lido Girls. Tables are on split levels, and the table lamps came from Cairo.

THEATRE RESTAURANTS: Current night-out craze

Dine, wine, and watch a stage show



BRISBANE EIGHT players put on "The Drunkard" at the Mark Twain Theatre Restaurant, which is painted black inside.



ADELAIDE "THE OLD BULL 'n' BUSH," a collection of rollicking old-time songs, was put on at Adelaide's first theatre restaurant in the Hotel Australia.



MUSIC HALL (above), Sydney's oldest theatre restaurant, presented "The Dreadful Fate of HMS Revenge," a melodrama. Production cost: \$14,000.

SYDNEY

VARIETY REVUE, featuring lots of feathers, frills, and glamor, entertained guests from the catwalk at the Doncaster (right).



THE movies used to be the strongest draw to get people out at night, but television ended that. Theatre audiences have been a stay-at-home lot, and nightclubs are hardly the rage. But theatre restaurants—where you can wine, dine, and have stage-show entertainment—are booming.

Sydney has six now (the first was the Music Hall at Neutral Bay, which opened five years ago), and Brisbane's Mark Twain Theatre Restaurant is extremely popular. Adelaide's first is in the Hotel Australia, North Adelaide. Perth has none as yet, but three are flourishing in Melbourne.

"Australians want to be entertained—they also like to eat," said Mr. Eric Duckworth, director of Sydney's Doncaster Theatre Restaurant, at Kensington. "Theatre restaurants offer all that—and, in the suburbs, no parking problems as well." (The Doncaster was once Sydney's first suburban cinema, until TV virtually killed it. It then became a mini-golf course. Now, elegantly and elaborately converted, it is drawing crowds once again.)

Owner-hosts of the Music Hall, Mr. and Mrs. George Miller, who opened in Sydney five years ago, earlier ran a successful show of the same kind in Melbourne.

"By joining theatre and restaurant, we are able to present melodrama, farce, and comedy in a relaxed and friendly atmosphere," Mr. Miller said.

While many of these new-style restaurants have been started in old theatres, some theatres have opened in restaurants. Sydney's Bull 'n' Bush, Sesame, and the Copenhagen are in this category.

All two-hour to three-hour productions, the shows at Sydney's theatre restaurants cost anything from \$3000 to \$14,000 to produce.

Although audience participation is encouraged, and hining, booing, and cheering are appreciated, the practice of throwing eggs and cakes is NOT.

"It created the wrong image and got out of hand," said Mr. Miller. "It took a long time to stop, and ruined many a fur coat before it did."

In Melbourne the plush Lido has a very romantic setting, with green velvet and gold decor and sparkling chandeliers. Tables are on split levels so that every diner has a good view of the lavish floor show.

At Tikki and John's Theatre Lounge, Tikki Taylor and her husband, John Newman, greet patrons at the door dressed in Edwardian costume. Out in the suburbs is the Music Hall Restaurant, where audience participation is the order of the evening.



ARABIAN FROLIC "Turkish Delight" was shown at the Sesame, where the cavellike setting gives an intimate atmosphere for one of Sydney's newest theatre restaurants.



POCKET productions of Broadway musicals are presented at the Menzies Theatre Restaurant. "Oklahoma!", "South Pacific," "Can-Can," "Kiss Me Kate" (above) have been popular.

Read a few home truths neither fad nor fashion

Ours is a society of abundance. Supermarkets are crammed with foods our parents never even dreamed of. Fruit and vegetables are plentiful and fresher than ever before. We live an outdoor life. Active. Wholesome. Children of the sun. All in all, we should be the healthiest, best-fed people in the world. We should be. But we're not. And the reason? So much of the food we eat lacks the essential nutritional value we need. Because so much of it today is processed-away in mass production.

At Sanitarium Health Foods, what natural protein, vitamins and minerals that may be lost in manufacture, we put back. Equal to what nature provided. We honestly try to make the best possible products we can. Foods rich in natural goodness. And we make certain they reach you just as wholesome.

So, if you're prepared to take more of an interest in the food your family eats, don't think of it as either a fad or a fashion. Think of it as a fact of life. We do. Health is our middle name.

You'll recognise the wonderful family of Sanitarium Health Foods by the symbol in the lower right-hand corner of this page. Look for it at all food stores.

SANITARIUM HEALTH FOODS

Check the foods shown on these pages. Some of them you may not know; so we've included some interesting recipes for you to enjoy.



These golden breakfast biscuits give you all of the build-up goodness of whole wheat. 24 man-size breakfasts in every large packet. Compare the price, weight for weight. Weet-Bix give you more value for your money than any other breakfast cereal. Try them this delicious way as well—

CAULIFLOWER & MUSHROOM CASSEROLE:
1 cauliflower, 4 Weet-Bix, 1 tin mushroom soup (10½ oz.), 2 dessertspoons margarine.
Slice layers of cauliflower into small casserole. Salt slightly. Cover with mushroom soup. Bake 30-40 minutes at 350 degrees. Remove cover. Cut Weet-Bix into small squares with serrated knife, and cover cauliflower. Pour over melted margarine. Bake a further 10 minutes until golden brown, with cover removed.



Our new Skippy Corn Flakes are wonderfully crisp and satisfying. Try this wonderful new dessert—

APPLE CRUNCH:
1 lb. apples, 2 oz. dates, little sugar to taste, 4 oz. Skippy Corn Flakes, water, 2 oz. margarine, 2 oz. sugar.

Put sliced apples and dates with very little water and sugar into saucepan, cook slowly until mixture is nearly tender and thick; transfer to pie dish. Cream margarine and sugar, add corn flakes, press on top of apples. Bake in moderate oven until top is crisp. Serve with cream or custard. Do not use apples that are too juicy, as the mixture on top will "sink in." Any other fruit is equally good in this recipe.

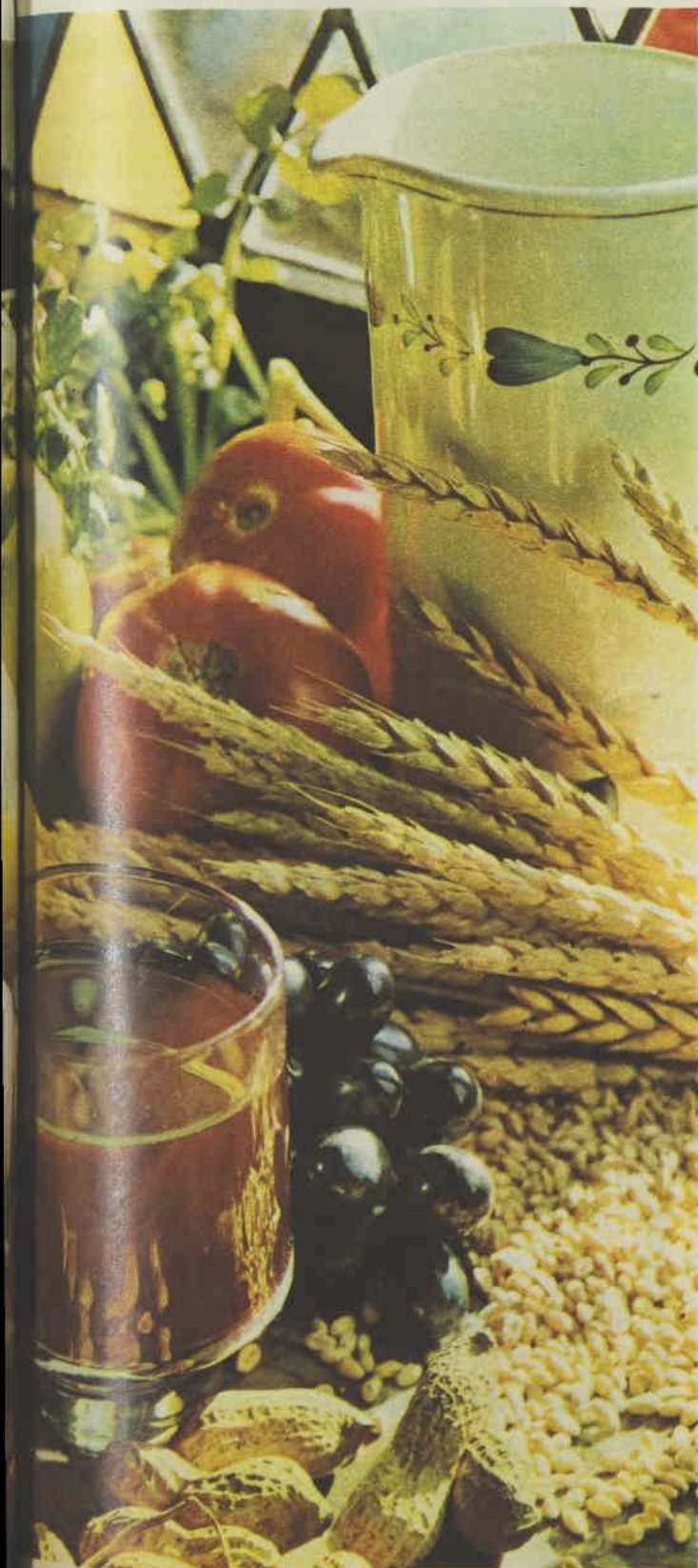


Marmite is a rich source of Vitamin B1 and a wonderful appetite builder. Here's a tasty new way to serve it—

FRENCH ONION SOUP:
5 tablespoons butter, 4 cups thinly sliced onions, 1 dessertspoon Marmite, 5½ cups boiling water, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 cup diced fried bread, 3 tablespoons grated cheese.
Heat butter, add sliced onions and saute till deep golden brown, add salt. Add 5½ cups boiling water and Marmite, and stir well. Simmer for 1 hour, covered. Pour into soup bowls, sprinkle with grated cheese, add a scattering of fried breadcrumbs and serve at once. Serves 5.



about health, and why it's today, but a fact of life!



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 16, 1966

Made from plump, golden peanuts, "Sanitarium" Peanut Butter is a real storehouse of energy. Two tempting varieties: Smooth and Crunchy (studded with peanut chips). Here's a good idea—

"CRUNCHY" PEANUT BUTTER BARS:

1 cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 3 oz. butter, 1 cup "Sanitarium" Crunchy Peanut Butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup coconut, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Sift flour and salt twice. Cream butter and peanut butter, gradually add sugar. Add well-beaten eggs and beat well. Sift in dry ingredients, add coconut and vanilla. Spread into greased lamington tin. Bake in moderate oven 30-35 minutes. Cut into bars while still warm, dust with sifted icing sugar.



Blend honey and glucose together, and you have a superb natural energy builder. Sanitarium Honey and Glucose. Wonderful this way, too—

SANITARIUM HONEY-GLUCOSE TOFFEE:

2 cups sugar, 1 tablespoon Sanitarium Honey and Glucose, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon butter.

Grease saucepan well with butter. Place all ingredients in pan; bring to boil. Boil steadily until a little dropped in cold water becomes hard; do not stir at all. Pour into patty cases; leave until set. If desired, sprinkle coconut or nonpareils to decorate.



Two delicious cereals from Sanitarium. Both are made from whole wheat and puffed many times their original size. Toasted to tempting crispness. To Weeta Puffs we add maple syrup as well. You'll love them this way—

WEETA PUFF HONEY BALLS:

3 oz. Sanitarium Honey, 1 oz. butter, 6 oz. sugar, ½ cup chopped marshmallows, 4 oz. Weeta Puffs.

Place honey, butter, sugar and marshmallows in saucepan; cook gently until sugar has dissolved. Set aside until almost cool. Pour over Weeta Puffs; stir, coating well. Shape into small balls, refrigerate until set.



Nutolene and Nutmeat—high protein that's good to eat, interesting to cook—and surprisingly moderate in cost. Try this appetising meal—

NUTOLENE CASSEROLE:

1 large tin Nutolene, 1 large tin tomato puree, 3 hard-boiled eggs, 1 medium-sized onion, 1 clove garlic, chopped parsley, ½ capsicum, chopped, grated cheese. Seasonings—Mono Sodium Glutamate, herbs to taste, 3 tablespoons oil.

In the oil saute the onion, garlic and capsicum (all finely chopped) until clear but not brown. Add the tomato puree and seasonings (½ teaspoon sugar and pinch of herbs, ½ teaspoon Mono Sodium Glutamate). Simmer together for 10-15 minutes while dicing the Nutolene. In a casserole place alternate layers of Nutolene, hard-boiled egg slices, tomato mixture and grated cheese. Bake in 350 degree oven for 45 minutes.

Ry-King is the world's best-selling crispbread, with all of the unique flavour of Swedish rye. If you want to be slim and trim, try a Ry-King lunch like this—

RY-KING 300-CALORIE LUNCH:

2 Ry-King crispbreads spread with 1 oz. butter and Marmite (120 calories). 1 hard-boiled egg (80 calories). 1 sliced tomato (30 calories). 1 piece fruit (apple or orange—70 calories). Plus your favourite hot beverage without milk or sugar.



Health is our middle name

AP7a 6

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GODFREY MILLER

- He ignored his wealth to live in squalor, and paint . . .
- He was testy, he quarrelled, but his charm was enormous . . .
- He seemed friendless, yet he had friends who recognised his genius and rare spirit . . . He died alone in his dark house, amid his shabby goods and his treasury of paintings.



GODFREY MILLER. Picture taken by Kerry Dunlop

It was one of the strangest wills ever written, finale to one of the strangest lives ever lived.

The old man who wrote it lived alone in a little dark house in a Sydney slum, where the teapot had a broken spout, and the taps dripped, and the cups had broken handles.

His name was Godfrey Miller.

His terrace-house neighbors knew nothing about him—except that he was "different." (Said one, "We thought perhaps he was a writer.")

Godfrey Miller was a painter, but few people cared. Some of those few had offered quite remarkable prices for what he painted, but even fewer knew that.

He was practically friendless, or so it seemed, until he died alone in the dark little house, and the police were fetched by neighbors.

"Natural causes," said the police. "Just another lonely old-age pensioner dying alone in the big city."

Then a succession of friends came hurrying to the door, including artists John Henshaw and David Strachan.

And the surprises began.

Some of these people were close mutual friends, but had no idea that the others even knew Godfrey Miller.

Each imagined himself to be the strange old man's one real friend.

All surprised the police by begging them to nail up the doors and windows, because

there might be a fortune inside the house.

The police asked wisely, "He was a miser?"

"He was a genius," asserted the friends. "There may be priceless works hidden here."

The police looked askance at some strange canvases lying about the house, but nailed the place up to save argument.

Reassured, the friends went away, and found other friends who had known the old man, and began comparing notes.

One quite distinguished woman told about once being invited to the little house to take tea.

The hour named was four o'clock. Such invitations being exceedingly rare, and determined to be punctual, the woman arrived at five minutes to.

She rang the bell.

After a testy pause, the door opened, and there stood Miller, his pants held up by string, his grey hair jagged from his having cut it himself.

This object snapped in a public-school accent: "I invited you at four."

And closed the door in her astonished face.

Meekly, the woman waited. At four o'clock precisely the door reopened and Miller stood there, smiling with all his enormous charm.

"How very nice to see you," he said. "Won't you come in?"

Which, meekly, the woman did.

In all these relationships, which Godfrey

Miller kept so separate, he set the rules, and others obeyed.

Even so, sooner or later, he fell out with everybody.

"He was an uncomfortable man," the friends agreed, "and yet, indefinitely, a good one. A great one."

Then the will was produced, and the surprises mounted.

Miller had left all his works to his brother, Lewis, and two friends—librarian John Kaplan and artist John Henshaw.

(Miller wasn't speaking to Henshaw at the time of his death.)

By KAY KEAVNEY

The three men knew far better than Miller the value, in hard cash, of their inheritance.

And they had absolute discretion to dispose of the works as they saw fit, being left to decide (as Miller wrote in his sprawling open hand) how to "do the best and wisest acts for the handling of my life's work."

"Millers," too, were exceedingly rare. The artist spent years on a single work. He hated to let one go, hated anyone even to see them. (He was 64 before he agreed to hold his first one-man exhibition.)

The friends searched through the little house and found a body of work, paintings

and drawings, which took their breath away.

They called in another friend, dealer John Brackenreg, who agreed to help, initially forgoing commission.

Above all, they wanted to discharge their trust in a way commensurate with the dead artist's rare spirit.

When Miller did sell a painting, it was usually for a paltry sum, but to a buyer with whom "the painting would be happy."

Along with a sale (or occasional loan) went autocratic commands about hanging and framing.

(Friend Hal Missingham remembers, "Godfrey's notion of perfect framing was with pieces of the worst kind of old packing-case. And perfect lighting was a dirty old bit of flex hanging down.")

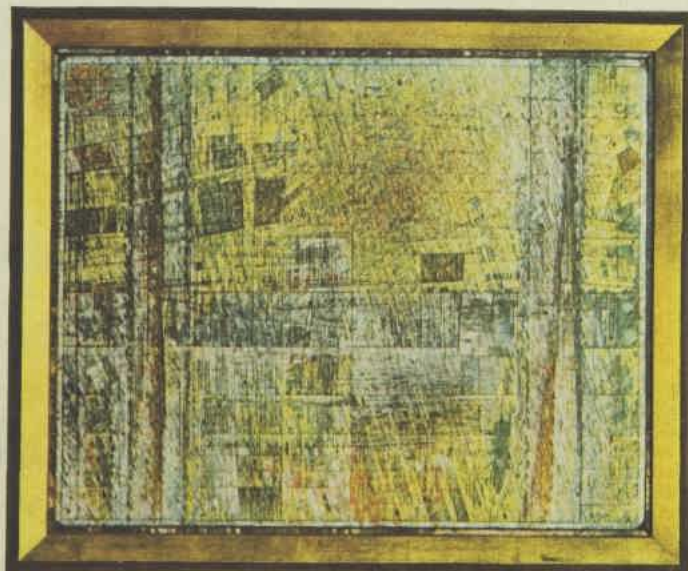
Meanwhile, out of the will had come the most shattering surprise of all.

Miller, the man who had lived like a pauper and died "like any lonely old-age pensioner," was worth something in the region of \$280,000.

The news stunned even his brothers and sisters, in comfortable circumstances themselves, who seldom saw him.

"We knew he had a bit," said brother Lewis. "From parental inheritance, for one thing. But either the money just accumulated because he hardly ever spent any, or he must have made some pretty shrewd investments."

Most of the material fortune went to the family.

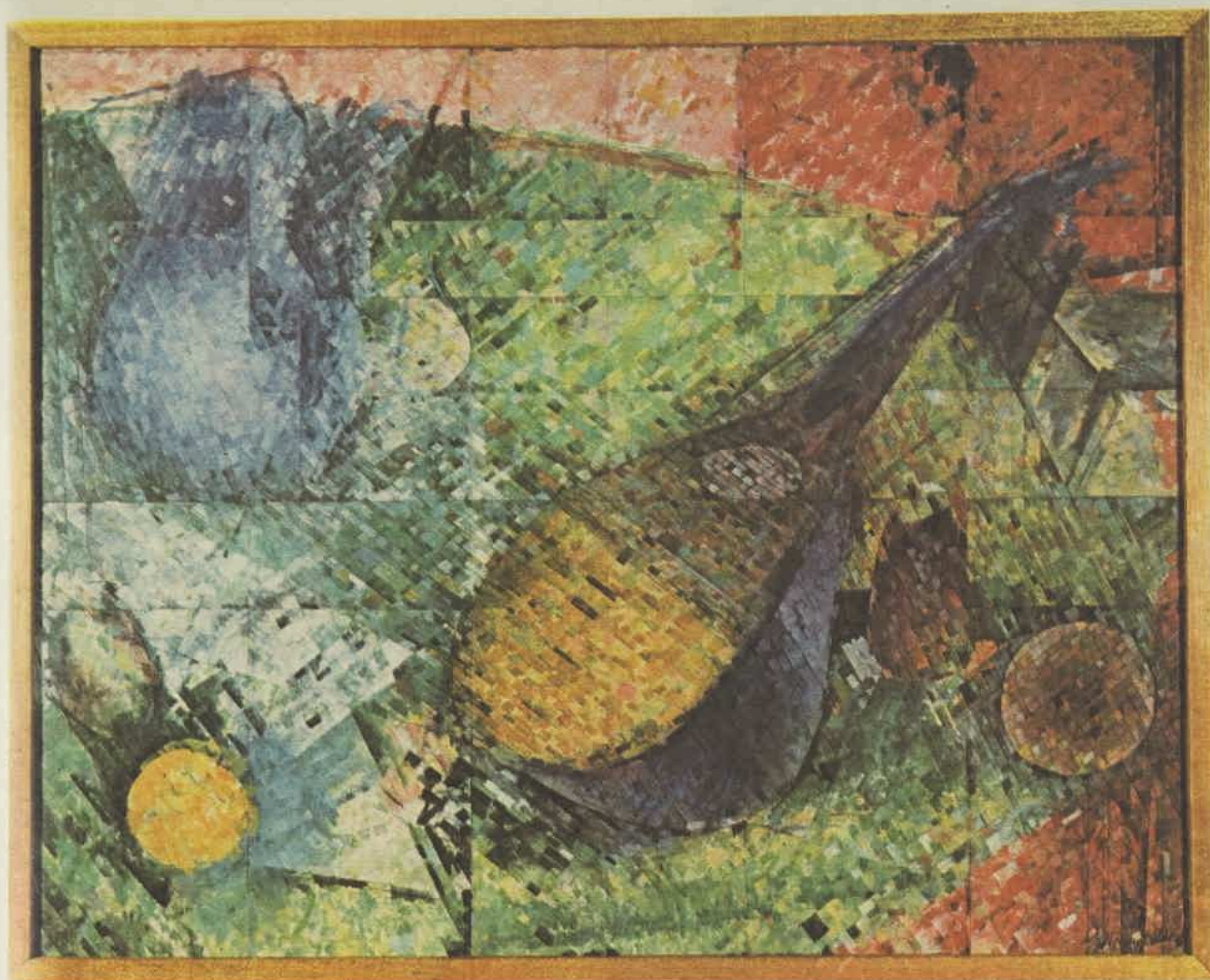


"SUMMER" (Artarmon Galleries). Miller's last work, is reproduced in "Godfrey Miller," the book now published in his memory.



THIS PAINTING from Miller's "Trees and Mountain" series (1957-62) is owned by Dr. and Mrs. N. Taylor, Longueville, N.S.W.

The man who became a legend



"THE LUTE," bought for a mere 200 gns. by the N.S.W. Art Gallery, Sydney, in 1956. Present value is much more.

And the friends began remembering that Miller would spend any amount to acquire something he saw as having value.

In the Paddington house, for instance, there were the finest canvases, brushes, and paints; enough to last 100 years.

In 1960, Miller had flown to London just to see a week-long exhibition of Picasso at the Tate Gallery.

(Later, the famous Tate bought a Miller work, "Triptych.")

And the few clothes he possessed, mouldering and getting smelly in suitcases under beds, were of excellent quality. In bad repair (Miller having long since ceased to think about personal appearance or comfort) but excellent quality.

As a matter of fact, if a button came off a jacket, Miller just bought a new jacket, and crammed it in a suitcase along with the rest!

Now stories came to be told about the dead artist's great generosity, to friends and family both.

"He was no miser," John Kaplan insists. "It's just that his needs were so few. He stripped himself of all non-essentials, both in his life and his art."

And Hal Missingham believes, "He was frightened that money would corrupt him."

Yet Godfrey Miller was born to money and comfort.

He was a lively, lucky, good-looking boy, born in New Zealand of a Scots father and an Irish mother (who painted).

He was two in 1895, when his mother died. His father married her sister, whom Godfrey adored, and the family of three increased to seven.

Godfrey was an athletic boy, a crack footballer. He was studying to be an architect, and had found a girl he wanted to marry, when World War I took him to Egypt and Gallipoli.

The experience changed his whole life and personality. He discovered monumental art in ancient Egypt. And as he lay wounded in the right arm for many hours on a bloody Gallipoli battlefield, he discovered a life-long hatred for the criminal imbecility of war . . . a love of man . . . and an urge to seek for truth.

No one quite knows what happened to the New Zealand girl he meant to marry. Only the Miller family even know her name.

Godfrey Miller never married.

In 1917, armed with an architectural degree, he began to travel . . . to the East, whose philosophies were the greatest single influence in the long life he was to live alone . . . to Europe . . . to Australia (which he called home, and whose landscape he illumined) . . .

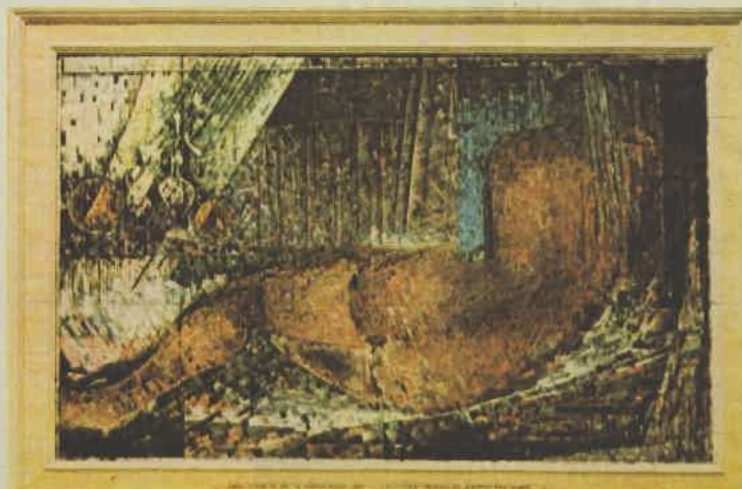
He studied sculpture, painting, literature, philosophy. In London, he elected to live in a slum "because slum people are more polite."

In 1939 he came to his best-loved place, Sydney, where he took a broken-down little house near Circular Quay.

"By 1950, when I first met him," says John Kaplan, "there were already about a hundred people who said there was a marvellous painter living at the foot of Young Street, whose work nobody was allowed to see."

John Kaplan met the legendary Miller as librarian at the East Sydney Art School, at

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48



"FIGURE IN RED," by Godfrey Miller, hangs in the National Art Gallery, Adelaide. (Appears in "Godfrey Miller.")

New Gossamer

won't dim the lights
of a diamond...



12 CARAT BRILLIANT-CUT DIAMOND FROM MONTES

never dims
the lights
in your hair

New Gossamer is
the holding
hair spray that
gives your hair a
lovely sheen.
Trust only Gossamer



CHANGE-ABOUT

TRAVEL WARDROBE



• Travel ensemble (above) in brown Thai silk. The bosom-high skirt buttons to a matching sleeveless bodice. Hemline is decorated with 24 "tiger-eyes." Jacket has a kangaroo-skin bind and flannel-flower boutonniere.

• This Australiana air-travel wardrobe was designed for Mrs. Phillip Yates, of Darling Point, N.S.W., who models it here.

By co-ordinating a jacket, a skirt that finishes just under the bosom, a wrap-and-button sports skirt, shirt-blouse, several separate tops, plus accessories, Mrs. Yates has five main basic outfits.

The wardrobe also includes two small hats, a second loose-cut jacket, and a French silk raincoat and hat. The clothes are well within the baggage weight allowance of 44lb.

Planned to cover all travel occasions from sightseeing to cocktails and dinner, they are the basis of a wardrobe Mrs. Yates will take when accompanying her husband on a seven months' air trip to South America, Morocco, Greece, Europe.

Australian motifs highlight the wardrobe, which was designed by Joseph Facchin, of Sydney. Kangaroo skin is used as bindings and for a dicky front. Twenty-four Australian gemstones—"tiger-eyes"—can be buttoned into slits to decorate a hemline. There is also a replica of an Australian flannel flower as a motif.



1 Basic skirt with high-rising waistline, worn with a button-on matching top embroidered with a gold collar. The dress is a "special" for dinner wear.

2 The same skirt is teamed with a separate printed silk top and scarf sash. The outfit was designed for after-five and for any formal daytime occasion.

3 Beige Thai silk wrap-and-button skirt, worn with a printed shirt-blouse and matching belt. The twosome was planned for motoring and sightseeing.

4 Same wrap-and-button skirt. Kangaroo-hide dicky-front and brown jacket add up to a chic yet casual around-town outfit in a planned travel wardrobe.

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LUGGERS AND MANGROVES, AT BROOME

Picture by Vincent Serventy, Glenorie, N.S.W

PEARLING luggers, resting among the mangroves of Roebuck Bay, Broome (population about 1200), in the north-west of Western Australia, recall the pearling boom of the late 1880s, when Broome was a lusty, brawling town of 5500 people, and 400 luggers rode the warm, blue, northern seas. Many men died in the quest for pearls, and cock-eyed bobs, the cyclones of the nor'west, might sink as many as 50 boats in one blow.

The luggers are still there, their numbers diminished to about 25, but a colorful cross-section of humanity continues to

run them—Chinese, Japanese, Timorese, Malay, Filipino, and European.

Now the cultured pearl industry is giving a new lease of life to Broome.

Last year 50 tons of live oysters were taken from Broome to the cultured pearl farms at Kuri Bay, 250 miles to the north. The cultured pearl industry is worth \$100,000 a year to the Broome luggers, \$2,000,000 to the Australian export market. In Australia, the cultured pearl—grown from an irritant put into the oyster—grows bigger in two years in Australian waters than it does in four years in Japan.

Beautiful Australia

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**THE
FRYPAN
PEOPLE**

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● Lorraine Bayly plays the role of Lorraine, the air hostess, in ABC-TV's new family program "Be Our Guest."

TWO NEW FAMILY PROGRAMS



● Jacki Weaver with her TV cousin Sean Scully, above, in "Be Our Guest." Sean, 18, has had a long and successful movie career, his most notable role being in Walt Disney's film "The Prince and the Pauper." At left: "The Interpretaris" crew members, Commander Alan De Breck (Stanley Walsh) and Vera Boloyne (Lorraine Bayly).



"**BE OUR GUEST**" and "The Interpretaris" are two new Australian programs in ABC-TV's bid to capture a slice of late-day TV audiences. Both are designed to please the whole family, from early teenagers up to Dad and Mum.

Contrived but entertaining, "Be Our Guest" (ABC-TV, Mondays, 5.30 p.m.) is strictly of this world, a display of the talents of the showbiz guests who stay at an airport motel; "The Interpretaris" (ABC-TV, Fridays, 5.10 p.m.) is out of this world, a space serial set in the year 3000, when new galaxies in the universe have been explored and colonised.

The charm of both shows comes largely from two girls who are continuing characters in them—Lorraine Bayly and Jacki Weaver. Lorraine, who has one of the most appealing smiles on TV, plays an air hostess in "Be Our Guest" and a crew member of the spaceship in "The Interpretaris"; Jacki, as an eager teenager, is everyone's delight in "Be Our Guest."

— NAN MUSGROVE

Television



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GLAMOR VISITORS AT CUP CARNIVAL

● Cries of "You look wonderful" greeted Baroness Fiona Thyssen at Flemington on Derby Day. As these pictures show, the salute was equally applicable to the Baroness and Mrs. Peter Young (former Miss Australia Tania Verstak), also a judge in the Fashions in the Field contest, on both the Derby and Melbourne Cup day meetings.

● Cup Fashions, pages 28, 29

● Mrs. Peter Young and Baroness Fiona Thyssen, elegant in white and cream outfits on Melbourne Cup Day (right). The Baroness' coat-dress was by Courreges, her hat by Givenchy.



● On Derby Day, Tania in a coat and dress ensemble; the Baroness in a two-piece by Galitzine of Rome. Right, the Baroness in a Givenchy gown for a party given by Mr. and Mrs. Jock Pagan, of Sydney. Earlier she went to an art show in a yellow pants suit.

American Accent puts stripes on the straight-and-narrow



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IT COULDN'T HAPPEN TO A BETTER PERSON

—That's what Chester Hill thinks of Margaret Davis

● "I'm not the teary type, really I'm not," said Mrs. Margaret Davis as she dabbed her eyes with a handkerchief.

BUT this is my first day back at work since my endorsement, and I think reaction to all the excitement has set in. Just give me a little time and I will be all right."

But time, that morning in the Chester Hill pharmacy, was the last thing Mrs. Davis was allowed.

The phone rang incessantly, friends and customers kept calling in to see her and congratulate her, while a pile of prescriptions, waiting to be filled, mounted.

Two days before, Mrs. Davis, 33, who looks a little like a youthful Judy Garland, had beaten a field of 42 candidates—including five women—for the one opening available in the N.S.W. Legislative Council.

Her endorsement, a surprise one, means she is almost certain to be elected when both Houses vote in the Upper House elections next month.

The post, which is for 12 years, carries a salary of \$2040 a year, plus an expense allowance yearly of \$1440.

A qualified pharmacist and the mother of three children, she and her husband own two pharmacy shops and a beauty salon in Chester Hill.

This interview, conducted between the stream of callers and constant telephone calls, took place as Mrs. Davis deftly reached for drugs from the shelves to fill the prescriptions before her.

Yet, pressed for time, her interest in her well-wishers was warm and friendly.

"Has your little girl recovered from the chicken-pox?" "How is your father, is his humpago getting any better?"

"No, Mr. Smith, that limiment I gave you is the best you can get. Perhaps the humidity is making it play up."

"You are not speaking to the politician today," she told me a little hysterically. "I'm two different persons. I'm a tough politician; or it that the way to explain it? I mean, I'm a good organiser,

rational, and I think like a man. I suppose, because the meetings I have attended are primarily male, I've learned to think like them.

"I am not a feminist and I am not in politics for the rights of women. Emancipation and all that was won for us early in the century.

"The men know what we want and it is up to us to get it without the cry of equality. I don't want to be a man's equal, I want to be good at whatever I do as a woman."

Her femininity came through on the morning she was to attend the pre-election meeting at the Liberal Party's Ash Street Headquarters. But very nearly didn't go—she tall, dark, rugged husband, Neil, an alderman on Bankstown Council, warned her she just couldn't back out.

Given little more than two weeks' notice, the three-minute speech she had to deliver was written during her spare time in the pharmacy.

"When I finally got to the Ash Street Headquarters, I thought that as long as my

knees didn't buckle, I probably would get through it.

"Well, it wasn't as bad as I thought. Mr. Askin told us all not to be nervous, as they had all gone through the same thing and it wasn't difficult.

"The thing that helped was the smiling faces—the parliamentarians, the Cabinet Ministers. I remember when it was my turn I stood up and looked at them and thought: It's all right, they are human beings just like me—and I felt quite calm."

At that moment Mr. Davis hurried into the dispensary. "Thought you might need a little help this morning," he said. "I'll answer the phone while you have a rest."

"Oh, Neil, thank you so much. Everything has been happening this morning and I just can't seem to think straight. Just give me ten minutes to catch up."

Five minutes later, perched on a stool, sipping a welcome cup of tea, the volatile Mrs.



● Margaret and Neil Davis, with, from left, Susan, 11, Philip, 7, and Robyn, 9.

Davis told me she always had been interested in politics—mainly because of the future of my children in this country.

"You know, what happened to me on Monday should happen to everyone once in a lifetime. The wonderful, exhilarating feeling, I mean. It is better than winning any lottery.

"I expect to go in there, work hard, and achieve as much as I can.

"Time? Of course. I have a wonderful housekeeper and

out of the box for them to be allowed to stay up after 7.30 at night.

"Oh, dear, this has been such a hectic three days. Did you know that I gave a Cop luncheon for 30 members of the VIEW Club the day after my endorsement? I had arranged it a long time ago.

"Of course, not expecting to win, I didn't think it would make any difference. How I got through yesterday, I'll never know."

A fresh rush of customers, more heads popping around the partition—"Oh, Margaret, such wonderful news!"—the telephone pealing again, I thought it time to leave.

As I walked to the door, a tall, grey-haired man in shirtsleeves burst through, scooped up Mrs. Davis in his arms, and gave her a resounding kiss on the cheek. "Margaret, we are proud of you," he said. "My wife just keeps looking at the pictures and stories of you in the papers. She cried with happiness when she first heard the news."

Turning to me, he said: "We have known Margaret and Neil for ten years. Wonderful people. Margaret has been such a battler. This couldn't have happened to a better person."

By GLORIA NEWTON

I am a good organiser. I am not the motherly type, although I love my children very much, nor am I a devoted housewife.

"I love my work. I remember, when I first went to the university, my father, who is a doctor, told me not to waste my years there. He said I should always use my learning and always practise my profession.

"Anyway, my children are terribly excited over the whole thing. They are used to politics—every time there is an election they are brought in to fold pamphlets.

"Neil and I give them a pretty strict upbringing. It has to be something really

DOLL IS 40in. TALL

The height given for the first size of the Long Legged Dolls on page 2 of the lift-out Fun Toys to Knit for Christmas in our November 2 issue was printed incorrectly. The completed doll measures 40in., not 10in. as stated. We regret any inconvenience this has caused.

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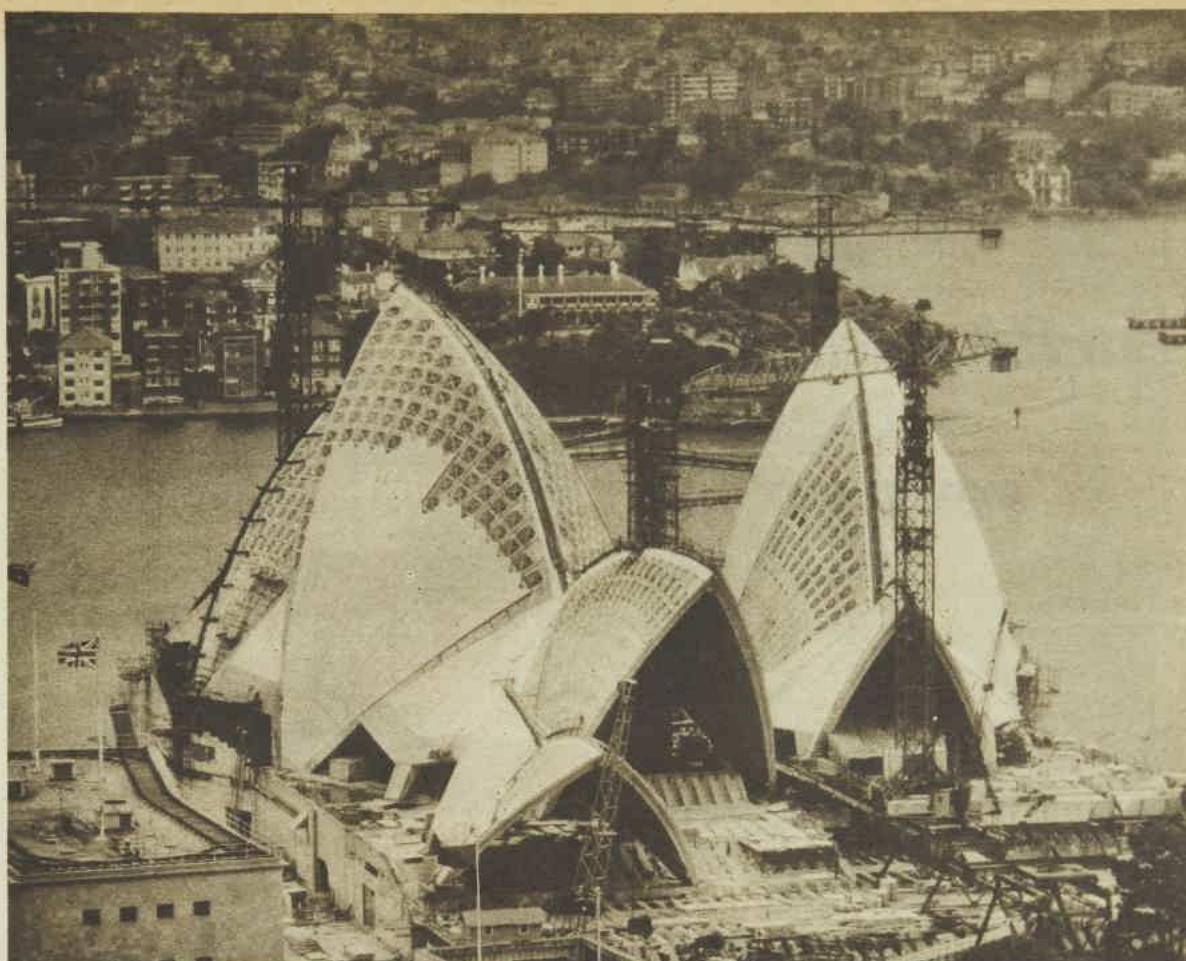


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Expert on theatre seating is due in Sydney next week



Benjamin Schlanger



OPERA HOUSE, SYDNEY'S PROBLEM CHILD, pictured last week. Mr. Schlanger, American expert, will spend about three weeks here advising on how to take the kinks out of accommodation difficulties in its four auditoriums.

"THE PEOPLE-SQUEEZER"

—that's what they call him. But though he can cram people into theatres, he makes them like it

AMERICA'S leading "people - squeezer" is going to Australia to help cram more bodies into the Sydney Opera House.

He is Benjamin Schlanger, whose education in squeezing techniques began on the crowded subways of his native New York.

Mr. Schlanger's success in his field derives from the fact that although he is squeezing people he makes them like it. His credits range from the recently opened Metropolitan Opera in New York to the National Theatre in Managua, Nicaragua.

Public is too luxury-minded

The business of putting as many people as possible into a large auditorium is, of course, a prime concern of any management concerned with a balance-sheet.

Mr. Schlanger will be paid \$22,400 (about \$A22,000) to advise on the Opera House interior, with its four auditoriums. He is due in

Sydney about November 15, and will spend approximately three weeks analysing the multiple problems of seating, sight-lines, and exits.

His premise is that people going to theatres need not expect to be as comfortable as in their own homes.

"The great demand for leg room is pushing people farther away from the stage," he said. "The public is too luxury-minded.

"It's fine to have luxury, but you can't put an additional 1500 seats in a theatre without being too far away to see and hear properly. European theatres or opera houses have about 2000 seats, and have a modest allotment of space per person.

"You can't have the luxury that the public wants, insistence on unobstructed vision and good acoustics, and tack it on to the traditional limited proscenium opening of 40 to 45 feet.

"Something's got to give."

In the case of the new Metropolitan Opera in New York's Lincoln Centre — it opened in September — Mr. Schlanger succeeded brilliantly. Not only did he pack 3800 seats into the audi-

torium (175 more than in the old place on Broadway) to make the new Met the largest opera house in the world, but he gave each and every opera-goer an unobstructed view of the whole stage. This is not easy to come by in the cheaper seats throughout the world.

Siamese-twin film theatres

As an innovator in his field, Mr. Schlanger has no peer. He has single-handedly revolutionised the concept of cinema exhibition in the U.S.

Paradoxically, while he is for squeezing people into opera houses, he feels the opposite way about the flickers, with their different economics and their different psycho-physical requirements. The dark cinema house cries for a way to relieve a built-in claustrophobic overtone.

Technically speaking, it is the architect's opinion that modern large-screen processes require the audience to sit, generally, within the width lines of the screen at a reasonable distance, so

that the subtended angle of comfortable vision is filled by the picture (with approximately the 60-degree field of vision that most people find acceptable).

Mr. Schlanger realised some years ago that film projectors were cheap and urban real estate dear. So he built small cinemas, holding no more than 500 people. Then he built another one alongside or directly on top, showing the same film — preferably on a staggered schedule.

People have been queuing up for Mr. Schlanger's Siamese-twin cinemas all over the U.S. — from Manhattan's Cinemas I and 2 to the twin theatres recently completed at Williamsburg, Virginia.

As a result, the days of cinema "palaces" in the U.S. are numbered. Indeed, one of Broadway's big houses, the Loew's State Theatre in Times Square, was recently reduced from a 3000-seater to 1800 seats of knee-freeing luxury.

Mr. Schlanger, in his sixties, leads a busy life as a specialised architectural consultant. At the moment, in addition to the Sydney job,

By ROBERT FELDMAN,
of our New York staff

he is on a virtual commuter's run to St. Louis, where he is designing a new building for the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra.

He has just completed his work on the John F. Kennedy Centre for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C. Other recent projects include the "Theme" buildings at Montreal's upcoming Expo '67, Montreal's Place des Arts, the highly praised, open-sided shed at the Saratoga (New York) Performing Arts Centre, New York's new Madison Square Garden (now a-building), and — some time back — the U.N. General Assembly Hall.

Mr. Schlanger has a modest view of his function.

"My job does not involve aesthetics, only technique," he told me; "nor acoustics — thank heavens — nor the philosophy of the theatre, whatever that may be.

"I only involve myself in

the seating economics of an auditorium, and the comfort of its users. That is, can they get in and out of their seats without mashing everybody's toes, can they park their hats under the chairs, can they see the stage between the two floppy hats on the women just in front?"

Writing book on subject

Mr. Schlanger is a two-time winner of Ford Foundation Grants to investigate the design criteria of theatres. He is in the process of writing a book on the subject.

He studied at the Columbia University School of Architecture and the Beaux Arts Institute of Design in New York.

In 1962 he married Mrs. Jeanette Berkowitz Bergeron, a divorced New Yorker. He has a daughter by a previous marriage and three grandchildren.

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When Gerry won a balloon race

(in the interests of editorial research)



● Gerry Kirshenbaum, "Time" sport researcher.

"SPORT?" echoed slim, attractive, 33-year-old American Gerry Kirshenbaum. "No, I don't play any sport. I did try tennis when my father gave me a racquet for my sixteenth birthday, but I gave it up when I realised I'd never be an athletic type.

"I persevered for over a year trying to hit that tennis ball. I had so many coaches trying to teach me that I became a good teacher—in theory—because I was certainly well drilled in the right methods of the game. In fact, I taught tennis to a group of 11-year-olds in school camp that summer.

Rather a surprising admission when you realise that for the past 11 years Gerry's job has confined her to the sporting world.

Ask her about wrestling, boxing, tennis, sailing, skiing, golfing, flying, swimming, parachuting, baseball and you will find she can discuss each with expert ease.

For Gerry, who lives in New York, is an editorial sport researcher for "Time" magazine.

She flew into Sydney recently for a month's holiday "because I've met so many Australian athletes, found them so likable and interesting that I wanted to visit their country and meet more of their countrymen."

"Time" has many editorial researchers, most of them women. They gather interesting story backgrounds, basic facts, and unusual items and hand the material to the appropriate editor, who writes the story in the magazine's unique style.

Gerry started her journalistic career with a paper called the "Bronx Eagle." She enjoys her present job "because athletes are the most pleasant people to deal with."

"Of course," she said, "in a job like mine, being a woman helps a lot. In fact, at times I have to be very discreet about the information many of the athletes just pour out to me.

"They seem to forget that I am a reporter and take me for a sympathetic woman—especially the young athletes just coming up in their field, overwhelmed and upset with the pressure being put on them.

"But I am sure they all find it easier to talk with me at the dinner table than to face a businesslike male sports writer in the locker-room."

Although she still has no yen to participate physically in the sports world, Gerry was intrigued by and did try two unusual ones—parachute-jumping and ballooning.

"For five years I did stories on parachuting and was repeatedly told that today it is an almost 100 percent safe sport. I was regaled with stories about the wonderful feeling it is to fall through the air, that you haven't lived until you try it.

"So I did jump—twice—but it only proved again that I'm no athlete. The jumps I did were static

'We floated like a cloud... and came down with a bump'

ones, where someone releases your chute for you. Every beginner starts with these and then goes on to free falls.

"I just couldn't get myself into the correct take-off position. So I gave up."

Later, when getting ready to cover a hot-air balloon race starting from the Indianapolis Speedway, Gerry decided the only way to get a good story was to take part.

Jimmy Craig, a national champion, told her she could be his passenger.

"Now, in hot-air ballooning," Gerry explained, "you are given one hour to get as far as you can, drifting with the wind, and that includes the time it takes to get airborne, which is generally a slow job, where every bit of weight counts.

"It was an important race with a \$1000 prize and I didn't want to be a handicap to Jimmy, so I told him I weighed 120lb. Afterwards I realised I hadn't allowed for the extra weight of boots, helmet, and clothes, so I did some strenuous dieting and exercise and in almost a week got myself down to 115lb.

"Well, you wouldn't believe it, but the day of the race was so windy that if it had not been a promised event

for the speedway's 50th anniversary it would have been called off.

"Instead, to help competitors, the organisers changed the rules and counted the hour from the time we took off. So in the end there was no need to have lost that 5lb.

"When I heard the decision I just stood there with dreams of chocolate fudge crowding into my mind—and that is something I rarely eat.

"Well, we got off the ground all right and went up to about 3000 feet.

"You can't steer the balloon, but you can keep it at the correct altitude, which calls for quite an amount of skill—and Jimmy is an expert.

"What a wonderful way to get a story! There I was sitting in the aluminium gondola, no noise, no wind, so restful, floating like a cloud, my notebook on my lap, asking Jimmy questions as he stood at the controls.

"Three thousand feet is a good height. You can see people and cars and houses and everything just drifting by underneath you—it seems the earth is moving and not you. It is as though you are suspended from a giant hook in the sky.

"Well, we travelled just over 21 miles and won the race, which, as you can imagine, made me very happy, but we did that ground hard.

"We hung on to the gondola's struts as we came down in a cornfield only to bounce up in the air and come down again with a bump. The gondola went over on its side and we were dragged about 20 yards over the soft earth, which practically buried me.

"I was a bit bruised and battered I suppose, but it didn't matter with the excitement around us. Dozens of people were there shaking our hands and asking for our autographs. They had seen us from their front porches and jumped into their cars and followed us."

After seeing Jimmy collect his prize and a silver trophy, Gerry hot-footed it back to New York and wrote an exciting "personal experience" story of the race.

"But, do you know what happened? Not a line of it saw the light of day. Some big international championships came up at the same time and it was thrown out."

—GLORIA NEWTON

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Today with the discovery of the "glow" shampoos, it is so easy to give the hair the Peek-in Glow of beauty, as all dulling film and excess oil is washed away leaving the hair clean and

clear, shining bright with a rich new glow and deep translucence. The hair is much more manageable, delightfully soft and free. The difference between dull normal hair is noticeable after the first shampoo.

Delph Peek-in Glow shampoos that bring life and beauty to the hair as used by many hairdressers are now available at chemist and beauty counters. "Clear" with lemon and vinegar for normal hair, "Creamed" with rich lanolin extracts for dry hair.



AT LEFT: Country visitors Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bragg, of "Rossgole," Aberdeen (at left), with Mrs. Rod Carnegie, of South Yarra, standing in front of the Members' Stand at Flemington.

At the Cup— the finish; the fashions

Pictures by staff photographer Ernie Nutt.



ABOVE: A charming bonnet of flower petals, called a snoop, was the choice of Adelaide visitor Miss Jane Ayers.



BELOW: One of the most unusual outfits of Cup Day was Mrs. Richard Frank's coat-dress, made of 2200 black and white plastic discs and 8000 silver links. The dress is a copy of a design by Spanish designer Paco Rabanne.



ABOVE: Mr. Bill Ranken, of "Carrick," Goulburn, Miss Wendy List, of South Yarra, Mr. Harry Miller, of Woollahra, and Miss Priscilla Renshaw, of "Boogadah," Binnaway (left to right), on Cup Day.

AT LEFT: Captain Laurence Merson, RAN, and Mrs. Merson, who flew down from Canberra, where Captain Merson is stationed, for the race meetings and parties.





● Galilee, winner of the 1966 Melbourne Cup, passes the post two lengths ahead of last year's winner, Light Fingers, with Duo in third place.



YOUTHFUL TWOSOME. Miss Kerry O'Connell (at left), and Miss Cherie Traynor, who came from Sydney for the Victoria Racing Club's spring carnival, both wore silk coats, which were the most popular choice of the day. Fine weather brought out spring fashions.



THREESOME: Miss Robin Hoddle, of Bellevue Hill, Mr. Joe Manning, of "Woodburn," Cootamundra, and Miss Kim Hudspeth, of Darling Point (left to right), chatted on the lawn after the first race on Melbourne Cup Day.



STRIKING COLORS. Mrs. Simon Warrender, who attended the meeting with her husband, the Hon. Simon Warrender, chose one of the most striking color combinations for her stitched straw breton hat and silk coat.



MOD PATTERN. The A-line coat worn by Mrs. Tom Whittle, of Darling Point, who was photographed with her husband on Cup Day, was one of the few mod-patterned fabrics among the fashions worn by women racegoers.



Time, that's what. More time to do things. It's changing women's lives. As drudgery goes out, more fun comes in. But make no mistake, women are busier than ever expressing themselves in exciting new ways. And what woman does not value more time to savour the many satisfactions of modern living? Perhaps that is why she is inclined to rely on a bank that reaches out into tomorrow's world with her. A bank such as the ES&A with a family of services to help her save time and enjoy it. Modern, up to the minute, the ES&A provides one-stop banking service all under one roof. From Cheque Accounts, Savings Accounts, Interest-bearing Term Deposits and Travel Service to Hire Purchase through Esanda Ltd. Reach out into tomorrow's world. Save for tomorrow, today... Bank ES&A

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A RIDE IN THE BIG DISH

By NAN MUSGROVE

● "The Astronomers of Parkes," ABC-TV's fascinating astronomy feature telecast recently, has been entered in the 1966 Brussels Festival of Scientific Films.

HOW it would be received from a scientific viewpoint is beyond me, but as a viewer I found the program which featured "the big dish," the giant radio telescope at Parkes, absorbing.

It was one of a two-partter called, collectively, "The Astronomers." The first, "The Astronomers of Siding Springs," was made at the Siding Springs Observatory, near Coonabarabran, in north-western New South Wales.

The programs were devised, written, and narrated by Dr. Peter Pockley, a tall, articulate scientist who is ABC-TV's Science Programs organiser and science correspondent.

Now in Arizona

I enjoyed "The Astronomers of Parkes" more than the one about Siding Springs, although it, too, had its moments, and Professor Bart Bok, who this year left Australia for Arizona after ten years as Australia's only Professor of Astronomy, made it extra interesting.

Professor Bok let viewers see what an astronomer does when he spends an evening at a telescope.

"Most people think that we sit at a telescope in awe, or asleep," he said.

"Sleeping we are quite often, but we are never awed. We are more curious. We get a feeling of privilege to be given the tools to observe the heavens.

"We get the feeling, too, that we are pretty darn smart and just a bit ahead of anyone else in seeing things for the first time."

I have never heard a scientific man be so candid publicly.

I talked to Dr. Pockley (the "Dr." is for Philosophy, he got his Ph.D. at Oxford) about the Parkes telescope before I saw the program,

Television

and my personal contact no doubt made it more enjoyable.

He explained to me that "the big dish" at Parkes is both a "hearing" and "looking" telescope. Signals can be seen and heard.

The dish is enormous, as big as a football field. The program notched up some notable firsts for Parkes and for the ABC crew involved, for they had to put the cumbersome TV cameras right inside the dish itself.

It was impossible to manhandle the cameras up the 120ft. of narrow stairs and precarious-looking ladders,

so the telescope staff made other arrangements.

They tipped the dish right down to its limit, when the bottom edge was only a few feet from the ground. The cameras and cameraman were then hoisted on to the edge of the dish.

Then the technicians got to work and tilted the dish up with the cameras and crew aboard, until they were horizontal and safe, with the open mesh of the telescope between them and the ground 140ft. below.

Razzle-dazzle

Part of the ride must have been like a giant razzle-dazzle.

John Bolton, who directs research at Parkes, talked about the work there, and took me out of this world.

Parkes is notable in the scientific world for its discovery of the world's record number of quasars.

Quasars sound like a cross between a quaint fruit and a quaint marsupial, but I know a quasar is something that looks like a star and often has a tail like a jet.

They have immense energy—energy that physicists find unbelievable. They are a fantastic distance from the earth, are moving away at an incredible speed, and are one of the big puzzles of space.

The highlight of the



● ABC camera crew and CSIRO engineers haul a television camera on to the big dish — the giant radio telescope — at Parkes, N.S.W.

whole program was the picture of the eclipse by the moon of a radio star — another new kind of radio stars, I found, stars that give out radio signals.

The object of the program I'm told, was to involve viewers in the human activity of the astronomers. The certainly involved me. I particularly like to see "The Astronomers of Parkes" repeated. It is unearthing beautiful viewing.

Tommy Hanlon's

Thought for the week

Momma once said: "I can't understand this folly about women being the weaker sex. How about the wife doing all the housework and getting the kids to school and not really feeling the best? But just let her husband get a cold and he's in bed wanting attention every three minutes."

MOMMA'S MORAL: "Women can stand pain better than men. Ask any shoe salesman."

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"SUPER HEROES" OF THE SCREEN



● Captain America, one of the "Super Heroes."

THE "Marvel Super Heroes," comic strips come to life, are about to invade your living-room.

All the strip characters, The Incredible Hulk, The Mighty Thor, Captain America, Iron Man, and two local Australian heroes, The Masked Marvel and Dyna Mike, will make their first appearance on TCN9 on Wednesday, November 16, at 7 p.m.

"Marvel Super Heroes" are cartoons like "The Flintstones," and are beautifully

drawn. I haven't seen the "Super Heroes," but am told that despite their appearance (The Incredible Hulk is described as a lovable monster) they are lovely blokes who continue to fight against evil in the face of the most terrific odds.

In America the series has been tremendously successful. It shows five nights a week, and I've heard that parents and children fight to take up front-row positions before the set.

It will be interesting to see what happens here.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 16, 1966



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● Witty author Rona Jaffe (her novel "The Best of Everything" has sold more than two million copies) gives rules for the single girl

HOW TO GET THE MOST MEN OUT OF YOUR VACATION

WHEN I worked in an office I always looked forward eagerly to my annual holidays—and dreaded them. There seemed so little time to cram in all the fun and excitement I felt a girl deserved. There *was* too little time, for I was expecting the impossible.

I think most working girls expect the wrong thing from a holiday; many demand too much, and many feel cheated when it is all over. They're doing themselves an injustice.

There is something sad about the sight of a girl packing too many new clothes for a trip in the hope of attracting a man to tide her over the winter; driving up to the resort that promises the most single men in the quickest time as if it were a bargain counter; combing and recombining her hair in the powder-room before venturing out into the field of battle—"Do I look all right? Are you sure I look all right?"; nervously peering around the dining-room, wondering if that presentable-looking man across the room might be The One.

How can she possibly enjoy her vacation?

And how can she possibly meet a nice man when her hysteria and her hunting licence are all he sees?

But there is something immensely likable about a girl who goes away on her vacation for a rest, a change of scene, a chance to relax, to unwind, to enjoy life, to enjoy any new contacts if they come her way.

That girl is going to meet men.

There seems to be an unending demand for articles on how to meet a man—preferably the man—on a vacation, complete with lists of where to go and how to act. This only leads me to believe that articles and lists will never be the answer. No matter where you go or how you dress, you can't meet a man you'd want unless it is life and people you are interested in and not just a man to grab on to.

Now it is true that there are some girls who are going on holidays with the sole purpose of finding a beau or a husband, and some of these girls are actually going to find what they are hunting for. But—it would have happened, anyway, or these girls will take anyone (and the same is true of the man they've hooked), and I'm sure no one has any fun at all in the process.

I don't think anyone can ever persuade a single girl to go away on a vacation without a marital gleam in her eye, and no one really wants to, but at least I would like to volunteer a list of rules of my own. These rules won't get anybody the husband or boyfriend the ads

promise (the ads don't deliver him, either), but they will keep her from coming home disillusioned.

1 Go to a place where you would like to be even if you knew that (Heaven forbid) every man in sight was going to turn out to be nine or 93, or accompanied by his wife and children.

There are a few places where there are no available men at all—health resorts, for instance—but I am assuming you are not ill enough to need one of these for your vacation. If you have always wanted to see a particular place, go there. If you like to relax and lie in the sun, swim in the sea, then go to a beach. If you are interested in archaeology, go and dig in ruins—if you can find some. If you like golf, tennis, swimming-pools, and good food, go to a resort hotel.

But go because you like the idea of the place and the facilities it offers, not because you think it's where the single men are.

That way you will enjoy yourself, feel better, look relaxed and prettier, and the men will be there, anyway.

2 Should you go with other girls? If you have a friend you enjoy, and you can bear to spend two solid weeks with her, go with her—her company will keep you from getting lonely and desperate. No man wants to meet a desperate girl.

If your friend is looking for a husband, no matter, for she will go ahead and make contacts. Even if the men she meets run away from her, frightened by her eagerness, one of them might prefer her calm friend—you.

In any case, two girls laughing together on a beach look more interesting than one girl with hot, hungry eyes.

However, I would suggest you do not go with a flock of girls. A flock of girls seems to call for a flock of men, and most men do not travel together, except married men at a convention.

3 If you prefer to go away alone, or have no one to go with, it is always a good idea to have the name and phone number of someone who lives where you are going; a friend of a friend. And, if possible, ask your friend to write to that person in advance to say you will be visiting and would like to meet some people.

It doesn't matter if this person you look up is married, single, male, or female. If he lives there, he knows the place and he knows people you can meet.

Do not be afraid to ask anyone, even a casual acquaintance you meet at a party, to give you the



● Don't travel with a flock of girls—men don't travel in flocks.



name of someone in a place you are going to. The person you ask for a name at a party might turn out to be a man you would not have had the chance to make conversation with otherwise. You're no threat — you're going away — and when you get back you should phone him up to thank him.

4 I have always had an aversion to resort hotels, because they are where so many girls go to hunt men. However, summer resorts have certain advantages. They are isolated communities filled with people on vacation. The entertainment is there, not scattered around an entire city.

They are indeed full of men, although these men are usually hopelessly spoiled. The facilities are often luxurious and varied: sports, entertainment, beautiful scenery, good food, and perhaps some sort of discotheque.

If you choose a resort because you like the facilities, and you use these facilities to practise something you enjoy or to learn something new, you'll meet men.

Single men are as lonely as women, but not as desperate.

If a man sees you doing something you enjoy he will want to enjoy it with you. But if he sees you hanging around the lounge watching the bachelors go into the dining-room, and then sees you rush in to stalk a likely prey, he will run away.

There is lots of sex at a resort hotel, but you can fool around with someone in your office if that is all you want from life — you don't have to waste your holiday money and wardrobe.

5 Dinner arrangements, unless you are trapped at a resort hotel with assigned seating, should leave you as free as possible. Take a room without meals. Then you will be able to sample the atmosphere and food at many different places, do some sightseeing, and have a better time.

A girl I know, who is most successful on vacations, always plans to surf near one hotel, have drinks at another, and go on to dine at a third or at a restaurant. She covers a lot of territory, has an interesting evening, and never looks as if she has planted herself in one place to meet somebody.

Even if a hotel has a sign that says "Guests Only," two girls who are properly dressed and poised can walk in easily and join the guests. Hotels do not throw out decorations.

6 Your chances will be slim on a cruise, better on a long, regular voyage. Cruises are for honeymooners, married couples, convalescents, and single women looking for men. You might marry the star of

the ship's nightclub, but there's only one of him and 1500 of the competitors.

7 Neither summer holidays nor winter holidays are "better." Men need holidays, summer and winter, so the only problem to consider is: if you hate to play golf and pretend to like it so you can trap a man, could you bear to play golf with him for the rest of your life?

Although seasoned travellers prefer all the pretty places off-season because they are less mobbed and the service is better, a single girl looking to meet men — or just to meet people — would be better off to go to a place in season.

It will be crowded, and the staff of the hotel may be overworked, but the inconveniences seem to bring strangers closer together. Besides, tripping over someone's leg on the beach is a good way to know what to say to him.

8 I do not know if there are any countries particularly noted for more eligible men, although one of you has to know the other's language or you will not get very far.

You will find that someone from home who never looked at you will ask you out for coffee or champagne as soon as he meets you on the streets of a strange city. When you get home he may not look at you again, but that's the way travelling is.

Every girl who can afford it should see a few foreign countries for pure pleasure. As for meeting that fascinating European or

Latin husband-to-be — are you really sure you would like to marry him and live there for ever?

Customs abroad are not the same as at home: Frenchmen, Italians, and South Americans are very courteous to women — their mistresses as well as their wives — and although they are attached to one it does not prevent them staying attached to the other.

It sounds very romantic to go to a foreign country and end up with a count and a villa, but you'll have to be prepared to adjust to it.

9 The total, overall rule for meeting more and better men on vacation is to be happy, curious, relaxed, amenable, willing to meet people, but able to keep your head. The least you can get from a trip is renewed energy, some souvenirs, and a good rest. How can you consider that trip a failure?

If you look on your vacation as a relief instead of a project, you may even come back looking so radiant you will find the man you were searching for right here at home.



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Everybody's



THE SCHOOLHOUSE in which the children of Aberfan died. Men have worked day and night to find their bodies, but rain, which caused the landslide in the first place, made work difficult by turning the waste into unmanageable sludge.



NIGHT AND DAY (above and at right), work goes on at a high pitch of tension. Some of the engulfed wreckage of homes caught alight, making persistent pockets of fire under the coaldust.

Color pictures by David Graves.



The agony of Aberfan

It took just 13 minutes to bury the children of Aberfan, but it is going to take a lot longer to forget them. For the death of this whole generation of schoolchildren under the black glacier of coaldust and slime in a valley in South Wales has left a mark that can never be erased.

Their memory, their suffering, the unspeakable indignity of their deaths will linger on as long as there is a coalmine in Britain, as long as there is a slag-heap in South Wales.

It has taken this to bring home the final tragedy of the Industrial Revolution. Children long ago were taken out of the pits and into the classrooms—but there these children were engulfed by a mountainside of muck coming down to smother them like some 19th-century monster claiming retribution for lost sacrificial victims.

But why did it happen? Who let it happen? How are they going to stop it from happening again? Can it happen again?

A nation moved by grief and horror is acting quickly to answer the questions that have to be answered.

The Prime Minister has set up a top-level inquiry, headed by a judge who was born but not a constitutional walk from the hell that is now Aberfan.

The Queen, Prince Philip, Lord Snowdon, the Prime Minister have all been to Aberfan to offer some official kind of consolation.

Princess Margaret has bought a bagful of toys for the children who are left and appealed to sympathetic Britons to follow her example.

A nation is trying to make up for the shame and the guilt, and the suffering. It is not an easy thing to do.

I went to Aberfan, and it is something I will never forget.

The lost expressions on the faces of the women as their men dug desperately into the rubble that entombed their children.

The numbed disbelief of a town that long ago learned to live with fear, trying now to realise that they had never feared enough.

These women had always known fear. The blast of the mine whistle could mean either one of two things to them—that their husbands were coming home for tea or that they were widows.

They never really expected a blast that would tell them they were childless.

It came just half an hour after they had sent their children off to school for the last time.

It wasn't the warning signal that they had come to dread, the familiar siren of disaster. Instead, it was an eerie rumble, something like a plane crashing.

It didn't take long, but then death never does.

And when it does come, you still can't believe it. When I arrived in Aberfan, the mothers still wouldn't believe it.

The men had been digging away hour after hour, passing the killer coaldust in bucketfuls to each other in a grim line.

You didn't have to ask the women what they were feeling—for one thing, you didn't dare. But each face told the same story, one that a million words in a thousand books could not begin to describe.

All you could do was to walk up, to talk to them, to offer a cup of tea and a cigarette, anything to try to feel helpful in a helpless situation.

They talked among each other. They tried to feel helpful in a helpless situation, too.

"It's a terrible thing," said one, "but my little boy wouldn't get up, so I went up to his bedroom and I clouted him."

"I pulled him out of bed and I said, 'You'll get no breakfast this morning, young man.'"

"He went off crying and that's the last I saw of him. What could I do? I couldn't tell him it was just because I had a headache."

The terrible tragedy was that there was nothing she could do. Her little boy never knew about that headache, he just went off to school sobbing and puzzled about his angry Mum.

He never had the chance to come home to a make-up kiss, a "How was school today?" a gentle reminder not to forget his homework, and an extra helping of steak-and-kidney pie.

This was just a fraction of the price of the Aberfan coalmine.

But the real price of Aberfan is the village itself. How are the people going to live there now?

How are they going to work in the same pit, look out of their windows every morning and see the same slag-heap? How are they going to ever build another school?

Some villagers have already said they are going to leave. Others say, more in hope than in conviction, that they are going to stay and build a new life.

On what?

It is impossible to forget Aberfan.

I will never forget the village doctor who tore into the muck with his bare hands, his desperate wife at his side covered in filth. They were trying to find their only boy. They were thankful to find his body.

I will never forget the pathetic cluster of men and women outside the little chapel that had been set up in Aberfan's main street as a temporary mortuary.

The way they stared at the ambulance as it arrived with yet another pair of little bodies. The way the young vicar stood near them, trying to say something, not knowing what to say.

This was Aberfan, and no matter what all the inquiries in the world find, the people are not going to understand a word of any of them.

They have lost their children and nothing will bring them back.



ABOVE: While the menfolk work to recover bodies of more of the victims of the Aberfan disaster, mothers attend a service at the Zion Baptist Church conducted by the Rev. Kenneth Hayes, who himself lost his ten-year-old son, Dyffryg. Surviving children were also at the service. BELOW: A father has to be assisted from the village hall, where the children's bodies were taken. In the first mass funeral 81 of the children and one mother were buried.




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BOUGAINVILLEA

● These flamboyant migrants from South America are welcome for the color they bring.

By ALLAN SEALE

BOUGAINVILLEAS are one of the most diverse garden plants. Use them as a sturdy creeper, a compact, colorful shrub, as a clipped hedge, or train them as a gay, umbrella-like standard — tall enough to make a spreading shade tree, if you desire. They do have large thorns, needing care — but so have roses.

Bougainvilleas are lovers of warmth, and grow rapidly in the warmer coastal districts. Smooth-leafed types such as *B. magnifica trailii* will stand reasonably heavy frosts, downy-leafed *B. rosea* and similar types need a warmer climate, or frost protection.

As a guide, bougainvilleas will grow in much the same climate range as the evergreen hibiscus. Although their growth is more rapid if well fed, they flower freely in relatively poor soils. They need plenty of sun.

If the environment suits them, bougainvilleas tend to make over-exuberant growth. This should be pruned back, after flowering is finished, so they don't get out of hand. Cut back runaway canes, trim the rest of the growth back to keep it in bounds. Pinch out the tips of new growths inclined to wander.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3—page 50

AS A COMPACT SHRUB

Stake the plant, and lightly tie to encourage a fairly upright growth. When it begins to approach the desired height, pinch-prune to encourage bushiness.

If preferred, the plant may be left in a natural, loose fan shape for the first few years, pruning to keep it in reasonable proportions. As this treatment will eventually encourage a dense formation, plan for a rounded or column-like formation. Whatever shape you choose, make the base the widest section, or its growth will be sparse and less attractive where it is overshadowed by bulging higher sections.

AS A STANDARD

Bougainvilleas grown as a standard are interesting and graceful, and a highlight of several northern towns, notably Beenleigh, in Queensland.

Standards are relatively easy to manage, provided they are kept low enough for the trimming of the runaway sappy canes which develop.

Standards may be achieved in two ways. (1) Set the plant alongside a well-secured iron stake or waterpipe of the height required. The strongest-growing shoot is trained upward and tied to the pipe. All other shoots are removed. If the young plant is inclined to be woody and spindly, give it a few months to establish a good root system—even until the following spring—then prune it off within 4 in. of the ground.

If the weather is warm, vigorous shoots will be encouraged. Rub off all but the strongest one, and when this is sufficiently developed tie it as suggested. Ties should be checked occasionally to see they aren't biting into the stem.

Side shoots should be removed as they develop. When the stem is the required height, pinch out the tip to encourage branching toward the top of the standard. In turn, these branches are pinched back occasionally to induce bushy growth. Eventually the stem will thicken into a trunk to support the branching head.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3—page 51

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



● *Bougainvillea rosea*, also known as *thomasi*, in a glorious shower of bloom in the front garden of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Wood, of Tingalpa, near Brisbane. It grew from a slip.

PLANTING TIME

In temperate climates, spring until midsummer. As warmth-loving plants, they establish best when the soil is warm and warm weather ahead.

Although old plants make rapid growth, newly planted ones are often slow to establish, and a complete plant food lightly scattered around will help.

Alternatively, complete liquid manures may be applied occasionally—at the strength recommended on the container.

AS A HEDGE

Set the plants about 8 ft. apart along a support, such as a wire fence or trellis, a little lower than the height required. Long, sappy growths are arched downward and tied down toward the base of the trellis, until it is evenly covered. Subsequent growth is then cut or tip-pruned for more compact growth.

(2) First allow the plant to develop into a shrub, as described earlier. When a solid trunk has developed, all branches and growth below the desired height are removed. The trunk may be irregular and bowed unless the plant has been trained for this treatment, but an occasional twist can add character to the "tree."

AS CONTAINER PLANTS

Overseas there are several outstanding displays of bougainvilleas flowering in tubs or large pots—so far a rare sight in Australia, yet bougainvilleas will tolerate high soil temperatures which could cause failure in other pot-plants.

Ordinary potting mixtures, such as 5 parts good loam, 2 of sand, and 1 of peatmoss, would be suitable, with a little complete liquid fertiliser applied regularly during the warmer months.

Attractive effects can be achieved by clipping into a rounded or dome shape, and allowing the growth to spill down over the pot; or from standards on one to 3 ft. stems, depending on container size.

VARIETIES

B. magnifica trailii is the strongest grower, and hardy in all but cold mountain or southern climates. It carries masses of bright purple bracts during spring and summer.

B. laterita. A spring-flowering variety with brick-red bracts and loose growth which cascades attractively and makes a picturesque standard.

B. Mrs. Butt. A striking rich, wine-red, but not suitable for frosty areas.

B. rosea. An attractive dusty rose-pink, which flowers during late winter and spring. Needs frost protection. *Rosea* was also known as *B. thomasi* in honor of the pioneer of the Indooroopilly Bougainvillea Gardens in Brisbane.

B. Louis Walthen. Rarely seen outside Queensland. Has bracts of an unusual tangerine shade.

B. glabra variegata. A small-leaved variety grown mainly for its attractive foliage.



● At the picturesque Camden Inn, at Camden, N.S.W., *Bougainvillea* Mrs. Butt shows its free-flowering habit in this colorful cascade over the eaves. It needs a warm situation.

● *Magnifica trailii*, the hardiest and showiest bougainvillea, is a decorative addition to Mrs. G. E. Durham's garden, Hunter's Hill, N.S.W.



● *Sanderiana variegata*, a slow-growing bougainvillea with green and white foliage, photographed at Reid's Nursery, Lakemba, N.S.W., will have pink bracts.



Cut out and paste in an exercise book



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time and place
for everything

...this is the time
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fragrance ever created! We've
prepared a small flacon for you
to try. Patra is such a precious
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After shave lotions and colognes for men, from 90 cents.



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CAN BE
REGULAR
AGAIN!
TAKE
CARTERS
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS**

Regularity is a sign of good health. It shows that nature
is doing her job, and it means that you're happier . . .
brighter . . . livelier.
When you become irregular, start taking Carter's Little
Liver Pills — and let nature take its course again.
Carter's Little Liver Pills will ensure regularity and get rid
of that nasty bilious feeling — you can really enjoy life
again.
Start the prescribed 3-week course of Carter's Little Liver
Pills — today.

CARTERS



**THE MAGAZINE
OF BRIGHTER
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Everybody's

New Comfort for
Those Who Wear

FALSE TEETH

No longer does any wearer of
false teeth need to be uncom-
fortable. FASTEETH, a new,
improved powder, sprinkled on
upper or lower plates, keeps
them firm and comfortable. No
gummy, gooey pasty taste.
Deodorizes. Get FASTEETH
today, any chemist. Refuse
substitutes.

Curing the throwing stage

HELP your child through
the difficult period of
throwing things, with both
love and discipline. "Wor-
ried." Don't ignore him—this
seldom achieves anything—
but explain to him that he
mustn't behave as he does. If
you feel he is seeking more
attention, make him feel im-
portant by encouraging him
to do little tasks for you and
help you with the chores.

\$2 to "Jenelle" (name
supplied), Comboyne, N.S.W.

DON'T let him see you
pick up anything he has
thrown. Each time he throws
something, he must pick it
up and hand it to you. Ask
him (not more than twice)
pleasantly but firmly. When
he co-operates, reward him
with praise and a hug. When
he refuses, walk or carry him
to the object, say "No throw-
ing," smack the offending
hand, and banish him to his
cot or room for ten minutes.
Act confidently, and be con-
sistent whether or not he
causes damage.

\$2 to "Recovering" (name
supplied), O'Connor, A.C.T.

DEPRIVATION, for a few
days, of the toys he
throws is a sure cure. A child
soon learns why he is being
punished. Take the toys
away immediately, explain-
ing that toys thrown away
are toys not wanted.

\$2 to Mrs. R. Croft,
Caloundra, Qld.

DON'T worry about him.
Throwing things is only
a stage in the life of many
small children. It seems
obvious he wants attention,
so try to spend more time
with him. Give him toys
such as large balls that will
engage his immense energy,
and let him play with other
young children.

\$2 to "Helper" (name sup-
plied), North Cottesloe, W.A.



LETTER BOX

• We pay \$2.00 for all letters published. Letters must be original not
previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Knitter's defence

TO do all your family's sewing is regarded
as a virtue, but if you do a lot of
knitting you're told, "You're lucky to have
so much spare time." I enjoy knitting and
hate sewing, but there are lots of times I'd
have preferred to read, watch TV, or even
just relax. But as well as saving money by
knitting for myself, my husband, and two
pre-school children, in the past six months
I've earned \$30 by knitting for others. I
feel I've contributed as much to the family
budget as if I'd done all the sewing.

\$2 to M.G. (name supplied), West Tam-
worth, N.S.W.

"Where is heaven?"

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Peter posed a difficult
question at an inconvenient time with,
"Daddy, where is heaven?" To an impatient
reply of "Oh, a long way from here," Peter
persisted, "I know, but which State is it
in?"

\$2 to Mr. Eric Dyson, Doncaster, Vic.

What job at 54?

IN bringing up a family of seven, my hus-
band and I have not been able to save
any money for our old age, and I would
like to go to work to help us financially.
However, I am 54, and do not feel con-
fident of success at my age. I am in better
health now than I was when younger, but
as I have never earned my living I do
not know what kind of work to look for.
Could any reader advise me?

\$2 to "Con" (name supplied), Carling-
ford, N.S.W.

Cure for the untidy

HAVE you untidy children in your house-
hold? If so, here is a novel cure. All
articles left untidily around the house are
impounded in a special Pound Box. To
regain their possessions, the children have to
do some extra job, drying and putting away
dishes, shoe-cleaning, sweeping, etc. This
really works and teaches tidiness.

\$2 to Mrs. Marjorie Spencer, Koolunga,
S.A.

More proverbs

A FURTHER selection of unfamiliar old
proverbs to add to those recently pub-
lished: "God sends meat and Devil sends
cooks," "No one knows what's in the pie
till the lid is off," "Winter finds out what
summer has laid up," "Little sticks kindle
a fire, great ones put it out," and "To the
good, night is not dark, to the wicked, day
is not bright."

\$2 to Mrs. D. Lissner, Annerley, Qld.

A bride cured him

TAKE heart, mothers, it all comes right
in the end. Our son has just been
married—a lovely bride, a neat groom;
nervous but very happy. Gone, for ever, the
long hair, untidy dress, and rebel ways. He
has conformed—as most children will with
time—or with the right girl or the right boy.
Ain't love grand?

\$2 to "Amazed" (name supplied), Emu
Plains, N.S.W.

Contrary men!

ON arising, my mere male walks right
around the house, over wet grass and
dirt, to open the garage door and bring in
the paper. Then he walks back through the
house in his muddy slippers. But when he
is ready for work he changes into his work-
ing boots, goes out the front door, straight
down the path, then carefully walks along
the top of the cement garden edge to the
car tracks.

\$2 to "Elm" (name supplied), Salisbury,
Qld.

Seven types of irons

ARE there any more irons for me to
use? I've used a flat iron with a metal
handle, a "Mrs. Potts" iron with a wooden
handle fitted on after heating, and a chip
iron heated by a little fire inside it, fed by
wooden chips. Then there was the gas
iron, which had a rubber tube to be con-
nected to the gas, and the petrol iron,
which one had to pump up. Next came the
electric iron, and now there is the latest
refinement, the steam iron.

\$2 to Miss E. George, Carlingford, N.S.W.

**Ross
Campbell
writes...**

THE SWEET LIFE

I AM one of the ants in the
Campbell residence.

We are having a wonderful time
and getting lots of laughs. Thought
you might be interested to hear
about our antics.

We came in one night on spec.
Then our scouts reported a big
piece of birthday cake in a wire
safe.

It's funny them calling it a "safe."
It's not safe from us.

We sampled the birthday cake
and found it first-rate. It was a
chocolate-icing, cream-filled job.

The word was passed along, and
soon the boys were streaming up
through a hole in the skirting-board.

You should have seen Mrs. Camp-
bell's face when she saw us in the
morning. It was a treat.

After that we searched the joint
thoroughly. You'd hardly believe
it, but these people were keeping
jam and sugar wide open in their
cupboards.

Natural-born suckers, the Camp-
bells are.



Some of our lads were so excited
they got buried in the sugar.

I was sorry for them at the time.
But it was worth while when Mr.
Campbell put some ants in his tea.

I haven't laughed so much since
Mr. Hopkins woke up while we were
swarming on his hair-oil.

The Campbells try to trick us by
putting food in different places. But
we're usually a jump ahead.

Our best effort was when Mrs.
Campbell put an apple pie on top
of the broom cupboard. We were
all over it five minutes after lights
out.

A mate of mine found a way into
the biscuit tin when the lid was on.
We lived it up for days among the
ginger nuts.

I don't go for meat much myself,
but some ants like it for a change.
They had a party the other night
on a cold shoulder of lamb.

Some of the younger crowd get
into the electric jug just for kicks.

It's foolhardy, and there have been
quite a few drownings.

But we cheer up when we see
Mrs. Campbell taste the formic acid
in her instant coffee. She goes hop-
ping mad.

I know the mossies and flies and
Christmas beetles have their own
kind of sport annoying the Camp-
bells. But it's strictly seasonal.

For year-round fun at the expense
of the whole family, I'm happy to
be an antie in the pantry.

By janyiny, we keep those people
busy. I was only just saying to a
lazy young ant: "Go to the human,
thou sluggard."



STN3067

No second step.

New Steiner Color Fair lightens and colours in one.

Color Fair shampoos your hair at the same time as lightening and colouring it.

Also, it revitalises your hair. Still in one.

All you do is foam Color Fair through your hair — then rinse out and dry.

And you can have a streak, or tips, with Color Fair — if you want them.

Otherwise, you time yourself to get the most beautiful result imaginable from either of these four fascinating Steiner colours:



Natural Blonde: just a hint of Blonde for the cautious girl.

Gold Blonde: think of liquid gold.

Auburn Blonde: a glowing red-gold for the "with-it" girl.

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Will your hair look natural and glossy with all that glamour?

Trust Steiner.

For just \$1.95 you can do it in one.

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THE AUTHORITY ON HAIR CARE

The complete Steiner range of hair cosmetics and specialties for loveliness is available from selected chemists and department stores throughout Australia.



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is the era of
the neat
the sleek
the cool
the smooth
the starkly simple
the comfortable
the free**



**this
is the era of
Bond's
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Cottontails couldn't be more now! They're the lightest whitest softest smoothest sleekest briefs of all. The 'action' gusset is for now. So's the quick way the cool absorbent cotton washes — boils even — never needs ironing.

BREEZEWEIGHT **75c** INTERLOCK **79c** SSW to OS
Stay-put 'nylorib' legbands ■ replaceable elastic waistband

BOND'S
Australia's greatest name in cotton

COMPACT

Helping 'the twain' meet

* The American scheme of "Host Families for Overseas Students" has caught on in Western Australia.

W.A. University mathematics lecturer Beryl Hume brought the idea home with her when she returned from study leave in America.

She took it to the Co-ordinating Committee for Overseas Students, and last January the scheme began. By mid-year 110 families had offered help.

The host families meet the students at the airport, take them to their lodgings, and frequently invite them to their homes.

The Committee finds many students in difficulty because they lack the guidance and friendship of adult Australians.

Some students study for too long and eat poorly, endangering their health; others have little experience in handling money.

Some find that they have enrolled by mail in the wrong courses, and they do not know what to do.

But the main problem, the Committee finds, is the feeling of being "outsiders."

The casualness of Australian youth toward parents is something entirely foreign to them. In Asia "the old ones" are the most respected members of the household.

They think it odd that husbands should help wives with washing-up and changing nappies.

Host families help overcome these problems.



HER HAIR TODAY, GONE TOMORROW

● No, she's not Lady Godiva's great - great - and then some-grand-daughter!

In fact, the long and the short of it is that the hair is not even for real.

The girl is wearing a queen-size wig.

FOOTNOTE: The funny-looking legs? Silver-glitter tights.

She calls the tune for New Caledonia

■ "Find an orchestra . . ." That was the unusual request which brought Madame Charles Legras, of Noumea, New Caledonia, to Sydney recently.

It came from the President of the Conservatoire de Musique et de Danse, New Caledonia's first school of music, of which Mme Legras is a committee member.

"The Conservatoire opened last March, and the committee decided a concert was needed to put it on its feet," Mme Legras said. "The committee knew of my great interest in music, so I suppose it was only natural that I should be asked to help."

At first, Mme Legras said, she made little headway in her quest. The Australian concert season was at its height, and none of the well-known music organisations she approached could give her any assistance.

"Eventually the ABC put me in touch with the Sydney violinist Miss Della Woods. She had worked with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra and was in contact with many players."

And, so, the Della Musica Chamber Orchestra was born.

"There are 18 members," said Mme Legras, "and they are all first-class musicians. Several of them are ex-Sydney Symphony Orchestra players."

"Miss Woods, who is our leading violinist, did free-

lance work with the BBC, London, and our clarinetist, Andrew McCulloch, was lead clarinetist with the National Welsh Orchestra, in Cardiff, South Wales."

Another distinguished member of the newly formed orchestra is the conductor, Professor Jacques Berleski. Musical director of the Conservatoire, he has conducted in New York, South Africa, and Melbourne.

Mme Legras believes the one-night concert is the first symphony concert held in New Caledonia. It should encourage young people on the island to study at the Conservatoire, she said.

"Although there has always been plenty of art in

New Caledonia, there was no organised music before the Conservatoire opened. The New Caledonian had to go to France or Australia to study music."

As well as finding the orchestra here, Mme Legras also arranged, as a highlight of the evening's program, a *pas de deux* from Gluck's "Orpheus and Eurydice" by two Melbourne dancers.

"As the Conservatoire also trains dancers, we thought some ballet excerpts should be included," she said.

"The concert has been subsidised by the Government and I feel it is the answer to something that has been sadly lacking in New Caledonia for many years."



● Mme Legras (right) with Della Woods.

WAR ON WIVES' 'BLUES'

A STRONG task force is at work in Sydney aimed at raising the morale of the housewife.

It is the recently formed New Organisation for Women (called NOW, for short), whose committee — a group of mothers — feels lack of creativity is responsible for much mental disturbance among housewives.

The committee believes that the feeling of being unable to use training and ability encourages alcoholism and hypochondria.

Mrs. Joyce Haggarty, of Cremorne, Mrs. Joyce Wilson, of Mosman, and a woman doctor were the instigators of the scheme.

Their idea is to arrange courses to train (or retrain) women for jobs, provide paid full-time or part-time work, set up creches for children, and start up and operate a shop where NOW members can sell handicrafts.

The NOW committee has held two meetings. The first, in Mrs. Haggarty's home, proved so successful — more than 100 women turned up — that a second meeting was held in a suburban town hall, and about 400 housewives attended.

Anyone interested in joining NOW can contact Mrs. Haggarty at 17 Harrison Street, Cremorne, N.S.W.

Your Complexion Can Be Beautiful This Summer



Margaret Merril
Beauty Skin Care
Consultant

This can be the most beautiful summer you're ever known. Use the sunny climate to give your skin the healthy sunlit glow of a beautiful complexion, lightly tanned to a satin-gold, but make sure it remains soft-complexioned, fresh and flawless. Here are some beauty suggestions that will help you to remain radiantly lovely throughout the summer and beyond.

Smooth Elbows

Lovely smooth elbows are truly a feminine asset and to keep them smooth and lovely use this simple beauty pack. Combine a teaspoon each of white sugar, lemon Delph freshener and oil of Ulan, and rub the mixture well into the elbows until the skin becomes pink and clean. Remove the pack with warm water, dry thoroughly and then smooth in a generous film of oil of Ulan to soften and promote a silky smooth surface.

Lovely Shoulders

Beautiful shoulders are smooth, supple, and either have a gorgeous golden glow from the sun or else are classically, dazzling milk white. It is important that you care for them constantly so any spots or blemishes should be treated by patting with lemon Delph freshener and then smoothed over with a film of oil of Ulan. This moist oil is isotonic balanced to nourish the skin so that your shoulders acquire a lovely velvet-textured bloom.

Outdoor Beauty

Fun in the sun can give your looks that extra little sparkle, but don't overdo it in the early stages and be especially careful when sunbathing. Sun can also be drastically harsh on your complexion, so be sure to protect your skin by smoothing on a film of oil of Ulan before going into the sunshine. This Ulan oil fulfils the function of protecting and nourishing the complexion against the drying effects which cause wrinkle dryness.

A Beauty Tonic

Give your skin a delightful bloom to last through the driest and hottest of summers. Damp a cloth in ice-cold water, on which sprinkle some lemon Delph freshener, and smooth it over your face and neck. Feel how the skin responds to the toning and refreshing action. Now, to nourish and hold the bloom, smooth on your oil of Ulan and use it always under your make-up to protect against the weather and to give the skin that youthful, dewy look.

DON'T CUT CALLOUSES CORNS, WARTS

USE NEW RUB OFF CREME

Get rid of annoying corns, callouses, warts with a wonder-working creme called DERMA-SOFT. This unique formula softens & dissolves hard to remove growths so they rub right off leaving skin smooth & soft. So don't suffer another minute. Get DERMA-SOFT at chemists.

ECZEMA ITCH

To clear your skin soft and smooth—free from pimples, itching, eczema, red blotches, blemishes and more, use NIXODERM. Get NIXODERM from your chemist. Clears skin while you sleep.

THE MAGAZINE
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Everybody's



JOIN OUTDOOR-FUN PEOPLE!

Primus takes the convenience of home cooking outdoors

Come on outside into the sunshine, into a "good-times-for-all life"—and bring along a Primus. Cook up a feast, fresh food served sizzling hot in minutes under Coolibah trees, on the beach, in your tent, caravan or boat—anywhere you like (even in a gale!)

—at the turn of a knob and a flash of a match. Primus gives you instant, convenient cooking on constant-heat flames **you** control. Nothing is simpler than cooking with Primus and portable gas. Try it. Help stamp out stale sandwiches, old coffee.

Forget the dirt, the delay, the danger and the smoke that gets in your eyes and makes you cry when you cook the old ways. No crying with Primus. Smiles, laughter and heaps of well-cooked fresh food—that's the promise! That's civilization outdoors when you take out a Primus and a cylinder of gas. See the Primus range at your nearest hardware, sports or camping-goods store, or bottled gas dealer . . . and pick up entry forms for the Primus \$2,000 contest. Anyone can enter!

Enter the Primus \$2,000 contest. Win a De Havilland Viking runabout and Mercury outboard.

PRIZE: 15 ft. Hawker de Havilland aluminium "Viking" with 50 h.p. Mercury outboard motor, boat trailer and towing rig.



Outdoor People prefer

PRIMUS

Made in Australia by
NELSON & COMPANY PTY. LIMITED
under licence to A. B. Bahco, Sweden.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 16, 1966



The Primus De Luxe: two burners

Twin burners — with separate controls. It has giant stand, stainless steel spill tray. Attractive two-colour hammer-tone enamel finish. Collapsible. 2064 Primus De Luxe Stove 17" x 9" x 34". Weight, 9 lb. \$23.50 (Cylinders from \$5.55.)



Brilliant outdoor lamp

Portable lamp equivalent to 100 candlepower. With a handy carrying handle and protective case. Shock-proof mantle. Great for prawning or crayfishing. Fits all Primus cylinders. Price: \$8.75.



Grasshopper

Designed for use with the 2201 disposable gas cylinder which provides Butane gas for 4 hours' cooking. Easy to carry and ideal for outdoor or indoor use. The pot stand is adjustable to take both tins and saucepans. Stove No. 2255 \$6.30; Cylinder No. 2201 \$0.68.



Hobby Kit Gift Pack

Consists of a 2000 gas cylinder, pin-point blow lamp burner attachment 2144, interchangeable flat flame burner 8719 and flat-point burner 8723, copper soldering bit 8379 and holder 8430. A must for every handy-man. Price: \$15.55.



Made in Australia by NELSON & COMPANY PTY. LIMITED under licence to A. B. Balco, Sweden.

LIFE PASSES BY By DAN ROSS

Florence Avery and Mrs. Barnes smiled at each other from across the table.



NURSE Florence Avery's jovial, round face had been a familiar part of the Bedford Hospital surgical ward for almost a decade. She had joined the staff as a senior nurse and now was second in charge of the department. She looked especially happy on this murky Thursday afternoon as the weekend coming up was to be a special one.

She had only one weekend a month off and usually she and Mrs. Barnes, with whom she shared a small apartment, would go to dinner and then to the movies. Afterward they would return to their modest quarters and enjoy a cup of tea.

Mrs. Barnes, an elderly widow, invariably would reach for Florence's cup and begin reading her fortune from the tea-leaves. The white-haired woman would regard her across the table with a twinkle in her eye and say: "You can't hide the truth from the tea-leaves. I see a romance in your future, dear."

A blush always came to Florence's face. After all, it wasn't likely she could expect much in the way of romance unless she decided to prey on some doddering male from geriatrics. But now, wonder of wonders, it seemed that Mrs. Barnes' prediction was coming true.

Earlier in the week Florence had got the letter from Jane, her best friend in her hometown in Ohio. Jane insisted she come to spend the weekend with her. Jane's brother Ralph was home for a few days. He had been living in South America for years until the recent death of his wife. Now he was back to visit his family and he'd been asking about Florence.

Florence and Ralph had gone together during high-school days and even after they'd left Ohio had written to each other regularly, but Ralph had married someone else. It seemed there had never been anyone for Florence after that. The years went by and she settled into what appeared to be a pleasant routine.

But the letter from Jane brought back all the might-have-beens. Florence had considered the invitation carefully. It seemed a quirk of fate that it should come for this free weekend. Of course, it would mean a considerable cash outlay for air fare but she did have some extra money.

She'd spoken of her plans to Mrs. Barnes the previous night. "Jane wants me to go out to Ohio for the weekend," she said. "I think I'll go."

"Sort of sudden, isn't it?" Mrs. Barnes said. "We'll miss dinner and the movies."

Looking at Mrs. Barnes' doleful expression, Florence felt remorse. "I'm sorry. But we can go another time. It's to be sort of a reunion and I don't think I should miss going." She was careful not to mention an old boyfriend was involved in the reunion, knowing Mrs. Barnes' romantic tendencies.

Mrs. Barnes had smiled. "Of course you should go. I was just thinking of myself and being selfish."

So Florence had rung the airline and made a tentative booking for a flight early Friday morning and a return on Sunday night. She'd also phoned Jane to let her know she was accepting her invitation.

Jane had been ecstatic. "You don't know how much Ralph is looking forward to seeing you," she exclaimed. "I'll send him to the airport to meet you."

"I hope he won't be too disappointed," she said. "Making the trip is sheer rashness on my part. Really a wild decision."

"Well, don't change your mind!" Jane warned her from the other end of the line. "We all want to see you!"

So it was settled. She tried to remain calm at the prospect of the trip, but it was no use denying she was excited.

It was in this happy frame of mind that Nurse Florence Avery left her desk to go to the nurses' lounge. When she got there she discovered young Helen Cannel talking to two other student nurses.

"I don't know what I'll do!" Helen lamented. "Do I detect trouble in the air?" Florence asked.

"You bet you do," the tall dark one who had formed half of Helen's audience said. "Helen lost her purse on the subway."

Florence was concerned knowing how little the student nurses had to get along on. "Was there much in it?"

Helen looked desolate. "Every penny I had saved and I was on my way to pick up my dress for the hospital dance."

"That's too bad," Florence said. "Have you talked to the subway people?"

"Yes, but they weren't able to help me."

Florence sighed. "I'm sorry. Do you have anything else to wear?"

"Nothing suitable for a formal," Helen said despairingly. "And Jim Glenn has asked me to his place for dinner before the dance. He wants me to meet his parents!" She shrugged. "I just won't be able to go."

Florence hesitated a moment as the other girls moved away and out of the room. When she was sure they were alone she asked: "Isn't this pretty serious between you and Dr. Glenn?"

Helen blushed. "I didn't realise anyone had noticed."

"You should meet his folks," Florence said firmly, "and go to that dance."

"But I can't now! Not without a proper dress!"

Florence then surprised herself by reaching into the pocket of her uniform and bringing out the envelope in which she'd placed the money for the plane tickets. She handed the envelope to the girl.

"Don't worry about a dress. You'll find enough to pay for it in there."

"I can't!" Helen protested. "You need your money for yourself."

A wry smile crossed the round face. "Now what does an old maid like me have to spend money on? I want you to get that dress and go to the dance."

"I'll pay you back," she promised.

"We'll worry about that later," Florence said.

When the girl had gone she felt the full impact of her decision. All prospects of the weekend had vanished with her generous gesture. She'd had to force herself to press the money on the girl quickly or she'd not have been able to go through with it. She'd have to cancel the tickets and wire Jane her apologies.

As it turned out the weekend wasn't as bleak as she'd expected. She and Mrs. Barnes enjoyed their usual dinner and movie date and, afterward, they'd had tea.

"I warn you, Florence," Mrs. Barnes said, coyly studying the empty teacup, "I still see a romance in these tea-leaves."

"Maybe you do," she agreed happily. She had a picture of a glowing Helen in her new dress meeting Dr. Glenn's parents and being the belle of the dance. Certainly she had contributed to a dream of young love. And maybe that was the best role she could expect these days.

Putting down the teacup, Mrs. Barnes took a telegram from her pocket and handed it to Florence. "This came earlier. I've been keeping it until now as a surprise."

Florence opened the paper and read, "Since you can't come to Ohio, Ohio will come to you. Arriving Sunday evening. Ralph."

(Copyright)

New Way to Reduce Weight

A tablet specially designed for sweet tooths that aids in weight reduction is now available. You can now slim and stay slim by taking one or two tablets after the main meal each day to dispel and neutralize the fatty unsaturated content of the food eaten and lessen body weight until normal.

Excessive weight, besides robbing one's youth and beauty, soon leads to the risk of development of high blood pressure, hypertensive heart disease and circulatory, coronary and internal disorders. A sensible diet of lean meat, fish, fruit and vegetables, avoiding excesses of sugary and starch content foods and the use of polyunsaturated oils in the preparation of food, together with Mevon Extract tablets each day is the safe and easy way to reduce excess weight.

These Mevon Extract tablets quickly sweeten the breath, hasten digestive processes of all foods and contribute to a healthier, happier enjoyment of daily living. They are so easy to take and are sucked like a sweet. These Mevon Extract tablets do not need a doctor's prescription and are available at most leading pharmacies.

"Entering the beauty quest?"

"Silly. I couldn't stand the spotlight."

"You mean you haven't got honest skin?"

"Honest skin? Never heard of it!"

"They tell me there's one complexion lotion that can give it to you—Bonne Bell Ten-O-Six Lotion."

"You mean it will give me the sort of face that can strip down to its birthday suit and never be ashamed?"

"That's just it. Sue says it normalises her skin whether it's oily or dry—gets deep down to bring all the dirt to the surface. She uses it first thing in the morning, last thing at night. That's all the guarantee you'll need for honest skin."

"Honest skin? I could win after all."

Bonne Bell Ten-O-Six is sold by all chemists and leading stores. Standard 4 oz. size costs \$1.05; economy 8 oz. size, \$1.50.

Bonne Bell, Cleveland 7, Ohio

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THE PELICAN

BY CECIL ROBERTS

THERE is such a thing as love at first sight. Tom Little, an American in the United States Air Force stationed in England in 1943, saw and fell in love with an English girl. He was coming out of a cinema in Derby when he saw her. It was only a quick glimpse, but her face and its expression hit him so hard that he was dazed. Before he could do anything about it he had lost her.

He joined his comrades in a car that took them back to their base. "What's the matter? Are you sickening for something?" asked one of them, observing his silence. He made no answer because he was sick at heart and could think of no cure.

He had lost the girl for ever, it would seem. At twenty-one the blows of Fate seem heavy, darkness falls on the young heart with a velvet and total blackness.

It was absurd that he should be hit so hard in a few seconds by the face of a girl coming out of a cinema into the darkened street of a Midland provincial town in England. There were thousands of girls with pretty faces away back home in an even smaller town on the Gulf of Mexico, and being in love with any one of them would not involve him in all manner of difficulties that came with love in a foreign country.

Perhaps if he saw her again the effect would not be the same. There was often a special enchantment in the half-seen that vanished at the full view. And what was the use? A swift death most probably awaited him and his buddies unless he had exceptional luck.

The next day he began to wonder if he really was sickening. He could not get that girl's face out of his mind. It would be of no use haunting that cinema in Derby; there was a complete blackout each night. It was now October and the days were short.

Three days later, on a Saturday afternoon, he joined some of the boys again and went into Derby. They prowled listlessly about. Some of them hooked giggling girls, loud-voiced and common. The end of their adventure was pretty certain. The crude details always came out with the morning coffee. It was like playing an old gramophone record.

At one point he unshipped himself from his companions and went into a teasop. He asked for coffee and a doughnut. There weren't any doughnuts in Derby. You could buy a Rolls-Royce, made there, but you couldn't get a doughnut. The snuffy waitresses were accustomed to this vain order. A currant bun was served, the currants almost invisible.

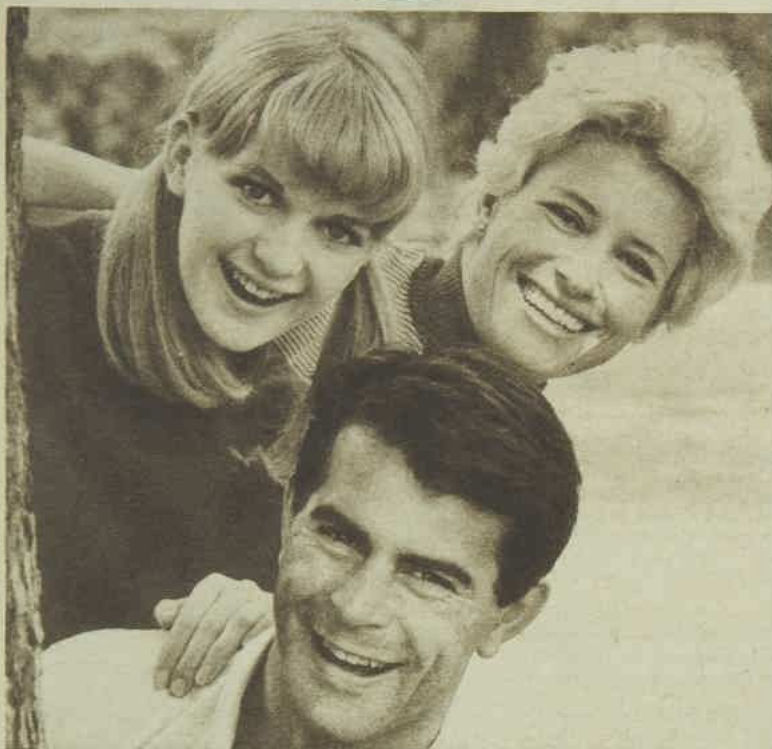
When the coffee was brought with the bun, he looked at it and smiled at the waitress pathetically. But his smile changed to one of astonishment. His mouth opened and his eyes went into a stare. It was the girl of the cinema! Before he could find any words she had gone.

This was what they called the "working of Fate." True, there weren't many teasops in Derby, but that he should have chosen this one suggested more than chance. For a time he touched neither coffee nor bun. Was she really as wonderful as a heated memory had made out?

To page 46



meet the Potter and Moore's



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POTTER & MOORE PEOPLE KNOW VALUE WHEN THEY SEE IT!

THE PELICAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

She was. He had not been fooling himself. There was something in her face, the tilt of her nose and chin, the color of her eyes and the fresh complexion such as he had never seen in any other girl in the whole world.

His hand trembled when he picked up the teaspoon. He stirred and stirred, his mind going round with the coffee. What did he do now that he was so near and yet so far? He had not been given a bill. Would she be the one to give him it?

He waited and waited. Presently she came to a nearby table. Now for the first time he could take a long, careful look. Everything he had thought was true. She was fair and graceful, and the way the blonde hair fluffed over her ears and round her neck shook him. He watched her delicate fingers writing an order on a pad. And then he saw something that made his heart stop. There was a ring on her finger. She might be engaged or married. On what finger did English girls, married or engaged, wear their rings?

As the query arose she left the table and passed by him. Meeting his eyes, she gave him a smile and was gone. So she had noticed him! Idiot, he said to himself, all she had seen was a face above a brown uniform. "Give the boys a smile. They're a long way from home, and soon they may be dead." That was the formula for the hour. There would be another dozen faces after his at the table, and they would be all alike to her.

HE lingered over his coffee and ate the last crumbs of his bun. He thought of ordering another coffee. It was poor stuff. Then he remembered there was a notice saying only one coffee and bun could be served per person. So he watched for her return and put up his hand for the bill. To his immense relief she came to his table and began to write his bill. Desperate, he forced words to his lips.

"I saw you the other night coming out of the cinema."

"Oh, yes!"

"Did you like the picture?"

"It was all right," she answered.

"My name's Tom Little," he said.

"Yes?"

She tore off the bill, put it on the table, smiled at him, and was gone.

He got up and went to the cash desk, dazed. What now? He was as far off as ever. No, he was farther off, for he had made an attempt and failed.

"What time do you close?" he asked the cash girl.

She glanced at a clock. "In half an hour — six o'clock," she replied.

He went out into the dark street. A cold wind was blowing. It seemed to get right into his heart. He told himself that he could not be crazy enough to hang around for half an hour to see her come out. But he was. There was a passage at the side of the shop. She might come out of a side door. He took up a position that commanded both exits.

At six the last customers left, a chink of light showing as they came out of the heavily shrouded door. He wondered if in the darkness he would be able to recognise her. He waited and waited. At about a quarter-past six some girls came out, obviously waitresses. She was not among them. One of the girls,

when she saw him peering at them, said, "Good evening!" and smiled. He looked away. She giggled with the other girls and walked on. He felt rather ashamed of himself, yet he stayed.

He had waited about three-quarters of an hour when two more girls came out. She was one of them. They began to walk down the street, chatting. And now? He had not foreseen that she might have a companion. What a lovely little figure she had, enveloped in a transparent raincoat. He kept an exact distance behind them and could hear them talking gaily. They came to a bus stop and halted. If they got on a bus he must follow, with no idea where it went. His hands were moist in his pockets.

Then luck was with him. The girls said goodbye as a bus came up and only one got on it. His girl remained on the pavement. She began to walk away. He hurried after her.

"If you please, miss — can I talk to you? I was in the cafe."

She stopped and faced him. "How dare you! What do you think I am — a pick-up? Didn't your mother teach you any manners?"

She was very angry and her eyes burnt him. He felt dumb. Then he found words to say:

"I'm sorry, miss. I saw you in a cinema and then just now in the cafe — you sort of bowled me over. I am a harmless guy, really."

She looked at him. He was a big lad, pink-faced. She thought she saw his mouth tremble.

"I accept your apology. Goodnight!" she said.

"But can't I — won't you —"

She halted again and gave him a freezing look. "Look, Mr. American, you're making yourself a nuisance. Get back to your camp. My father works in the shop over there. I'm going to him and we're going home together. So be off!"

"Please, can I meet your father?" he asked.

She was about to step off the kerb and he was going to lose her. She turned and stared at him. He saw now how very young she was, not more than twenty. She just came up to his shoulder. A wisp of blonde hair escaped from a soft felt hat and fell over her brow. She was enchanting, even with a look of anger in her eyes.

"Well, you have a nerve! What do you think my father'll say to you?" she cried.

"I'll risk that. I've got to know you — I just have!" he said in a strained voice.

She crossed the road, ignoring him, and entered a shop. He followed her in and paused inside the door. It was a hardware shop. They were closing down. There was a man waiting, in a macintosh, with a hat on. The girl walked up to him, kissed him, and began to tell him something. Obviously it was about the soldier annoying her. The man left his daughter and came toward the door.

"What do you want? Get out or I'll call the police!" he cried. He looked at the boy's face and saw it was tense. He was a tall lad about twenty-one, a good-looking, dark youngster, strong and shapely. "You should know you can't come over here and pick up girls in the street, not any nice girls. You may do it in America, but not here!" he said. "You've frightened my daughter!"

"I am very sorry, sir. I

To page 47

New Powerful Insecticide is Guaranteed Safe

There is now available in Australia an insecticide totally effective against all insect pests, that is guaranteed safe as it does not contain any poisonous active ingredient to harm the lungs and delicate tissue. This means that it can be sprayed with complete safety near food or where food is stored and near children and pets.

Survival of insect pests is not possible, because the powerful fume action of the Pea-Beu insecticide penetrates deep into remote corners and crevices killing all insect pests on contact. An action described by one observer "as if by an electric shock." No insect is immune to its deadly action.

Supplies of the new Pea-Beu insecticide are now available at chemists and leading stores.

'I won't eat any'

What to do when your
child refuses food

When a good-eater turns finicky, suspect childhood constipation. A simple answer is chocolate Laxettes, given at bedtime. Children actually like taking Laxettes. Laxettes contain an exact dose of a gentle laxative, but all the child can taste is the chocolate. While your kiddie sleeps, Laxettes work gently to correct irregularity. Next morning the constipation attack is over. Keep Laxettes handy. Only 3/6 (35 cents). Always fresh in the air-sealed packet.

L.A. 13

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The Bulletin

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don't pick up girls, here or in the States. I've never done this before. I guess I'm a bit crazy just now. You can't know what it's like to be in a strange country and be lonely and never see a nice girl to talk to."

The man looked at the boy and was moved by the unhappiness in his face.

"I do know — I was once a lonely young soldier in France," he said. "What is your name?"

"Tom Little, sir."

The man laughed as he told him his name. "Well, that's a bit odd! Mine's Small — and we're neither of us little nor small! Where do you live?"

"Near St. Petersburg — on the Mexican Gulf. It's in Florida."

"You're a long way from home, my lad!"

"I sure am! And it's the first time away from my folks," he said, forcing a sad little smile.

Mr. Small turned to his daughter and looked at her with an amused expression. "I'd like, my dear, to introduce you to a nice young American, Mr. Tom Little," he said. He turned to the soldier. "This is my daughter, Alice Small."

There was an awkward pause. The boy saluted. Alice put forth a hand. "Pleased to know you, Mr. Little," she said. He took her hand.

"And ah'm sure pleased, too!" he said, his face puckered in a big smile.

"What time do you have to be back in camp?" asked Mr. Small.

"Ten o'clock."

"Then I suggest you come home with us and have a bit of supper."

Tom Little could hardly believe it. "That's mighty kind of you, sir," he replied.

They left the shop and walked through the empty, darkened streets. "Don't like these moonless nights — the Nazis like them for bombing," observed Mr. Small.

"So do we," said Tom Little.

"Oh, what are you?"

"Navigator in a bomber."

"It's all a senseless business, isn't it?"

"It sure is. Ah sometimes think we humans are plain crazy."

Mr. Small smiled and quoted some verses —

Yes, quaint and curious war is!

You shoot a fellow down

You'd treat if met where

any bar is,

Or help to half-a-crown.

"Our Thomas Hardy wrote that during the Boer War. And here we are, at it again!"

He had just lost one son and had another serving. He was a little bitter.

They came to a street with a long row of houses set behind gardens. Mr. Small opened the front door and

walked down a passage into a dining-room, where a middle-aged woman rose to greet him.

"Mary, this is an American boy who's been chasing Alice, so we've captured him and brought him home to have a bit of supper to see if we can tame him!"

"Isn't that nice! You're very welcome," said Mrs. Small.

That was how Tom Little entered the family and found the best wife in the world.

They had been married twelve years and had one son, Jeremy, aged eleven, having lost a little girl at birth. They were a happy family. It had not been easy for Alice Little at first. She found herself, far away from home in a strange land, speaking a language almost the same but sometimes with confusing differences. Also there were different customs. When Tom had flown back to Derby immediately after being demobilised and had married Alice, deeply in love with the girl he had "picked up" one dark night, there were many prophets of doom.

DIRE stories came back home of these Anglo-American marriages. The young wives grew homesick and deserted their husbands. Some of them discovered they had been grossly deceived by glamorous talk about their future homes. They found themselves domestic drudges in dreary little American towns, smitten with arctic blizzards in winter and boiled alive in summer. Some had no homes of their own, and the girls were thrust into the crowded, poverty-stricken tenements of parents who were hostile.

Some of the girls picked up were mere sluts in England and remained sluts in America. Some of the husbands were lechers and good-for-nothings. The wartime shotgun marriages went on the rocks. The lads, so glamorous in uniform, proved louts in civvies. The pretty "Boosies" could neither cook, sew, nor wash, and was only happy at the cinema or on the dance floor. They bred indiscriminately. To escape the smell and noise of babies, the husbands haunted the bars.

These histories had all been brought to Alice Small as a warning. But she had faith in her young husband and embarked on the great adventure. She was lovingly received by Tom's parents, brothers, and sisters. The American families, she found, lived gaily and with a thoughtless extravagance that amazed her. Almost everything seemed on the hire-purchase.

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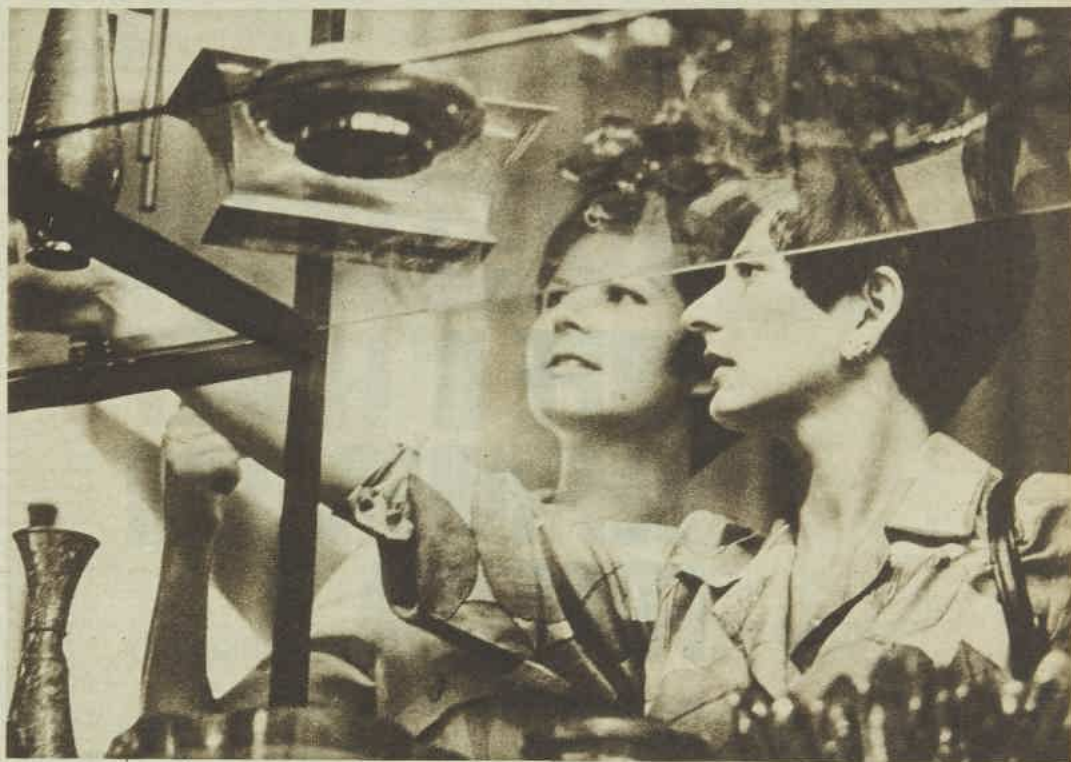
LULUBELLE



???

There we were in Singapore at the crossroads of the orient—a mighty cosmopolitan city. Instant Asia! Culture, pageant, ceremony, scenery—all the mysterious orient at her feet and...

all she did was shop!



Of course we saw the temples (a few of the 500!) we saw a fire walking ceremony, a Chinese opera, a Malay dance festival, an Indian procession and a lot of the other attractions that bring tourists, from all over the world to Singapore. But... my wife... she got amongst the shops! They took her over! Am I sorry? No Sir! With prices like these. No wonder Singapore is a shop window to the world. Well,—just look at the merchandise... you name it, they have it!

Sometimes you bargain, sometimes it's fixed prices — it's all the same... you come out dollars ahead. Don't pretend you have been shopping if you haven't been to Singapore!*



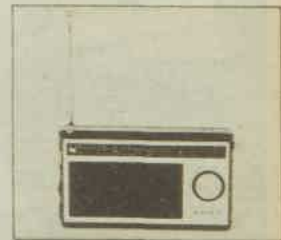
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THE BOYFRIEND



"I find it very hard to get romantic over a girl dressed in plastic!"

THE PELICAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

They all had large automobiles on which the instalments never ceased, for a new one replaced the old one before it was paid for. They went in and out of jobs with acrobatic agility. They had strange streaks of religious fanaticism, measured everything by dollars, became hysterical over politics, but were always generous, sociable, and charitable. They lived with gusto and courage.

Tom was employed in his father's market-garden business. It was enterprising, run on scientific lines. They cultivated fifteen acres, some of it under glass, and had orange groves inland. It was a prosperous business, employing three white truckers and twenty negroes. But it was a night-and-

day job, the weather their taskmaster, "freezes," droughts, and windstorms ever lurking under the great blue sky. Once in a while there was a hurricane.

Tom found a little four-roomed bungalow down by the coast, twelve miles out of St. Petersburg. He had a passion for the sea, boats, and fishing. Its position seemed ideal for his hobby. It was on the high bank of a creek near the sea inlet. They looked out over the Mexican Gulf with its vast radiant sky and deep blue sea. Around the bungalow there was a small garden, dug out of the coralstone with which the houses were built.

There was a great banyan tree that had driven its branches down

into the earth, the live oaks had hanging a greyish creeper, a casahuate tree, a mauve jacaranda tree, a magnolia, oleanders, tall palms, some cypress, a fig tree, and a small grove of grapefruit and orange trees, two acres in all. Over part of the bungalow's roof and along a low wall trailed the brilliant orange flame-vine.

There was a short wooden jetty built between great wooden piers, and a low boathouse and toolshed in which Tom housed a boat with an outboard motor. It was an earthly paradise — with a green hell not far away. A large mangrove growth struck down its contorted branches into the muddy and brackish water where strange things slithered and squeaked. Behind the swamp lay the scrub with palmettos and dwarf pine trees. The liana-matted jungle ran for miles inland, little changed since the Indians and Spanish conquistadores had contended for Florida.

They were isolated, two miles from a small settlement, mostly of fishermen of Greek origin, with some shops, a mail office, a schoolhouse, and three churches. They were nine miles from the market gardens over a flat sandy road threading a waste of pines and palmettos and scrub oaks. The bungalow was their own, bought for them by Tom's father, a hard-working, taciturn, but good-hearted man.

ONE of the features of their jetty home was the birds. The catbirds, small and grey, blithe singers; the yellow-throats, scarlet tanagers, and cardinals; the flycatcher phoebe and the rump-crowned kinglets abounded. Of all these birds, the most familiar, and full of character, were the pelicans. Alice was fascinated by them. They were very fond of the jetty posts, which were flat-topped. They sat there and contemplated the world like philosophers. A little along the coast they nested in the mangrove swamp.

At the mouth of the creek the fishing boats were tied up by a long jetty. They usually came in toward dusk with their day's haul. The pelicans awaited their return, certain to be rewarded by "trash" fish thrown out from the catch. During most of the day the pelicans sailed up and down over the sea, where they dived or floated or else sat calmly on the jetty posts.

Alice noticed that they all faced the same way. They were highly regimented. They flew in single file, or sometimes in a V formation, often in a wide echelon, reminding Alice of Air Force manoeuvres. Clumsy at taking off, they alighted on the water like skiers, their webbed feet thrust forward, churning up a watery barrier before they settled. When they dived they plummeted with a great splash, coming down from thirty or forty feet in a bomber's dive that sank them in the water.

"Don't they hurt themselves?" asked Alice.

"No, they are a sort of pneumatic bird. They've a network of air sacs through their bones and under their skins," said Tom. "It's curious how they're both clever and clumsy. They patter along the water for quite a distance before they're airborne, like top-heavy old hydroplanes. But once they're up, my! how they go, with the wind astern, flapping and planing, with an eight-foot wingspread.

"If you watch you'll notice that when they're bucking a head-wind they come down and skim over the sea. The water friction reduces the wind force and the small updraught from the waves gives them enough lift to glide steadily, with an occasional flap to keep up momentum. Pelicans can teach us quite a thing or two about flying — but a gull can beat 'em any day.

"You'll always see gulls hanging around pelicans. When the old bird lifts up his bill to drain a catch of fish the gull slips in, snatches it before he can swallow, and there's just nothing the poor old pelican can do about it!"

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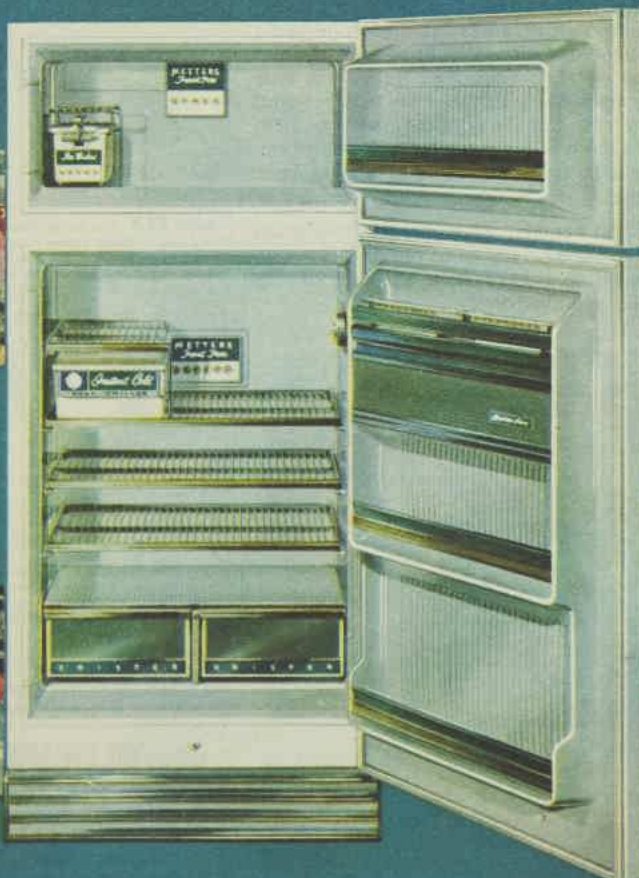
METTERS

FREE O' FROST REFRIGERATOR FREEZER

... completely new concept in food-keeping takes the frost out of freezing

More than a "new" refrigerator: a new way to keep food in "Total Cold." The secret of Free O' Frost in Metters' miracle "Cyclo-Fan" that keeps cold air on the move non-stop in the Freezer, then through the Refrigerator—especially near the Meat Chiller. Frost simply can't form... so no defrosting, no numb thumbs, not ever. In the giant Freezer, foods stay frozen fresh without frost. Packs (even ice-cubes) just lift out. In the Refrigerator, everything on every shelf stays as fresh as the day Nature (or you) made it.

If you're ready for the luxury of frost-free, defrost-free food-keeping, you're ready for Metters' two-door, 14 cu. ft. Free O' Frost. And it's ready for you now. See it soon at your nearest Metters Retailer.



INSTANT COLD MEAT CHILLER—Meat stays butcher-shop fresh in 5½" 13½" capacity sliding drawer. It's strategically located near the Cyclo-Fan outlet. Constant cold circulating around your cooked dinner keeps meat in perfect condition.



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METTERS

SHOWN IN ALL SIZES

DRESS SENSE

By Betty Keep

THE request for a beach wardrobe came from a Sydney girl. Here is part of her letter, with my reply:

"Would you please suggest designs for a beach holiday wardrobe to be made in cotton? I am in my early twenties and like gay young clothes. I will be

needing patterns to make the garments."

This sleeveless blouse, matching headscarf, and tailored skirt, plus bell-bottom trousers (not illustrated), are included in one pattern. The garments are ideal for a holiday wardrobe. If you wish to increase the size of the wardrobe, the designs could be repeated in different colors and materials.

• The summer separates illustrated at left — the pattern also includes bell-bottom trousers — is my design choice for a holiday wardrobe.

Underneath the illustration are details and how to order. Here are some other holiday-clothes requests:

"I make my own clothes and can draft most designs, therefore I don't need a pattern. I am going north for several months and wondered what you considered a good basic design for

day wear. I have an average figure but am on the tall side."

A simple A-line body-skimming dress is a good basic design. Make the dress in vivid colors and in an easy-care fabric.

"What is a new and unusual color to team with pink?"

Chocolate-brown is very new with pink, and I suggest you use this combination.

All the gear a girl needs to be boss on the beach—'SWIM-GEAR' by Shoreline!

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3867.—Summer separates in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 for 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 3867, price 65c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"Could you possibly provide me with a pattern for a high-waisted dress with sleeves. I need a 34in. bust size.

Yes, our Pattern Department has a design for a high-waisted dress in two lengths — street-length and floor-length. The pattern price of 65c includes postage. If you wish to order, please quote Butterick pattern 3909 and state size required. The pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"I have a navy linen shirt-dress with sleeves ending about 2in. above the wrist. Could you please tell me what length gloves would be correct and the smartest color? I wear the frock with a white hat and navy shoes and bag."

White wrist-length gloves would be a smart choice.

"My formal evening frock is in pale orchid satin. What color shoes should I wear with the dress?"

The perfect choice would be satin shoes tinted the same color as the dress. An alternative idea would be to wear silver kid shoes. In Paris, silver kid is the newest accessory color.

"I am going for a trip to England, and among the clothes I am taking is a dark grey tailored suit. I want to buy handbag and shoes to wear with the suit and would like your advice as to the correct choice."

My choice would be black lizard shoes and a matching handbag. Black skin accessories are very popular in London.

"Safari". One piece, boy-leg knitted suit, scoop-necked, brilliantly striped. Style E 6117. \$20.
"Edge". Taut stretch of Helanca; one-piece, two coloured, bare-backed. Style E 6128. \$16.
"Sabrina". Helanca hip-rider pants, brief bra-top, gaily striped. Style E 6119. \$14.
"Beach Bunny". Two-piece hip-rider in a textured knit plaid, bow-tied at the hipline. Style E 6112. \$15.





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THE PELICAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

Every morning and evening there were pelicans standing motionless on the posts. They seemed to be deep in thought. The crowns of their small heads made them look like venerable old men. In due time Alice became familiar with their characteristics. They let her approach closely, watching her tranquilly. With their downy necks and broad wings they were rather like swans, with long bills and pouches added, grey instead of white.

Unlike swans, they were very sociable. Alice loved them when they yawned, as if bored with life. They revealed a large deep sack which was really a fishing scoop.

"You've heard the old limerick?" asked Tom —
What a wonderful bird is
the pelican
Whose bill can hold more
than his belly can;
He can hold in his beak
Enough food for a week —
I'm blest if I see how the
hell he can!

"Well, it's all wrong! He never holds fish in his pouch. He swallows it very quickly, and he couldn't hold enough in it for a week. A pelican eats four pounds of fish a day. In a week that's twenty-eight pounds, over twice his weight. Nor is he such a pious bird as they make out."

"Pious — I've never heard him called pious!" said Alice.

"Well, a kind of symbol of piety. They got it around in the Middle Ages that pelicans fed their young on their own blood by puncturing their breasts with their beaks. By that the pelican became a sort of symbol of Christ's suffering, and was shown in heraldry as representing piety and charity. Actually, to feed their young, pelicans regurgitate their food in the form of pap. They hold it in their gullets while the fledglings dip in. But I'm not running down the pelican. He's a grand old bird!"

MORE and more Alice wondered at her husband's knowledge of things. He seemed to know everything about fishes. He could readily name most birds, trees, plants, flowers, shells, and even the stars that looked so near in the clear night sky. He was capable with his hands, a good fisherman and shot. He sometimes terrified Alice with his underwater swimming, armed with snorkel and spear gun. When the marine motor broke down he could always repair it.

He had taught Jeremy to be a fearless and adept swimmer. But he could not add up, eat his food slowly, or wash without making a fearful mess. He did not like music, the only serious differences in their tastes. He was also reckless with money. He spent everything as soon as it came into his hands.

They were serenely happy. He was a virile and tender lover, and ever ready to give her a hand in the house. Quite tireless, he worked from dawn to sundown.

Alice quickly settled down in the new community. Many things were strange, including the language. The native Americans, Crackers, as they called them, had a curious accent. They were great gossips, full of wise sayings, and friendly.

They had arrived in October, so she did not experience the fearful heat that afflicted her in summer. The winter days were like those of a perfect June in England, except for short spells when the temperature fell, occasionally near freezing point, but this lasted only a day or two.

They swam in the warm sea through all the winter months.

Alice had noticed on arrival that all the windows and doors were screened. She was to learn how necessary this was. In June came a plague of insects, or "bugs" as the natives called them. There were flying beetles an inch long, but she loved to watch the great lizards basking or darting across the coral-stone. The palms quivered in the heat under the scalding sun. Over the hammock, as they called the wild land, the hawk cried or swooped on the quail and rabbits.

Once they saw an alligator lazing in the creek. There was shade under the live oaks, dripping with moss, and the magnolia trees, but the open spaces and the roads burnt one up. Sometimes she longed for the lush green coolness of England, the rocky dales of Derbyshire, great trees, and the wind sighing through them on the uplands. The cypress and mangrove swamps had no peace in them. They were evil, with tangled roots coming up from the slimy ooze, with watersnakes, with a dense vegetation murderously struggling for life.

Yet great beauty lay around their nestling bungalow, the blue of the sea, the trees with golden oranges, grapefruit, avocado pears, kumquats, pears, and figs. There was the daily pageant of the sunset, with the great open sky in crimson flame, dying in celestial magnificence, and, in the fading purple afterglow, the brilliant stars and deep silence over the flat land.

They had been married a year when their felicity was crowned with the birth of Jeremy. He was sturdy, happy-natured. In his fourth year they took him to England for a two months' visit to his grandparents in Derby.

"Happy?" asked Alice's father, nursing the boy.

"Wonderfully!"
"Hm. And to think you'd have turned Tom down if it hadn't been for me," he said, chuckling.

In the fifth year they lost a child, a girl, an hour after birth. Little Jeremy flourished. He was strong and intelligent. He lived in and out of the water, naked and brown. He followed his father like a shadow. Presently his mother took him daily to the village school until, aged ten, he was given a bicycle. One morning he came in from the jetty.

"Mum!" he said. "A pelican spoke to me! He's been talking to me for a week, but I didn't realise it."

"Don't be absurd! You know pelicans can't talk."
"He's got a squeak-talk, Mum."

She laughed. Late that afternoon when her husband came in from a fishing expedition Jeremy repeated his story. "Pop, when I say 'Hello' he says 'Hello' back. He's been saying it for a week — I'm sure he has!"
"How do you know it's the same pelican?"

"He sits on the same post always and I can tell him by the look on his face," replied Jeremy.

"Now don't be silly, my boy. All pelicans look alike. You can't tell one pelican from another."

"Their babies know their Mums and Pops, don't they?" asked Jeremy, unconvinced.
"All young'uns know their parents."

"Do they smell them?"
"Well, I wouldn't say that — perhaps they do, perhaps they don't. Do you smell me?" asked his father, laughing.
Jeremy was not satisfied.

To page 51

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY
DAY

"Look son, you'll find some 'trash' fish in the bottom of the boat. Go and take it to your friend and make him say 'Please' before you throw it to him," said Little, cutting himself a slice of cake.

Jeremy slid off his chair. Tom and Alice exchanged looks.

"Son, you're sure crazy. I'll give you a nickel for every word that old bird says."

"Come with me, Pop, and hear him," said Jeremy.

Little went with his son, got the fish and proceeded to the jetty. There was a solitary pelican standing on a post, his long grey beak resting on his chest, his small yellow poll sunk between his shoulders. At their approach the pelican raised his long neck, turned round and regarded them quizzically.

"Hello!" said Jeremy.

The pelican squawked, and looked down benevolently at the small boy. Whatever gift nature had bestowed on the bird, a voice was not one of them.

"Would you like a fish?" asked Jeremy.

The pelican squawked again.

"Then you say 'If you please,'" cried Jeremy, holding up a fish.

THE pelican spread its grey wings, folded them, and squawked.

"There, Pop! That's three nickels!"

"I don't call that talking!"

"But he answered three times!"

"Very well, give him the fish."

The pelican caught three fish. A fourth he retrieved from the water. He flew back to the post, the fish in his beak, and then swallowed it.

They had returned halfway down the jetty when the pelican took off, planed overhead, and then settled on the boards just behind them, ungainly on his webbed feet. He began to walk with them. Little turned and looked down at the bird.

"Hey, you! There's no more fish!" he cried.

The pelican looked up with amused eyes.

Jeremy turned and said — "If you'll come tomorrow you'll get some more fish," and then to his father's amazement Jeremy put out a hand and touched the top of the bird's head, smoothing it. It stood placidly looking at the boy.

"Well, he's sure tame!" observed his father.

As they walked away the pelican watched them for a while. Then it took off, rising high in the air, flapping and planing, a dark body in the fading sky, disappearing down the coast.

A week later when Little returned home for lunch his wife said, as he came in from

the back courtyard, "I want you to come and look at Jeremy. He and that pelican have gone into business together!"

She led him into the living-room and up to the window. He looked out. There was Jeremy, with hatchet in hand, chopping a branch off a pine tree. He was naked except for a slip on his loins, like a young Indian out of the brushwood. One sturdy leg was braced against the trunk that shook under the blows of the hatchet. On one of the swaying branches stood a pelican, its wings spread to keep its balance. Both boy and bird were deeply in earnest.

"They've been having a long conversation all the morning," said Mrs. Little. "The pelican seems to be works manager, squawking instructions to Jeremy."

They watched. It was a singular sight. Boy and pelican were on the most confidential terms. When not swaying on the branch the bird stood on the ground, solemnly watching his companion's attack on the log.

"I believe it's the same pelican — the one Jeremy talks to down on the jetty!" said Little.

"I'm certain it is. He walked with Jeremy right up to our door about an hour ago. He haunts the place when Jeremy's around," said his wife.

One morning the Littles were preparing to go out fishing for the day. Jeremy, an adept helmsman, brought the boat alongside the jetty. Mrs. Little and her husband began to load it with lunch basket and tackle. Suddenly out of the sky a pelican sailed in and settled on a post. It watched the proceedings calmly. Jeremy saluted it. "Hello!" he cried to his old friend. There came an answering squawk.

"Pop, don't you think we should give him a name?" asked Jeremy.

"Well, that's an idea," answered his father.

"But we don't know whether he's a lady or a gentleman," said Mrs. Little.

"Oh, I'm sure he's a gentleman. He's such good manners, hasn't he, Pop?" cried Jeremy.

For some reason he always reminds me of William Wordsworth," said Mrs. Little.

Jeremy was familiar with Wordsworth. His mother had read to him some of the poems. He could recite the whole of "The Idle Shepherd Boys."

*A Poet, one who loves the brooks
Far better than the sages' books,*

quoted Mrs. Little.

"That seems to fit him pretty well. He's a nice poetical-looking old bird — let's call him William," said Little.

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Mrs. H. WIFE



"Ken's mum blows them up bigger!"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 16, 1966

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY:
Week starting Nov. 9.

ARIES

MARCH 21-APRIL 20
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, rose, lilac.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

TAURUS

APRIL 21-MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, blue, green.
* Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

GEMINI

MAY 21-JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, orange, tan.
* Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

CANCER

JUNE 22-JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, green, brown.
* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

LEO

JULY 23-AUG. 22
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Thursday, Mon.

VIRGO

AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
* Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

LIBRA

SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, red, green.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

SCORPIO

OCT. 24-NOV. 22
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, blue, grey.
* Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 23-DEC. 21
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, black, white.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

CAPRICORN

DEC. 22-JAN. 20
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, red, gold.
* Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

AQUARIUS

JAN. 21-FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, blue, green.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

PISCES

FEB. 20-MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, red, yellow.
* Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

* The stars offer a very varied and exciting menu, which you air-folk should thoroughly enjoy. Focus is on finance and there's the chance of unexpected gain — and, likewise, of sudden loss.

* With four planets in your sign, you take top billing and interesting things should happen to your private and domestic life. However, look out for muddle, deception, and even treachery.

* Interesting things could happen romantically, especially on the 9th, 13th, and 15th. Be on the qui vive for double-talk and start no new venture. There could be crossed lines.

* The 14th is your best day of an exciting week in which home and loved ones feature. The 9th is good for the home, too, but be your usual careful self. There's a lot of star amog about.

* Career and status should keep on expanding, but hold horses on any new project, since conditions are muddled. Friends play a varied role. You could meet an unconventional type.

* Many of you will be more than routinely lucky — lottery-wise and legally, especially 14th. Otherwise you could enjoy a week that Pisceans really like — one of excitement and glamor.



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Foy & Gibson Ltd., Waltons Ltd.

ADELAIDE, City & Suburban Stores:
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So he was called William, and as William he was destined to make a stir in the world.

"Are you coming with us, we're going fishing!" cried Jeremy to his friend on the post. "Come on, William, you'll have a good time!"

William extended his wings, reared up, seemed to hesitate, and then flew down to the boat, landing on the fore-deck.

Mrs. Little looked at her husband. "Nobody would believe it unless they saw it!" she said.

The engine spluttered, picked up, and they moved forward. It was a pleasant morning in May. William took up a position for a while, the breeze fluttering the yellowish feathers on the top of his venerable head. He obviously enjoyed the movement.

William became a regular passenger on the motor-boat. The

THE PELICAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

noise of the engine seemed to fascinate him. He would make his way astern and stand watching the wash. Away from the coast he flew off fishing on his own, coming down to float on the sea. There were a few occasions when, encountering a flock of pelicans, William joined them, entering in perfect formation.

But he always came home with the launch, taking up his favorite position on the prow. Later he watched from the post in anticipation of the unloading and the share-out.

One day the jetty was being repaired and several planks had been taken up. William observed the work, visibly annoyed, flying off and on to his post. Then he

followed Jeremy, and coming to a gap was perplexed. Jeremy stooped down, picked him up and hopped over with him. After that William had complete confidence in his friend and let himself be picked up and carried. He weighed about ten pounds, as much as Jeremy could carry comfortably.

There was one occasion when he followed Jeremy into the kitchen. Perhaps he could smell fish frying. The colored help, Lizzie, who came in each day, fled into the living-room, where she found Mrs. Little. "Mes Little," she said, rolling her eyes. "I jes don't work in de kitchen wi' thet heathen bird aroun' No, Mes', he's possessed of a sperit!"

The offensive William was

evicted. A week later as they sat down for lunch at one end of the living-room, Jeremy came in from the garden carrying William.

"Oh, no, Jeremy! Put that bird outside. We're going to eat," said Mrs. Little.

"But, Mum, can't he sit at table?" asked Jeremy.

"With a bib and spoon, I suppose?" said his father ironically.

"I'm sure he'll behave, Pop. Won't you, William?" Jeremy asked, addressing the pelican as he placed him on a chair in front of the table. William rested his yellow-lined bill on his downy chest, his bright round eyes deeply observant.

"Well, anybody might think we'd got the Archbishop of Canterbury to lunch!" exclaimed Mrs. Little.

"Ask him to say Grace," said Tom Little. "Look, son, we can't have William in the house — he'll be getting into bed with us next!"

"Oh, Pop! Please let him stay. I'm sure he'll behave!" cried Jeremy.

"Very well, this once. I don't know who's the crazier, that bird or us!" said his father.

All through lunch William never moved. He watched everything and seemed to be considering some deep problem.

Two weeks after coming to lunch, William, who had been missing for three days — something never solved — appeared on his post, contemplating the creek. Jeremy went up to him. The pelican squawked. "William, where've you been?" he asked. He had an orange in his hand and playfully threw it at the pelican. He was dumbfounded to see William deftly catch it in his bill, hold it in the air for a few seconds, then let it fall into the sea. Jeremy hurried off at once to the garden. Here he picked up three fallen oranges and came back with them down the jetty.

"Catch, William!" he called, and threw one toward the pelican. William caught it, held it, and dropped it into the water. Jeremy threw a second orange, then a third. They were both caught, briefly retained and then dropped. Four catches and not a miss.

THIS astounding feat was reported to Little when he came home. "He must have been disappointed. He thought they were fish," he commented.

Jeremy was not pleased by this aspersion on William's intelligence. He was far too wise to mistake an orange for a fish. The next day when William came across to the stone terrace in search of his friend, Jeremy rushed into the room and collected the net containing half a dozen of his mother's tennis balls. He carried them out on to the lawn and stood about six yards in front of William.

"Hey! Catch!" he cried, and threw one.

William caught it perfectly. For a few moments he kept the ball in his beak, then dropped it and watched it bounce away, imperturbable. The act was repeated with the five balls. Only once did William fail to catch, and then it was Jeremy's fault, he threw the ball wide.

Collecting the six balls, Jeremy threw them again. They were all caught by William, who squawked with delight.

"You don't think they're fish, do you?" said Jeremy, patting William's head. The pelican looked at him calmly as if to say, "Don't be silly!"

By now they were inseparable. As soon as Jeremy appeared on the jetty William would turn round on his post to look at him. Often there were half a dozen pelicans sitting there, awaiting the evening return of the fishing boat. They were so much alike that it would have been impossible to identify William had he not turned and given a squawk of welcome. He flew off with the other birds when the boats came in, catching with them the "trash" fish thrown out at the jetty.

After feeding, with much flapping of wings and swift pouncings, the pelicans went off down coast in the sunset light, a single file of dark forms, bills horizontally forward, great wings slowly and rhythmically flapping, feet drawn up. They were bound for the mangrove swamp where they nested.

"Do you think William's married?" asked Jeremy one evening, watching their homeward flight. "Quite likely," replied his father.

"With a wife and family?"

"Probably."

There was a silence while Jeremy was thinking.

"He doesn't spend much time at home, Pop, does he?" he asked solemnly.

"Seems not. Perhaps he's a bad husband."

To page 53

The Rowles brought these pictures back from Britain. The Rowles live in Sydney. They say: "We never imagined there were so many things to see and do." That goes for most Britons, too.



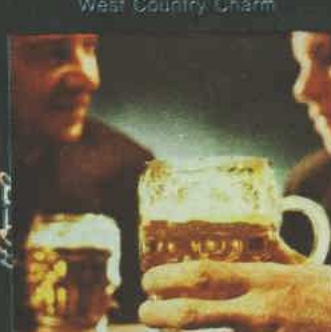
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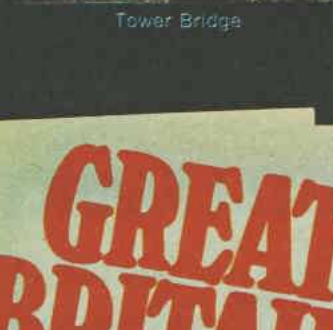
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"Oh, no, Pop. I'm sure he has a kind heart," said Jeremy, always William's champion.

Tom Little looked at his boy's solemn face and ran a hand through his fair curls. "Maybe you're right, son. But there's one thing we'll never know — what he's thinking about in that dome of his!"

On Saturday morning Mrs. Little was in her car, to run down to the grocer's. Jeremy came into the courtyard with William waddling behind.

"Can I come with you?" he asked.

"Yes, get in," she replied, starting the engine.

"Can I bring William?"

"Gracious, no!"

"I'm sure he'll be good, Mum. He hates being left."

Mrs. Little hesitated. "Oh, bring him then," she said, seeing Jeremy's pleading look.

"Come on! You're going for a ride!" said Jeremy, picking up William and placing him on the seat between them.

WILLIAM made no fuss and sedately looked out through the windscreen. At the grocer's store he created something of a sensation. Children collected round the car and talked to him. Jeremy swelled with pride at the attention William received. When the grocer came out of the shop carrying a parcel for Mrs. Little and placed it in the back of the car, he started on seeing a pelican standing on the seat beside Jeremy.

"My, my!" he exclaimed. "In all my life I've never seen a pelican in an automobile before!"

"He lives with us!" said Jeremy proudly.

"Can he drive?" asked the grocer with mock seriousness.

"No, but I think he could learn. William can learn anything!" said Jeremy. "He plays tennis!"

"Now, Jeremy, don't exaggerate! He catches tennis balls," explained Mrs. Little, getting into the car.

"Tennis balls! I suppose he can hold more of them in his bill than his belly can," cried the grocer facetiously.

"My pop says that isn't true. A pelican eats four pounds of fish in a day. That's twenty-eight pounds in a week, and that's over

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 16, 1966

THE PELICAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

twice what he weighs," said Jeremy breathlessly.

"Is that so, young man? Well, well, I've learned something about pelicans this morning I didn't know! Many thanks. Come again!" said the grocer.

They drove off.

"Everyone likes William, Mum, and I'm sure he likes motoring."

"Maybe, Jeremy. But we're not going to be toting William around with us — people will think we're crazy."

Jeremy made no reply. He put an arm around William to steady him on a corner.

It was not long before the whole district knew about the Little's pelican. Children called and asked if they might see William. Others

asked permission to take photographs and movies. The tennis-ball act was a favorite shot. William duly performed. He was very good-natured. He posed with Jeremy and let the children pat his head.

The Littles had built a swimming-pool. It was not long before William joined Jeremy in it. He would paddle around contentedly while his friend dived under and around him. But a day came when William fell under suspicion. He was accused of theft and murder. Little had made a basin with a fountain in the middle of the lawn and stocked it with two dozen goldfish. They flourished for a couple of months. Then one day there was not a single goldfish in the pool.

"Ah, sees thet William walkin' round the rim. Ah knew he was ketchin' somethin'," said Lizzie, the colored help, William's sworn enemy.

"Then why didn't you go and stop him?" asked Mrs. Little.

"Thet bird! He's sure evil! Ah jes wouldn't cross him. He'd be puttin' a spell on me," replied Lizzie, the whites of her eyes enlarged.

For a month William lay under the charge of gobbling up the goldfish. Jeremy stoutly denied any such crime. Then one day Little came home and William was exonerated. "I've been talking to Jimmy Blair about goldfish. He says you just can't keep them around here. The herons come and catch them. I expect that's what happened to our goldfish, there are herons up the creek."

The summer was inordinately hot. Never before had Alice Little experienced such heat. There was no respite at night, though they lay naked on the bed. The frogs croaked incessantly down in the ditches along the creek. It was almost a heat bleat, as if they, too, lacked air. The owls hooted. Strange noises and stirrings quivered in the hot air. The day broke with a dank heat-mist and there was moisture on everything, but it was gone before the light was full and the sky again became a brazen bowl.

As one looked at the palms through the rising air they seemed to quiver in the heat. Nothing stirred in the hammock for a space. The chuff-chuff of a motor-boat going out to sea pulsed through the silent morning. A mocking-

To page 54

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There's only one other way you *might* be able to enjoy beans so young, so tender as these—if you had a large garden and then only during the short season when they are at their peak of perfection. Slim, trim, Birds Eye beans are so carefully selected we suggest you enjoy their fresh-from-the-field-flavour just as they come from their carton. Or, with this quick sauce: Mayonnaise seasoned with mustard and topped with parsley.

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It's a beautiful way to end tired legs.

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bird began to sing lustily, with mellifluous flutings.

Mrs. Little always liked the wording of the State's official recognition of this bird — "Whereas the melody of its music had delighted the hearts of residents and visitors to Florida, from the time of the rugged pioneers to the present day, and whereas this bird of matchless charm is found throughout the State— Therefore, on the Resolution of the Legislature of the State of Florida, it is resolved that the mocking-bird is hereby designated the State Bird of the State of Florida, and that it be placed upon the arms of the State."

Jeremy was a little aggrieved by this. He thought the State bird should be a pelican, but Louisiana had annexed it for its own State bird.

THIS morning, as Mrs. Little listened, the song grew faint and then stopped, as if the mocking-bird, too, had been overcome by heat. As the morning mist lifted, the distant sea was a cobalt blue, with not a white reefer to be seen on the silken water. She went into the kitchen to get breakfast. She could hear Tom running the cold shower, which was anything but cold. Jeremy was up, in his swimming shorts, sitting on the step playing a mouth-organ.

"Oh, stop it, Jeremy!" said Mrs. Little irritably, and then added, conscious of being sharp, "Or play it somewhere else."

She made the coffee, pushed back a damp wisp of hair, and carried it into the living-room. Her husband came in with a towel round his hips. She glanced at him, his torso a triangle from broad shoulders to narrow waist. The deep bronze of his skin afflicted her as if it radiated heat.

"It can't possibly get any hotter than this, can it?" she asked, sitting down. "And it's only seven o'clock!"

Little looked at the barometer on the wall. It was 99 degrees Fahrenheit. But he saw something else that he did not like. The mercury had fallen very low. It was ominous. He had been through two hurricanes. He said nothing to his wife about the lowness of the barometer. The Weather Bureau would send out its radio warning if a hurricane threatened.

He sat down and poured the coffee. "Cheer up, my girl! Next summer we'll be in England and perhaps it

will be raining on us," he said with a smile.

"I'd like a little of that rain now. I've never known it to be as hot as this."

The holiday in England next year, how she longed for it! It was seven years since she had been home. Jeremy was then only four and her parents were anxious to see him again. Each year they put by a little for the expensive journey. They planned to leave in July and stay three months. She was happy here, she had a good husband, a fine little son, and had received much kindness from everybody, but an ache for England at the bottom of her heart was never quite repressed.

To her surprise her husband was back from the nurseries at half-past eleven. The moment he came in she saw from his face that something had happened.

"You've not heard—on the radio?" he asked.

"No, I've not had it on."

"They've sent out a warning. There's a hurricane blowing up the Gulf. It may be here in fifteen hours. They want us all to leave the coast. We must batten down everything and make all ready. They've got the flags out already."

"The flags?"

"Hurricane warning flags—red and white with black centres. They're opening the schools and churches for refuge places. I've been lucky enough to get a room in a hotel in St. Petersburg—we must leave in two or three hours."

"Leave! But why can't we stay here?"

"It might not be safe. We're on the coast. Luckily we're coralstone, but a wind could take the roof off, or the sea come up, or something flying around could break us open. You can't predict what a hurricane will do. Fill the car with clothes and some food. And run water in the bath and in the buckets. We might need it when we come back if the mains are burst."

He turned to Jeremy. "Come on, boy—help me with the shutters, and we must take the boat higher up the creek," he called, going out.

They all worked desperately for two hours. They stored water, packed away glass, pushed heavy furniture up against the outside door, made fast the wooden shutters, turned off gas, water, and electricity. As they took the boat up the creek they saw flocks of birds wheeling

in the air. "They know what's coming," said Little. "What'll William do, Pop?" asked Jeremy.

"I don't know. Everything has to look after itself."

The sea had turned the color of lead. It had a sulky mass, immense angry clouds piled up, grey and white, and touched with sinister light. There was not a breath of wind. The stillness was heavy with drama.

High up the creek they made fast the boat, and covered up the outboard motor. On the way back to the house there was a sudden downpour. It was not just rain. It came down as if someone had emptied a bucket on them. They were drenched. Then the rain was gone as completely and quickly as it had come. But out at sea, under a blue-black horizon, there was a yellow wall of racing water that mounted and then crashed on the leaden glaze of the sea with a horrible noise. The once again a sinister silence.

Back at the house, they changed their clothes, put on oilskins and began carrying the last things to the car. But they were not in time. The light suddenly went and the heavens opened. They were blinded by the torrent of rain, and with it a savage wind hammered at the house and howled through the trees. It almost wrenched the open door of the car out of Little's hand. Jeremy, half-blinded, about to follow his mother in the car, suddenly saw something through the rain. It was William trying to make his way toward him. Jeremy rushed and gathered up the bird.

"You can't bring that bird!" yelled Little over the roar of wind and water.

"Pop! I must! I must!" shouted Jeremy, lashed with rain. "He'll die. He'll die!"

Hastily Little pushed his son and bird into the car, slammed the door, and jumped into the driving seat. Mrs. Little, looking back over her shoulder, saw a rather frightened wet face pressed against a drenched bird in her son's lap.

"I don't know what you think we're going to do with him!" shouted Little as they turned into the road.

"I'll look after him!" said Jeremy earnestly. "Thanks, Pop!"

Little drove blindly, a sheet of water down the windscreen blotting out all vision. Sometimes it seemed as if the wind would lift the car off the road. They were nearly hit by a flying palm frond. At one place, where the road bordered the sea,

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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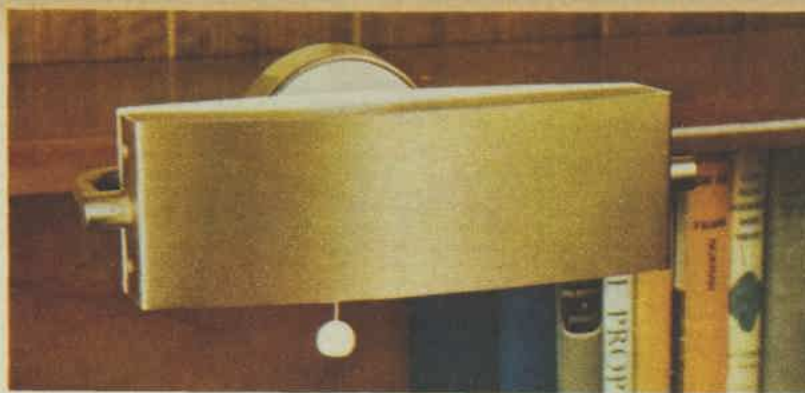
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the foaming water washed the wheels. The hurricane was sending its forerunner. Little grew anxious but said nothing. He knew what hurricanes could do. His grandfather had miraculously survived the Galveston visitation in 1900 when three thousand homes had been washed away and six thousand people killed in a few hours.

His grandfather told how he had gathered forty persons in his house on higher ground, and that two adjacent houses, uprooted by wind and water, crashed into them and threw them all into a raging cauldron where all but five perished.

St. Petersburg was twelve miles away. Two miles outside the town a sheet of galvanised iron, torn off a roof,

THE PELICAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

flew through the air like a piece of paper and missed the car by a couple of yards. He knew an old man who had both legs sheared off in that manner. The hurricane must have travelled much quicker than predicted. The outer tornado had arrived. It was almost dark at four o'clock. The town, as they entered it, was deserted. Not a person or car was on the roads, the shop windows were boarded up, the offices closed. Everyone had rushed home to batten down.

When they reached the hotel a strange sight awaited them in the lounge. It was crammed with people sitting on their baggage, refugees

from the coast like themselves. As they got out of their car the wind had almost carried them away, the downpour drenched them. They arrived, dripping, at the reception desk. The clerk was giving them the room key when he saw Jeremy holding the pelican.

"Hey! What've you there! A pelican! My heavens, what you folks bring! Cats, dogs, rabbits, mice, snakes, canaries—say, this place isn't a zoo! That bird can't come in here!" he cried.

"But if we keep it in our room—" began Little.

"No, sir! No animals in here. They all have to go into the garage."

The clerk was adamant. When they had brought in their luggage, Jeremy and his father went back to the car with William and drove to the hotel garage. Like the lounge, it was crammed—a still more amazing sight. On the roofs and bonnets of the cars and on the floor were boxes covered with wire, cages containing canaries, budgerigars, parrots, tame rabbits, tame mice.

There were baskets with things alive in them pushing snouts and paws through the crevices. Half a dozen harassed youths were trying to pack in the cars. It took half an hour for Little to get a place. Many of the cars had dogs locked up in them. Above the roar of wind and drumming of rain rose the noise of yapping dogs, whin-

ing animals and birds screeching. The dark garage had become a little inferno.

It was here they left William, very calm, on a water-proof on the back seat. He looked scornfully at the bedlam around him. Little locked the car, leaving the rear window open a little for air.

They had not been half an hour in their room when the hurricane hit them. There was a deafening uproar. A hundred-mile-an-hour wind screamed and hammered the great building with demonic rage. Water, streaming down the windows, made them opaque. The day was blacker than black night. They had to shout at each other over the uproar of wind and rain. There were terrifying crashes and bangs.

Suddenly all the lights went out. They were in total darkness. The electric light had failed. Alice Little groped for a bag and produced two torches. "I've packed some sandwiches also," she shouted, putting them out on the dressing-table. "And a flask of coffee."

"Splendid!" shouted her husband. "I don't think there'll be any dinner served."

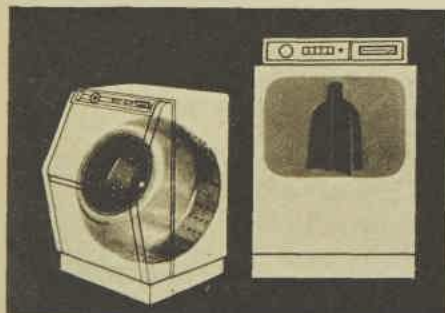
They sat for an hour in the darkness, the demon storm howling about them. Presently Little felt his foot slither. He looked down with a torch. There was a pool of water round his chair. It came from the wall under the window. The terrific wind pressure was forcing the rain through the window frames.

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AT seven o'clock Little said he would go and investigate about dinner. He took a torch and went down the corridor. Many of the bedroom doors were open as if the occupants craved company. Candles were lit in some of the rooms.

The elevators were not running. He sought the staircase. There were people wandering about in the darkness like lost spirits. Suddenly there was a tremendous tearing noise and a great crashing of glass. The wind had blown in two long windows at the end of the corridor. A horizontal sheet of water came in, knocking down a man and a woman. The woman was screaming, her face running with blood, cut by the flying glass. They helped her into an adjacent bedroom.

There was no telephone service. Little volunteered to search for a doctor. He was wet to the skin and went through the torrent again to reach the stairs. They were on the eighth floor. People were groping their way up and down the stairs. When at last he reached the lounge it was like a scene in Hades. Everywhere figures crouched in the dim light of the wavering candles, which they tried to protect from the draughts that beat on the flames. He was unable to find a doctor. While he inquired, a man had an epileptic fit on the carpet.

There would be no dinner. The kitchens were out of service. They would try to serve soup in paper cups and perhaps sandwiches. At one end of the lounge a group was dimly singing hymns, as if it expected the end of the world. Little slowly made his way back to their room. In the bathroom he took off his clothes and wrapped himself in a blanket. They ate their sandwiches in darkness. They did not go to bed, but dozed uneasily. Jeremy and his mother on one bed, Little on the other.

At four o'clock in the morning the storm abated. Little got up and looked out. There was an angry gash of red in the east, but neither wind nor rain. The hurricane had moved on.

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Little decided not to leave until after lunch. There might be wreckage on the road and it would be wise to give time for its clearance. He tried to telephone to his parents, but could not get through. All the lines were down. They found William huddled on the back seat of the car and in no way agitated. He squawked when Jeremy addressed him and lifted him out. He spread his wings, ruffled his feathers, and waddled a few steps.

"He must be hungry, Pop," said Jeremy.

"I'm afraid he's got to go hungry until he can do his own fishing," replied Little.

THE hotel served a scrap lunch. The lounge had emptied, also the garage. The mounted pets had gone home. When the Littles left about two o'clock the town had come to life; they were taking down the boards from the shop windows. Some of the streets were flooded, the drains choked. Here and there a tree had been blown down. It was not until they had left the town that the havoc became visible.

Telephone and power lines were down, their great posts leaning drunkenly at all angles, or flat on the ground. Then, as they neared the coast road, the signs of devastation were everywhere. A billion tons of water sucked up as rain vapor had been dumped on the land in eight hours. Steel highway-signs were twisted into strips of soft lead. The hurricane had lopped off the heads of trees like a boy with a stick in a little field.

In places the road had been washed away and they had great difficulty in proceeding. A large three-storey wooden house had been lifted off its brick foundation, carried into a field, and dumped like a paper bag. The sea still boiled. It had bitten away great pieces of the shore. Everywhere there were uprooted trees, tumbled board-

ings and fences. A row of wooden houses had lost their roofs as if a scythe had swept them. A large boat, upside down, lay over a poultry coop five hundred yards from the shore.

Three miles from home they were held up by a line of cars. Little got out to investigate. There was a complete road block. A huge live oak had been uprooted and lay in a tangle of riven branches across the road. It was impossible to proceed farther. They decided to leave the car and walk. It might be hours before the demolition squad arrived. Jeremy lifted up William.

"You're not going to carry him. He's too heavy," said Little. "Put him down."

"But he can't walk all that way, Pop."

"Don't be ridiculous. He can fly. We've had quite enough of William—there are other things to think of. Put him down!" said Little angrily.

"Jeremy, don't be absurd. He must look after himself," said Mrs. Little.

Jeremy put William on the bonnet of the car. The pelican stood there watching them walk away.

They started out on the battered road, leaving the locked car with the others that had been abandoned for the same reason. When they had gone some way, Jeremy looked back. What he saw made him jump with excitement. William was in the air.

"Look, Pop! He's flying!" he cried.

They looked. The pelican was high up, his long beak forward, his wings slowly flapping in steady flight with intervals of planing. He was going out to sea. Obviously he was looking for food.

"Well, I will say one thing for him—he behaved beautifully," said Little.

At last they drew near to the house. With relief Little saw that it was intact. He opened the gate into the courtyard and had to force it. Gravel had piled up

THE PELICAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

against it. Through the gate he drew a sharp breath. An enormous branch of a live oak had been torn away from the trunk. It lay, black, splintered, not two yards from the house. If it had fallen across the house it would have demolished the roof. It had torn down the side wall of the courtyard. A small branch had been thrown on to the back window and had shattered it. There were four roof tiles on the ground.

Little unlocked the door and went in. There was a hot damp smell. The hall floor was covered with black sand and mud two inches thick, the carpet invisible. They came into the large living-room, again over a bed of wet filth. A side window had given way and there was a pool of water along the wall.

Over all there was a mass of shattered plaster. They looked up. Water had been driven under the roof of the

ceiling, which had fallen. Through broken laths and a hole in the roof they saw the sky.

Mrs. Little collapsed on a chair and burst into tears.

Little by little they discovered the extent of the havoc. The lawn had disappeared under a matting of sand and broken branches. All the shrubs had been uprooted. A foot of filth was built up against the front door. As Little stepped out he saw that the toolshed had been carried away and lay smashed against the banyan tree. The tree had stood firm, but it was skeletal, its branches like writhing snakes, stripped of all leaves. He squelched ankle-deep down the lawn.

At the bottom he saw that four planks had been wrenched off the jetty and had vanished. The mimosa, the jessamine and honeysuckle over the house were gone. The water-stained walls

stood naked to the sky. All round were palm fronds ten foot long. Seven palm trees were down. He went up the creek. There his heart sank. The boat had gone. A titanic force had wrenched the bolted iron stanchions from their seatings.

Over the whole scene there was a warm miasma, a stench of rotting things, a putrescence of animal bodies. He looked and saw the reason. He was in a graveyard of drowned creatures—cormorants, a blue heron, white egrets, wood-rats, black-fox squirrels, rabbits, a banded moccasin-snake, a king-snake, coots, and innumerable small birds, battered and pulped by the storm. This part of the creek was higher ground and they had converged on it, driven by the rising waters.

Three days later their boat was reported. It was found right up the creek, in the middle of a field, its prow smashed in. The adjacent field held thirty drowned cattle. The devastation ran for miles inland, up and down the

coast. Market gardens, farms, orchards, orange groves, and plantations were stripped or ruined by salt water, or had the top-soil carried off. The Little nurseries were heavily damaged, partly flooded. An acre of glass had been demolished.

Everywhere the power and telegraph lines lay roped over buildings and trees. The sea had smashed hundreds of water-craft to matchwood. Millions and millions of dollars had been lost.

One thing was very clear to the Littles. There could be no holiday in England next year. It would take months to repair the house, clear the land and gardens, and replant. It would be years before the shrubs, bushes, trees, and normal vegetation could be restored.

Four days passed without any sign of William. There were no birds visible at all, not even the seagulls, usually so ubiquitous. Jeremy watched the battered jetty.

To page 59

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NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 54. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.

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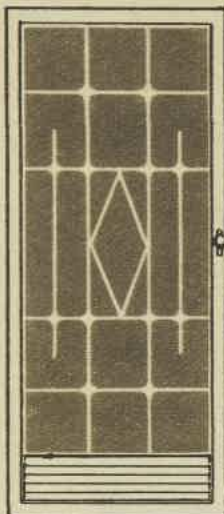
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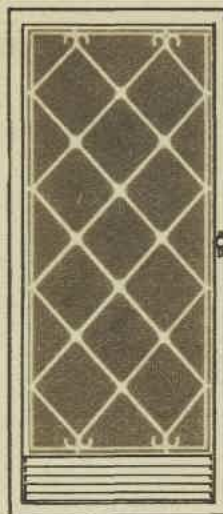
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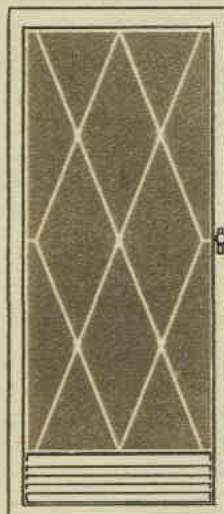
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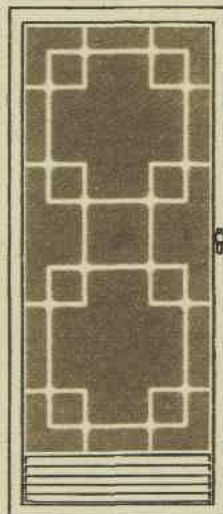
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STYLE "E"



STYLE "H"



STYLE "J"



PLAIN



SLIDING

ALUMINIUM SCREEN DOORS BY LUXAFLEX
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THE PELICAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

Seven of the posts were awry, but William's favorite post had received no damage. A week passed. Would he ever come again?

"Perhaps he's searching for his family," said Little. On the eighth day three pelicans settled on the posts. Jeremy rushed down to the jetty calling William's name, but none responded. Then one morning he was sawing up a branch by the banyan tree when a shadow passed over him. He looked up and a pelican alighted on a wrecked garden chair near him.

"William!" he cried, dropping the saw.

The pelican squawked and danced a bit on the chair back. Jeremy rushed into the house.

"Mum! Mum!" he cried. "William's back! Come and see! It's William!"

Mrs. Little went out into the garden with the excited boy. Yes, there was no doubt, it was William. He let Jeremy stroke his head.

"Now where've you been! What have you been up to?" demanded Jeremy, stroking the bird's back.

William just looked wise and said nothing.

ON a beautiful morning in March, when the sea was like a blue lake and brilliant sunshine filled a cloudless sky, Mr. Little opened a letter that gave him a surprise. It was from the Nature Film Corporation of Hollywood. They were planning a series of features on the bird, animal, and marine life of each State. They were coming to Florida and had heard of a singular pelican called William, owned by Mr. Little. Would he be willing to let them make a film on location?

If suitable arrangements could be made they would pay a fee of three thousand dollars. Little burst into laughter. His wife looked up from the breakfast table.

"How would you like to see William a film star?" asked Little, passing the letter to his wife. "We'd have one problem—how could we guarantee that he would be on the set when he was wanted?"

"Oh, Pop! I'm sure he would be. William's always very obliging," said Jeremy.

"I think it would be most amusing—and three thousand dollars!" said Alice Little. "Tom, we could go to England!"

He looked at his wife. "That's quite an idea," he said. "I'll write them."

The film people arrived in June. Before their arrival they had submitted a provisional script. William was to be "shot" on a fishing trip, catching tennis balls, walking about the garden, lunching at table, and going to the grocer's. Jeremy would be in all these shots. William was to be shown as one of the family.

One day in early June two vans drew up to the house loaded with apparatus. There were a director, an assistant director, two cameramen, an electrician, some odd men,

and a very smart young woman with the script. The convoy created such a sensation in the district that Mrs. Little had quite a business keeping people away.

The filming went on for a week. The director was delighted with Jeremy. He found him a "natural," quick on instruction, and photogenic. Despite all the fuss and the strange people around, William was quite unperturbed. He had never had so much fish thrown to him in his life.

There were two incidents that gave them all alarm. One day William did not turn up. They waited from dawn till sunset. There was no sign of him. Something like panic spread over the scene, with the star actor missing. His conduct was inexplicable. They were halfway through the shooting and all had gone so well, with few "retakes."

The next day William returned, but late in the afternoon, perhaps anticipating the return of the fishermen on the creek. Two days later he became temperamental. He refused to catch the tennis balls. Jeremy threw them and threw them. William remained completely indifferent. They had to postpone the act to another day. All was then well, except that he missed the fifth ball. On a retake he was perfect. He more than redeemed himself with a flawless performance in the visit to the grocer's store, and the high spot, lunch with the family.

The script-writer had a suggestion. Could not William wear a bib at table? So they tied a bib round his neck. He accepted it with good humor and looked more like a bishop than ever.

The trial projections were more than satisfactory. Some of the close-ups were superb. "I'm blessed if that bird hasn't got a camera sense!" said one of the operators. They were very pleased with Jeremy also. When the shootings were all over, executed with untiring patience, and the "run-through" had been passed, and the vans had departed, the Little family was exhausted. William seemed in no way affected. He sat on his post contemplating the world around him, leaving it from time to time to investigate what Jeremy was doing.

The night before their flight to England, Jeremy could not sleep. He got up soon after dawn on a bright July morning, roamed the garden, went to the creek, and then down to the beach.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, *The Australian Women's Weekly*, Box 4088 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

The long white rollers of a calm blue sea were pounding the sands. There were gulls overhead and quick-footed little sandpipers along the shore, but no pelicans in sight. He wondered if William would come in time to say goodbye.

He could eat no breakfast and was unusually quiet. A car was coming for them at ten o'clock to take them to Tampa airport, en route for New York and London. He put down his teacup and looked at his father. "Pop," how long do pelicans live?" he asked.

"I'm told they can live twenty or thirty years."

"And how old do you think William is?"

Little knew what was in the boy's mind. "I don't know, son, he's a young bird, perhaps only five or six years. You don't have to worry your head about William. He'll be here when we get back," he replied reassuringly.

"Lizzie might shoo him away. She's scared of William."

"Don't worry, Jeremy. If William comes looking for you, Lizzie won't shoo him. I've promised her ten dollars if he's around when we return," said Mrs. Little.

"Oh, thanks, Mum!" cried Jeremy.

The car arrived at ten o'clock. The chauffeur packed in their three suitcases. They said goodbye to Lizzie, who was in charge for three months. As Mrs. Little was getting into the car she looked for Jeremy.

"Now where's Jeremy?" she asked her husband.

"I don't know. He was here a minute ago," he replied. He went back into the hall. "Jeremy! Jeremy! We're waiting!" he called.

There was no reply. He walked into the living-room. The boy was not there. He looked out of the window into the garden. Then he saw him out on the jetty, his small body silhouetted against the bright sky. He knew then what Jeremy was doing. He went back to the car in the courtyard.

"He'll be here in a minute. He's out on the jetty. I guess he's saying goodbye," said Little to his wife.

Jeremy stood briefly on the jetty. He knew they were waiting for him. He had run out in case William was there, but the post was empty. There was only the great sky and the sea.

"Goodbye! Goodbye, William! Wait for me, we'll be back in September. Goodbye!" he called.

He raised his hand. There was nothing but the sound of the sea. He paused a moment, then he turned and ran up the jetty back to the house, and out to the car.

They started. Lizzie waved. Jeremy sat next to his mother. She saw he was near to tears. She said nothing. She put an arm around him, and kissed his rumpled hair.

"The Pelican" is from a collection of stories entitled "A Flight of Birds," by Cecil Roberts, published by Hodder and Stoughton.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



By TIM

Home is a puppy fast asleep
Home is an armchair soft and deep
Home is the first big step your son takes
Home is a bowl of *Kellogg's* Corn Flakes
The big flakes with the BIG FLAVOUR



Tuck into a bowl of real Corn Flakes—Kellogg's. The kind that taste good and homey, you can tell how nourishing they are—and crisp, like they came fresh from your own oven.

JUST TWO DUNCES OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES GIVE YOU THE GOODNESS OF SUN-RIPENED CORN PLUS ONE HALF OF YOUR DAILY REQUIREMENT OF THE ESSENTIAL VITAMINS: THIAMINE (B1), RIBOFLAVIN (B2), NIACIN AND FOOD IRON. *REGISTERED TRADEMARK

"Python Lee Jackson":

CLOTHES HELP ON THE (L)ADDER TO SUCCESS

IF names meant anything at all, Python Lee Jackson would be a Southern Gentleman, sipping cool mint juleps and eating chicken fried in bacon grease.

As it happens, Python Lee Jackson isn't even a person. It is the corporate name for five young swingers, who have banded together to play five nights a week at a Sydney discotheque.

The group consists of Mal McGee (vocalist), Mick Liber (guitarist), David Montgomery (drummer), David Bentley (organist), and "Cadillac" Lloyd Hudson (bass guitarist).

Only two of the group are original members. They are David Montgomery and Mick Liber, who have survived four singers, two organists, and five bass guitarists.

The others joined four months ago, and after only two days' rehearsal they opened at the discotheque.

But why "Python Lee Jackson"? "It's the ultimate name," said singer Mal McGee. "Group names are becoming more and more ridiculous—PLJ is the name to end all names."

Their music is loud and furious in what Mal describes as "the Chicago-style city blues idiom."

The sound produced by a pop group is important. So is their appearance.

The members of Python Lee Jackson say they have created a modern image—not only with their music but also with their up-to-date clothes.

• Light cotton skivvy worn under a double-breasted gabardine coat with pin-striped trousers is a favorite outfit of guitarist Mick Liber.



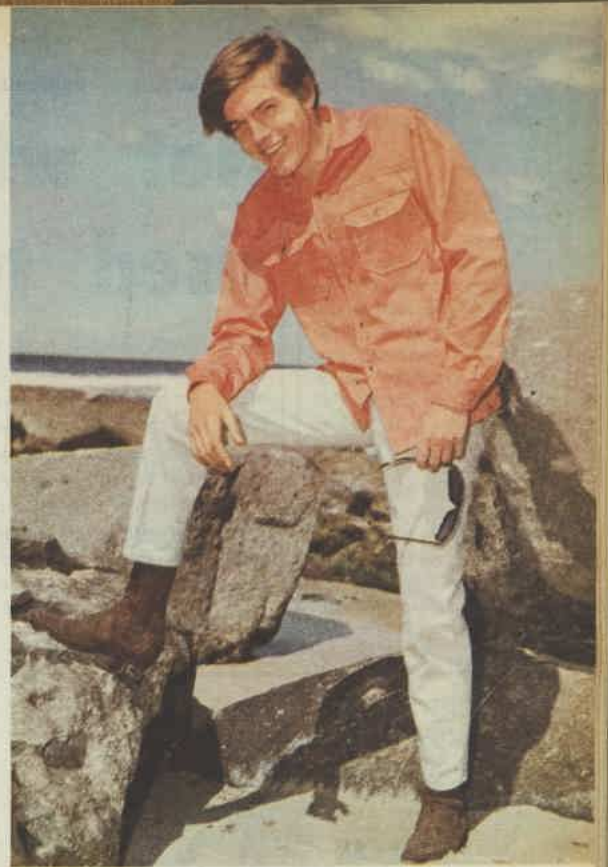
• Band adopts the double-breasted look. From left: Mick Liber, David Montgomery, Lloyd Hudson, Mal McGee, and David Bentley. (Lloyd is wearing a denim shirt — his double-breasted suit was at the tailor's!)



• Dark, stitched jacket and pale jeans make a smart casual-wear outfit for drummer David Montgomery. A dash of color is added by the bright hand-printed tie.

For teenagers

• RIGHT: David Bentley (left) is wearing a linen coat over a candy-striped shirt, Mal McGee a denim shirt with shirt-jacket.



• A vivid denim shirt, teamed with light jeans, puts a splash of color into this casual outfit worn by bass guitarist Lloyd Hudson.



New Aid To Beauty

Your skin will become fair and beautiful with a new lemon extract cleanser that gives the complexion a clear youthful loveliness. Ask your chemist for the new Delph cleansing beautifier that beauticians the world over have acknowledged as wonderful for the skin. It clears the skin of all impurities that lead to ageing lines, melts out plugged pores, removes every trace of stale make-up and smooths away wrinkle-dryness to give the complexion soft loveliness. Delph cleansing milk will make you more beautiful the first time you use it.

Not what it used to be!

● Generally people tend to think of the artist as the man with the beard, struggling to keep his head above water. True, this was so many years ago, but today the horizons are much wider. You have the stage and television designer, industrial designer, commercial artist, and many others. So art as a career is not for the beatnik-type character but for the well-to-do man with a family and car. This applies to both sexes, so really have a think about art as a career, and remember, you don't have to be a Rembrandt.

—“REMBRANDT,” Ulverstone, Tas.



LETTERS

Slim chance

GREAT attention is paid these days to slimming diets. This is something we should be ashamed of, because it points directly to lack of care of the body. Anyone who does a few hours' vigorous exercise every week need not diet. Good health is our greatest asset, and exercise is its best insurance. Many of us spend hours keeping a bicycle or car in good trim, but won't give the same time up to our own well-being. Well, can YOU do 20 push-ups? —“Jim,” Claremont, W.A.

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay \$2 for each letter used.



ANYONE saving to go overseas will find these hints useful:

- Send to a travel agency for travel folders, maps, etc.
- Buy a large scrapbook. Paste in any travel hints you may find, addresses of Australian consulates, any contacts you may have overseas, and of tourist bureaus.
- Make a list of clothes and essentials you will need, and paste in book.
- Purchase a large suitcase and on every pay-day buy something on that list to go in the case.
- Write for free travel posters to pin on your bedroom wall. These will encourage you to save. —K. Callaghan, Warrnambool, Vic.

Freedom's price

LIKE many other teenagers and older people, I, too, was against the National Service call-up scheme, but now I am all for it. How can we really love something without wanting to fight for it, and we all love life in a free country. Later this year I shall be getting engaged to a boy who faces call-up next year. We will be married before he leaves, and, although I shall miss him very much, I'll be proud. Teenagers who have to face call-up: I hope you support your country and help us to maintain our high standard of living by keeping us free. Sometimes compulsion is necessary. —“Aussie Teenager,” Longreach, Qld.

TO GRANDDAD

- Times have changed a lot since Granddad was a lad,

The things I take for granted, Granddad never had.

No telly or transistors, or stereophonic grams,

He didn't have a car, so had to ride in trams.

And lots of other things, which I now enjoy,

Granddad never had when he was a boy.

And yet you'll hear him say, “They were the good old days,”

It seems to me our elders have very funny ways.

Yes, times have changed a lot, for which I'm very glad,

I'll leave “the good old days” to my old Granddad. —Dennis Huxley, Seaton Park, S.A.



Please grow up!

WHEN will protesting teenagers learn that no one will listen to them when they look and behave the way they do? I cannot comprehend how they have the nerve to express so-called adult views when they show no more maturity than a six-year-old. I am a teenager myself, and it makes me mad to have all my opinions dismissed by people because of the impression created by these young rebels. If they want a hearing, they should grow up in appearance as they have in mind. So please try to improve your appearance and manner so that adults have nothing to criticise, and we less modish teenagers do not suffer from the hostility you create. —“Non-Mod,” Eden Valley, S.A.



ROUND ROBIN Adair

BILLING AND COOLING

RECENTLY I wrote about a plan using a touch of femininity and romance to help road safety.

The idea started in Japan, where male drivers were sent letters by girls, lovingly imploring them to drive safely.

I now see a similar idea applied to business.

An Italian shop is sending its male customers overdue accounts—with a difference.

These bills, like the Japanese road-safety letters, are couched in loving terms.

A sample: “Darling, how I've missed hearing from you... And remember the little present you promised?...”

The head of the shop explains that the approach has appeal to single men—and terrifies married customers, who fear their wives would misunderstand the letters.

It will be interesting if the idea spreads here.

I can imagine some of my bills.

From my landlady: “Dearest, unless your back rent is paid they'll let me take you away from all this.”

From a poetic (they charge like the Light Brigade) bank:

“Cheques, it seems, Are like love-letters to you. Your account's in the red And you're in a blue.”

From a doctor: “I've taken too much from you—tonsils, adenoids, appendix. Unless you pay your way, I'll never go to the theatre with you again.”

Clearly a case of when the malady is ended, the song lingers on.

From my butcher: “We can't go on meeting like this.”

Chemists are not very romantic about money. I remember one girl saying to me: “Pay up, and no funny bismuth.”

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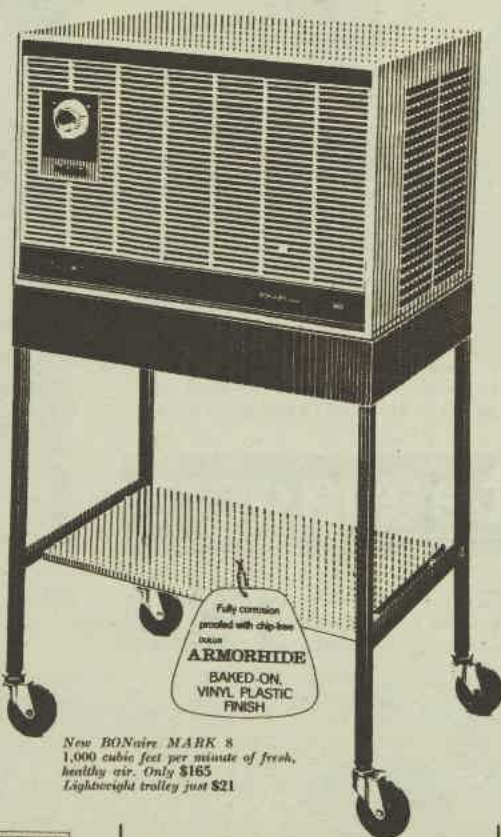
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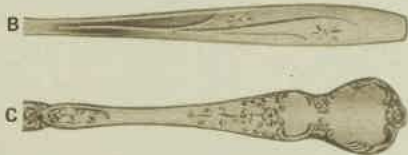
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ANSWER

TO LIKE— OR TO LOVE?

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

"I LIKE, or perhaps love, a very nice boy of 16, but I don't know how to find out. Every time I see him I get terribly confused, because I don't know whether he likes me or is just being courteous. One thing that makes the situation more difficult is that I am a loner, and when I see him at parties I don't know whether he dances with me just because he thinks I'm lonely. He isn't interested in other girls, but I think he may be using me. I have another problem, too. What do you do before and after a boy kisses you? I am very worried about this, because I think this boy has wanted to kiss me good night a few times and I've felt stupid, because I don't know what to do. Please help me, as I am very confused."

"Loner," Vic.

● Your mistrust of this boy's interest in you is at the bottom of all your confusion. If you didn't suspect that he may be using you, I am sure you would know the true depth of your feeling. Console yourself with the thought that no teenage boy is deliberately going to put himself out to be "kind" to a lonely girl unless he finds her attractive. Re tips on kissing: There are no set rules for what to say before and after! Just relax—and stop worrying!

Afraid of being hurt

"ABOUT five months ago I met a wonderful boy while living in the city and we fell in love. When he returned to his hometown in the country I moved there and lived with his parents. We were very happy, and I liked his family and friends. Then his sister told lies about me, and I moved out. Now he gets very moody and sometimes hits me. He says he still loves me, but I'm afraid I am losing him. If I go home and leave him it would hurt me deeply, but I am afraid he will hurt me eventually. Should I make a break now and try to forget the boy I love?"

"Confused," S.A.

● Could imagination be making "mountains" out of what really are only normal lovers' clashes? It is also possible that this growing fear you have of losing his love is being transmitted to him, resulting in his moods and physical violence. Why not go your separate ways for a few months, keeping in touch only by letter? Separation will give you time to do some heart-searching and it will strengthen love—if love really does exist for you both.

"Where is my heart?"

"IS there something wrong with me? I find no enjoyment whatsoever in kissing. I am 18 and every boy I go out with wants to kiss me when he takes me home. Sometimes I manage to get out of it, but other times I reluctantly oblige. I'm sick of turning away and getting curious looks. Will I grow out of this and, if so, while I am at this stage (so far it has lasted three years) could you tell me how to politely refuse a boy's kiss without hurting his feelings? I guess I was born without a heart."

"Born Free," N.S.W.

● On the contrary, I would say that you have too much heart! Only deep and lasting love can make it "sing"—and obviously you have yet to meet that special someone. Of course boys stare at you "curiously" when you refuse to kiss them—this is something you will have to endure until love comes along and you discover the true meaning of a kiss.

Perchance to dream...

"WE are two reasonably attractive 16-year-old girls with a problem. All our friends have boyfriends and they discuss the good times they have with their dates in

front of us. Since we have no boyfriends, we became so discouraged that we invented two tall, dark, and handsome boys. Our friends have been dying to meet them, and we are now trapped after months of feeble excuses. One of them is holding a party! We told them the boys would be busy on that day, so she postponed the party until next week. What can we do?"

"Discouraged," Vic.

● The price you have to pay for deception is never worth it—in your case, looking foolish in front of your friends when you tell them—as you will certainly have to—that your "tall, dark, and handsome" boyfriends exist only in your imagination. Could it be that you haven't any REAL boyfriends because you expect too much?

BEAUTY IN BRIEF

Rounded eyebrows

Since the current fashion in eyebrow shaping seems to be a slightly rounded look, you might take an eye pencil and try tracing yours.

The new, rounded shaping of the eyebrows should catch on with teenagers because it's meant to impart a cute "little girl" look to the face.

However, when rounding your brows be careful not to make the centre arch too high and merely achieve an effect of surprise.

Basically, eyebrow pencil emphasises the line of the brows and creates a frame for your eyes; it can also help to balance the contours of the face.

To establish a guide for shaping your eyebrows, place a small dot directly over the centre of each eye where the highest point should be. Then sketch in brows with light, feathery strokes—never, never in one single-stroke hard, dark line.

Your eyebrow pencil should match as closely as possible the natural hairs of your brow.

—Carolyn Earle

BEATNIK





It would take the careful, capable hands of 18 washerwomen to wash as gently, as thoroughly as **Kelvinator** 'Fingers of Water'

Instead of beating your clothes with blades, let Kelvinator 'Fingers of Water' wash like your own careful, capable hands. Up, down and around go your clothes while 180 jet-like fingers of water pulse out into the wash, searching through clothes and removing all trace of dirt. Only Kelvinator washers give you this hand-wash gentleness with machine cleaning power.

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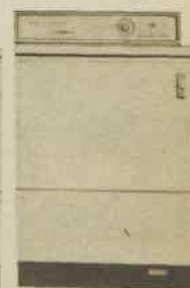
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Now there's colour for eyes that's pretty ...not painty, that's fun ...not fuss. It isn't goo ...it's you! Don't paint your eyes. Just float on new powder-soft Coty 'Eye-Accent' with a whisper of a brush. It won't streak,

won't run into lines, won't look too much. But it will pick up the colour of your eyes and catch his. It's Coty's new easy light fashion touch to eyes. Go on, give him the Eye.

How to have a high 'eye-Q': First, Coty Eye Accent 'Shadow Matte' on the upper lid; then Coty Eye Accent 'Cake-liner'; then the softly-toned Coty Eye Accent Brow Contour. Finish off with Coty Eye Accent Brush Mascara. Easy how-to-do-it details come with the pack.



AT HOME . . .

with Margaret Sydney

● One of the advantages of being unsystematic and disorderly (I know there shouldn't be advantages, but there are some) is that in the desperate searches for things that you've mislaid, you discover all sorts of treasures you'd forgotten you had.

I HAVE a habit of writing things that take my fancy on scraps of paper, old envelopes, and the backs of bills. They then rapidly disappear off the face of the earth.

They get used to mark places in cook books, the children carry them away and jot down telephone numbers on them, or somehow they cunningly work their way into the very centres of piles of old magazines, so that if they're ever to be seen again it won't be for many months or years.

Just now, searching for one mislaid letter from a batch of readers' letters on the subject of co-education (I'll get back to that in a minute), I've found a small treasure-trove — one milk bill, one scrap of lined writing paper, and one weathered-looking Christmas card with a signature I don't recognise. They're all neatly pinned together and carry fancy-taking oddments, in my handwriting, which span five centuries and have no connecting link except the pin which has been holding them together for heaven knows how long.

The first is a 15th-century tip to dairy farmers. "Let a cow be beetle-browed and stem of look, her head and neck big, her ears long and hairy, and every part of her, even her foot, be as big as bigge may be. If she be shrewd or wicked with her horn, it is an error but no fault, for it shows mettle and goodness. Let thy cow be four years before she calve and at ten years sell her."

I advise you to copy that on the back of an envelope and lose it in some safe place. Who knows, it may turn up on the very day you decide to give the milkman away and keep a cow in the backyard!

I particularly like the "big as bigge" — it seems so much more emphatic than conventional spelling.

Lord Dudley was "an absent man"

THE second find was a quote from Sidney Smith, the 19th-century clergyman and wit. "Lord Dudley was one of the most absent men I think I ever met in Society," he said.

"One day he met me in the street and invited me to meet myself. 'Dine with me today; dine with me and I will get Sidney Smith to meet you.' I admitted the temptation he held out to me, but said I was engaged to meet him elsewhere."

If that were true, it was absent-mindedness raised to almost sublime heights. And don't you like the phrase "an absent man" — so much more telling than our word absent-minded.

The third was a quotation from the American poet Robert Frost, a word of comfort for old squares who don't like to change with the times. Frost wrote:

For, dear me, why abandon a belief
Merely because it ceases to be true.
Cling to it long enough, and not a doubt
It will turn true again, for so it goes.
Most of the change we think we see in
life
Is due to truths being in and out of
favour.

But now back to the lost (and found) letter, and to readers' views on the subject of co-education. There were lots of them, so I'll have to try to condense.

First, another letter from my original "25-year-old co-ed," whose interest in the subject sparked off the whole discussion.

She writes, "When speaking of the suitability of a proposed system, it is natural enough to consider those who are a bit above average in their ability to manage, and to use the 'bright' students as an example, if it works."

"We all realise that there are children who look for distraction during school hours, and I can't help feeling that segregated classes help to keep their minds on their studies."

There was an interesting letter from a reader who, 56 years ago, was a pupil at the first co-ed high school in Victoria.

She says, "I do not think that early dating is caused by co-education. Perhaps we were not as mature in some directions as the modern adolescent, but I do know that there was little, if any, private dating, and most certainly none of a serious or advanced type."

"As a result of our modern way of life, young people mature at an earlier age and, in many cases, rush headlong into sex. In our more relaxed way of life we slowly, very slowly, tiptoed toward it, very often via 'Postman's Knock'."

Emotional problems for teachers, too

ABOUT 50 percent of the letters were pro co-education, but I gave lots of space to the "pro" arguments earlier, so let's concentrate on the againsts.

Several readers felt that the development of manliness was of vital importance to boys, and more easily achieved in an all-male classroom atmosphere. Mothers of "quiet" girls still at co-ed schools and hating it, or just out of them and thankful to be free, wrote with feeling of the disadvantages a shy girl has to face in the rowdier atmosphere and (often) laxer discipline of mixed schools.

One Tasmanian reader wrote an "against" letter from the staff viewpoint, a side of the question I admit I hadn't thought much about. She says:

"In primary groups I have seen men teachers — not boys, but men — terribly distracted and almost hating the older primary girls. This came simply from lack of understanding of girls' natures."

"In high schools, young men come straight from training college and find themselves set to teach not girls but young women. Likewise, young women face teaching not boys but young men. These young teachers, possibly with quite good academic qualifications, have to work up to experience and confidence."

"This is not helped by the emotional and social atmosphere created by groups of pupils of the opposite sex almost their own age."

"I think the companionship is good for the students, but that it is not easy or possible to have good teaching for mixed groups, as each sex needs special teaching methods and understanding."



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for the best-tasting,
smoothest mayonnaise
you ever made (or bought!)

2 MINUTE MAYONNAISE



1 All you need is: ½ can Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk, 1 tsp. Keen's Mustard, ¼ tsp. salt, ½ cup vinegar.



2 Just stir until the mixture thickens slightly. Then let it stand for a few moments (See? No lumps, no beating, no fuss.)



3 Now try it. (Add a little more mustard if you wish.) Isn't it just delicious? So quick, too.

THEN TRY a heavenly HAWAIIAN CHICKEN SALAD

made with tangy fruit,
crunchy almonds and
Nestlé's creamy
2-minute mayonnaise.



HAWAIIAN CHICKEN SALAD

2 large chicken breasts, cooked and cooled; 1 cup celery, sliced; 1 tbsp. shallots, finely chopped; 1 lev. tbsp. capers; ½ tsp. salt; 1 tbsp. lemon juice; 11 oz. can mandarin oranges, drained; 15 oz. can pineapple pieces, drained; 2 oz. almonds, toasted and slivered; ½ cup 2-MINUTE MAYONNAISE; ½ tsp. grated lemon rind; salad greens.

Combine diced chicken, celery, shallots, capers, salt and lemon juice. Cover and chill for 1 hour. Just before serving add the oranges (save a few for garnish), pineapple and almonds. Combine mayonnaise and lemon rind, mix in carefully so as not to break fruit. Spoon into a bowl with greens. Garnish with reserved oranges. Serves 8.

GODFREY MILLER

The man who became a legend



"WARRANDYTE
HOMESTEAD," painted by
Miller in 1928.
(Appears in "Godfrey
Miller.")

Imagine the thrill

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And when you arrive in Naples or Genoa

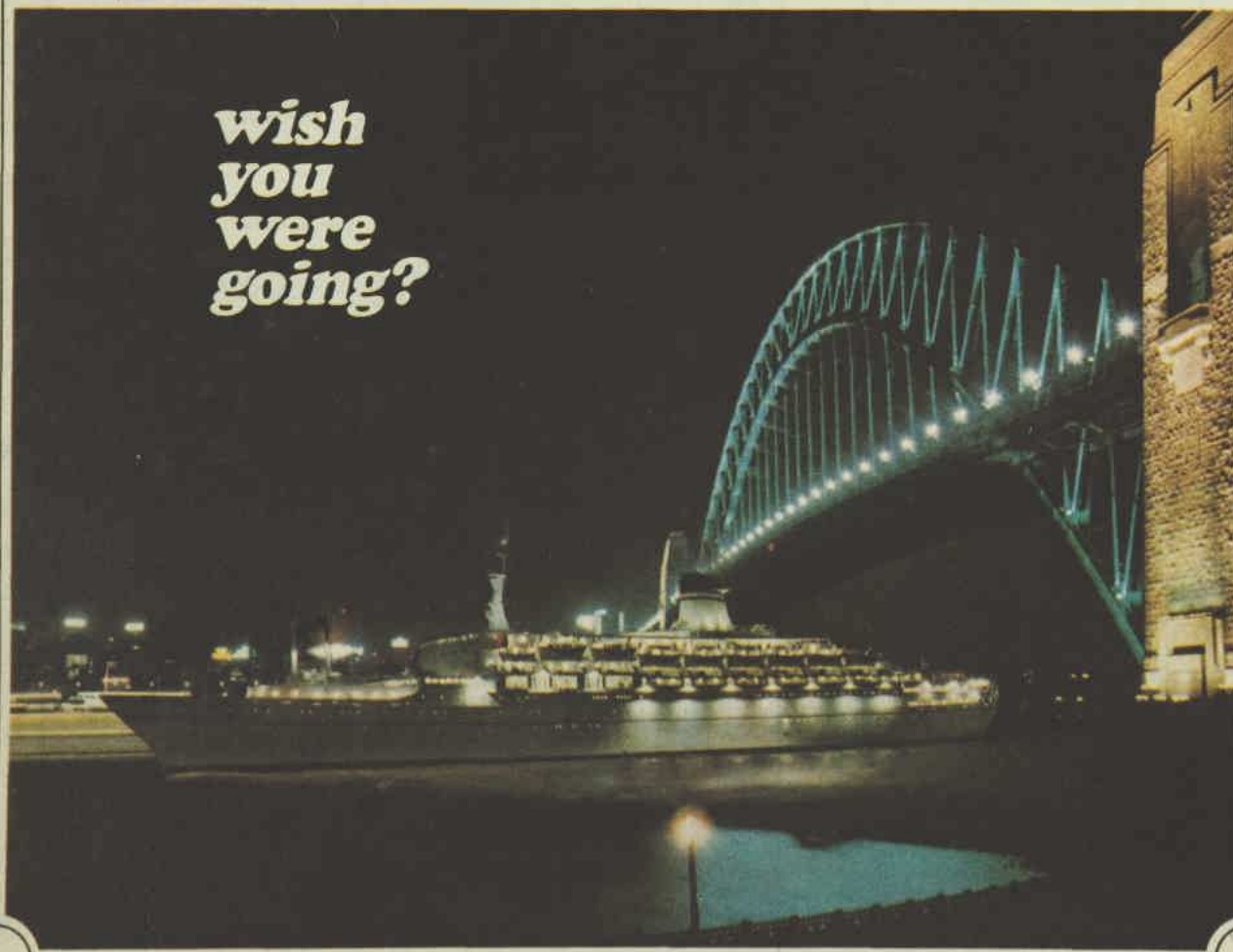
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wish
you
were
going?



which, incredibly, another friend (artist Douglas Dundas) induced Miller to teach.

"Students said he didn't say much," remembers Kaplan, "but there was something that helped them about his very presence."

John Kaplan thinks he may be the only friend who never had a row with Miller.

"I managed that," he says, smiling, "by never going near him unless I was summoned, and when I was summoned treating it like a royal command."

And John Kaplan is confident that, while Miller may not get a chapter in the world history of painting, because his output was so small, he will certainly be given a footnote.

"Oh, yes," he says, "he'll get a footnote."

When the house in Young Street was condemned to be demolished, Miller took it as a personal affront, and made an awful nuisance of himself to the authorities.

Then he found a place as good—or bad—in Paddington, the house where he died.

Through the years he worked on, an apparent pauper, an apparent recluse.

"He loved children," reports a friend. "And flowers. And he liked women—as people. Above all he loved trees. He spent a lot of time sleeping under them to get their feel. And he felt it intensely when a tree was cut down anywhere in Sydney."

He followed his own vision, translating tree and flower and figure and season into marvellous unities of line, space, and color.

And he grew old.

Just before he died, at 71, on May 12, 1964, he asked: "Why is it that only when we get old we know what to paint?"

Since his death his faithful friends have brought out a beautiful book to be his monument.

They have financed it by the sale of his works, not to the highest bidder, but to public institutions and to buyers "with whom the paintings will be happy."

And the highest bids were very high indeed, because Godfrey Miller now has the greatest of all qualifications for genius: to be dead.

"GODFREY MILLER," published by Delinghurst Galleries, distributed by Ure Smith, Sydney. Price \$20.00.

● For the Australian wine-lover, here is an invaluable and expert —

WINE GUIDE

"Cellarmaster's Guide to Australian Wines," by Len Evans (who has been writing about wine in "The Bulletin" since 1962), combines a collection of his major articles with some new chapters.

With humor and enthusiasm, he discusses food and wine combinations, the need for "correct" wines, wine in cookery, cheeses with wine . . .

Packed with information — what to buy, how to store, how to taste, etc. — about local wines, the book is available at booksellers, or through an order coupon in any issue of "The Bulletin." Price: \$1.50.

NAIL a metal bottle top to the back of your shoe brush. It's handy for cleaning caked dirt or mud from heels and soles of shoes. — Mrs. J. Tennant, Stowport, Tas.

Sweeten fruit salad with a couple of tablespoons of fruit topping, such as pineapple or raspberry. No sugar is needed and the flavor is delicious. — Mrs. M. McFarlane, Flat 4, 16 Lennox St., Mosman, N.S.W.

For a non-slip pastry board, attach four small rubber stoppers to the underside of the board. — Mrs. N. Hambley, 99 Cameron St., Wallend, N.S.W.

Use liquid floor polish to clean light-colored shoes. It takes off all scuff marks, helps to preserve the leather, is much cheaper, and can be used on all colors. — Mrs. W. A. Hulett, 34 Pine St., Reservoir, Vic.

Naphthalene sprinkled round plants will discourage cats and other pests. — Mrs. J. Bowkett, 4 Sheppy St., Launceston, Tas.

When visiting a patient in the public ward of a hospital, take a small bunch of gaily-colored dried flowers or an imitation plant in a pretty container. They look most attractive and are less work for the busy staff. — Mrs. G. Hawkins, 16 Christie St., Ewington, Collie, W.A.

Keep mothballs in small screw-top jars with holes punched in lids so the vapor can escape. You don't have mothballs scattered through your clothes giving off too strong a smell and can easily see when the jar needs refilling. — Mrs. P. M. Scheer, 30 Willow Ave., Murray Bridge, S.A.

If you are making a bread-and-butter custard, spread the bread with marmalade instead of butter. It gives the pudding a delicious flavor. — Mrs. H. Goodsir, 34 Cornwall St., West Brunswick, Vic.

Mix a teaspoon of coconut with the breadcrumbs when stuffing poultry. It gives a nice richness to the stuffing and keeps the bird moist. — Mrs. A. McArthur, sen., St. Lawrence, Qld.

Bouquet for a refreshingly scented bath: Tie in a muslin bag 1oz. dried rose petals, 1/2oz. orris root or dried lavender, and the grated rind of 1 lemon. Place in bath together with bath salts when running water. Take the bouquet out before bathing; hang it up to dry, and it can be used a second time. — Mrs. F. Kelaher, 29 Gibbons St., Narrabri, N.S.W.

When baby outgrows a quilted nylon cot cover add a gathered frill of matching, embroidered curtain nylon and make a warm cover for small sister's bed. — Mrs. J. McLernon, 99 Forrest Ave., Bunbury, W.A.

When casting on for babies' booties leave a 9in. length of wool to sew up back of bootie, and a similar length when casting off to sew up foot. This saves joining in other threads when stitching up. — Miss Kay Clisby, 7 Haig St., Broadview, S.A.

When sewing 4-hole buttons to children's clothes, sew each two holes with separate threads, and the buttons will not be lost if one thread breaks. — Mrs. D. Wilson, 436 Glenfern Rd., Upwey, Vic.

When making shepherd's pie from left-over cold meat, mince any left-over baked vegetables with the meat. This makes the meat go further. — Mrs. B. H. Ferns, 23 Namoi Rd., Northbridge, N.S.W.

READERS' HOUSEHOLD HINTS

• These handy hints sent in by our readers cover a wide range of household affairs from cooking and cleaning to making a pleasantly scented bath bouquet. Each hint wins a \$2 prize.

To prevent small fragile articles breaking in the post, slit one end of a foam-rubber sponge and slip the article inside before wrapping. — Mrs. Anne Barnes, 3/61a Gladstone St., Newport, N.S.W.

Make extra belts for summer school uniforms. You'll find them invaluable in that pre-school panic when time is vital. — Mrs. Muriel

Duckworth, 43 Connelly Ave., Coburg, Vic.

Strain left-over tea into bottles and add one teaspoon of glycerine to one pint of tea. This mixture polishes windows beautifully and also keeps flies away. — Mrs. Roe, c/o 31 Hogg St., Wynyard, Tas.

If your child is going on a trip

without you, paste a list of everything he has taken inside the lid of his suitcase. A quick check with the list when he is packing to come home will lessen the risk of leaving anything behind. — Mrs. P. J. Parker, P.O. Box 2, Latrobe, Tas.

Make mint sauce with honey

instead of sugar. Use a tablespoon of finely chopped mint to one of honey and two of vinegar. — Mrs. Vera Easton, Glen Afric Rd., The Gap, Ashgrove, Qld.

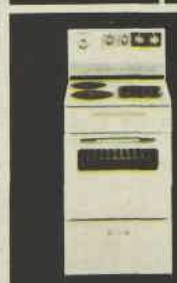
Line picnic basket with foam plastic or foam rubber. It will absorb anything that is spilt, is easily washable, and helps to prevent breakages. — Mrs. A. J. Crawford, "Alara," Congewai, via Paxton, N.S.W.

When sewing bias binding to a garment, always lay binding under material before machining. The binding won't stretch, will stay flat, and give a neat finish. — Mrs. J. E. Peut, 152 Constance St., Mareeba, N. Qld.

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FAST TOP-OF-THE-RANGE COOKING!

Gleaming porcelain enamel cooking tops, recessed for simple wiping up of any boilovers. Beautiful control panels on all models. Two round hotplates, big griller-boiler hotplate, most with divided control. All hotplates with infinite heat-control switches for perfectly controlled cooking. "Ambassador" and "Belmont" have miracle non-stick griddle plates, for wipe-clean, no-fat cooking. Big, separate grill

MIRACLE NON-STICK GRIDDLE PLATES!

compartments, smokeless covers and infinitely variable height "grill-elevators." Ovens are all big family size, with rounded corners, integral shelf runners for easy cleaning. Big, look-in windows, full oven equipment. "Bellevue," "Belmont," "Ambassador" have rotisseries for perfect cooking of roasts and poultry. They even think for you! "Ambassador" and "Belmont" have time-of-day clocks coupled

OVENS THAT THINK FOR THEMSELVES!

with an oven timer—just set the dial, and Simpson switches on, cooks for the appointed time—then switches itself off! So convenient for every-day modern living. See these five exciting new Simpson Styleline Electric Ranges soon. They bring you a unique combination of features—features you need. There's a Simpson Electric Range for every kitchen plan and budget.

NEW FOR '67!

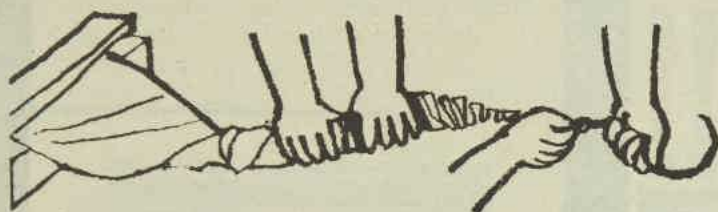
SIMPSON

AUSTRALIA'S FIRST FAMILY
OF HOME APPLIANCES





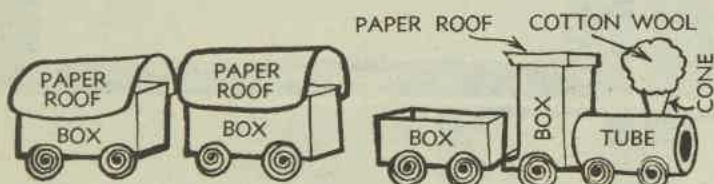
ELEPHANT AND CAT (above) and other favorite animals are fun to make with soft, easily moulded foil. Directions are on this page.



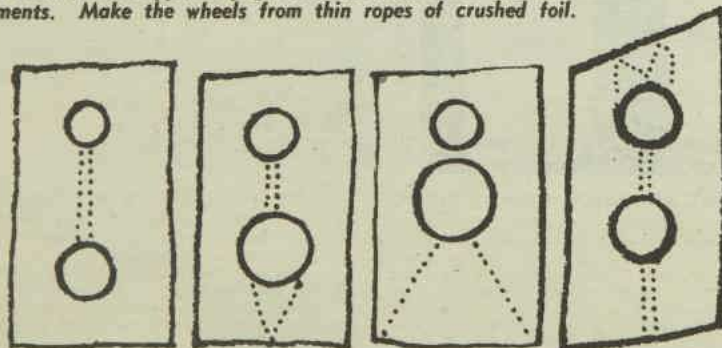
CRUSHING: Sketch above shows correct way to handle foil when crushing. Thickness varies according to number of sheets used.



TO MAKE CONE (from left to right): Cut circle in half; overlap edges; tape. Cut halfway into circle (last sketch) for shallow cone.



TRAIN (shown opposite page) is made from boxes and oddments. Make the wheels from thin ropes of crushed foil.



STORK

SWAN

SPARROW

CAT

DIAGRAM shows placement of ping-pong balls on foil to make birds and cat (see directions at right). Use 20in. length of foil for stork, 14in. for swan, 12in. for sparrow, and 18in. for cat.

Festive things to make from foil

Below are directions for making these attractive Christmas toys, novelties, and decorations from foil. Use your imagination and ingenuity to make others, it's so easy with versatile foil.

FOIL is the chief material needed, but you also can use a wide variety of oddments. Boxes (any shape or size), beads, sequins, cotton-wool, felt, flowers, ribbons, gay scraps of fabric, colored paper — all are useful.

We used ping-pong balls for heads, threaded beads on pins to make eyes and noses because pins are easy to push in. Short lengths of pipe-cleaners pushed gently into the ping-pong balls make effective noses, too. Instead of ping-pong balls you could use walnuts, little apples covered with foil, or balls of popcorn.

Colored foil or contact paper is fine for decorating, but pretty wrapping paper will do equally well for coats and dresses.

How to handle foil

Crushing: A sheet of foil should be lightly crushed lengthwise (see sketch at left). For thickness and body you will need several layers of foil crushed together. To make a rope, crush foil over and over to make it even. This crushing technique is used when making necks and legs of birds and animals, wreaths, wheels, etc.

Pleating: Lay sheet of foil on flat surface. Fold over about one inch, beginning at one long edge. Double this folded portion back against foil sheet, creasing it to form another fold. Repeat, folding back and forth, until entire sheet is pleated. To make a star, find centre, bind it with a ribbon, bring ends together, and secure with tape.

Covering: When covering articles with foil handle it gently, glue or tape carefully. Crushing the foil slightly gives a sparkling effect.

Cone shapes

Simple cone shapes make attractive bodies and caps for the cute figures you can make with foil. To make a cone, cut out circle from cardboard or paper, using round object for pattern, e.g., dish, glass, lid. Fold and cut in half. Use one half of circle, bring edges together, overlap to form cone, then tape. Cutting only halfway into circle and overlapping edges makes shallow cone. (See diagram left.)

Three wise men

Make three cardboard cones. Cover with foil or contact paper. Cut out, glue on foil or paper coats. Insert point of pin through ping-pong ball and force blunt end through top of cone. Decorate faces, using wool for hair (glued on), pipe-cleaners for noses, and beads for eyes. Make crown from cardboard, cover with foil, and glue on a large bead for jewel.

Santa Claus

Amusing little figures can be made with suitably shaped bottles, preferably plastic ones. A fat bottle is ideal for Santa Claus. Cover bottle with foil to make body. Use a ping-pong ball for head, attach with pin. Give Santa Claus a red paper coat, black felt buttons and belt, and pipe-cleaner arms. Make a cone-shaped hat from cardboard, cover with red paper. Decorate with foil edge and foil pompon (both crushed). Add cottonwool hair and beard, pipe-cleaner nose, button eyes.

Angel

Cover bottle — one with wide base and narrow neck — with foil. Attach ping-pong ball covered with foil for head. Hair is golden wool. Make halo by crushing foil tightly and joining ends to form circle, then pin to back of head. Make wings from cardboard, cover with foil, and glue to angel's back. Pin to face long black-felt eyelashes and heart-shaped

mouth cut from scrap of red fabric. Finish with pretty ribbon.

Clown

Make clown in same way as Santa Claus and angel. Give him a gay paper vest front and cardboard cone hat covered to match. Trim vest and hat with paper buttons in contrasting color. Give clown pleated collar, mop of wool hair, red felt nose, and bead eyes.

Birds from foil

Select bird you would like to make. Place balls in position as shown in diagram at left. Then roll foil round balls, crushing lightly to hold in place, and moulding into shape of bird's body. Crush tightly for neck. The sparrow has a short neck and feather wings. Sequin and bead eyes, pointed cardboard beak, covered with red paper, are secured with pins.

The stork has a long neck, pipe-cleaner legs, feather wings, and long cardboard cone beak, covered with red paper and glued to ball. Add sequin and bead eyes.

Give swan a long neck also, but curve it slightly. Cut small wings from cardboard, cover with foil, and secure with a pin. Tie a perky bow round neck. A yellow beak, sequin and bead eyes complete face. Note that swan's beak is rounder than sparrow's.

Animals

Cat: Place ping-pong balls on foil as shown in diagram (left). Leave enough foil to form ears and tail. Roll balls in foil and crush loosely round both to hold in place. Then crush neck and tail sections tightly. To make ears, cut foil on top part, in centre, close to ball. Press into ear shapes. Tie ribbon round neck, glue on blue-paper nose and eyelashes.

Elephant: Crush length of foil to form basic head and body, then another two lengths for fore and hind legs. Secure with cellulose tape. Add small crushed pieces of foil to body until it looks like that of an elephant. Note that elephant has large head and body, but no neck. When satisfied with shape make trunk from crushed foil and pin in place. Cover whole body and trunk, once more, with foil and attach short curly tail with a pin. Decorate with sequin and bead eyes and gay ribbon.

Flower piece

For this decoration you need two funnels, not necessarily the same size. Join spout ends by forcing one inside the other. Cover with foil. Secure candle inside with modelling clay. Fill top with crushed foil and small sprigs of artificial flowers. Add a few velvet bows and green or silver leaves. If you like, tie ribbon round middle.

Another pretty piece can be made with foil star flowers. Make a cone (see cone shapes) from foil. Push pipe-cleaner through point. Cut petals from foil, cut with fingers. Make desired number of flowers. Then arrange round long, slim candle secured in bowl with modelling clay.

Gay matchboxes

Cut out foil or colored paper to fit matchbox or matchbook. Glue on. Decorate with cut-out paper or foil shapes, or cute Christmas decorations. A sprig of artificial flowers also looks pretty.

Christmas wreath

(Not illustrated)

Place roll of foil on floor, unroll carefully, holding tightly to one end. Begin crushing foil lightly along the length. When wreath is desired size, tuck crushed end under uncrushed part to form circle. Continue crushing over and round circle until desired thickness is obtained. Tear off any uncrushed foil. Pin large bow at top, decorate with holly and mistletoe.

● Charming Christmas or party decorations, novel gifts and amusing toys—make them easily and inexpensively with gay, sparkling foil.



THREE WISE MEN (above) with colorful robes and shining crowns make delightful Christmas decoration with appeal for adults and children. Chief materials used in making are cardboard, ping-pong balls, brightly colored foil.



CHRISTMAS angel, clown, and Santa Claus (above) are some of the sparkling foil characters you can make for your tree or table. Bodies are suitably shaped bottles.

SPARROW, swan, and stork (right) are basically two balls (or walnuts, small apples, or popcorn balls) covered with lightly crushed foil. Stork's legs are pipe-cleaners.

TABLE or mantel decoration (left) is easily made from two funnels covered with foil, artificial flowers, and ribbon. Flowers cut from foil or beads are also suitable.



BOXES, paper, MATCHBOX or and shining foil make this story-book train (below) for children's party table. Link carriages with pipe-cleaners or thin licorice and fill covered match-box with popcorn or small sweets. Angel (right) was glued to covered match-box, butterfly cut from foil.



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605/66

MOTHER: Do you know how to be head of the house?

FATHER: Could you take over the household reins?

By SUSAN LANDFAIR

● No one likes to think about accidents, and in most cases they never happen — and probably are less likely to happen if you know in advance how to cope during the temporary absence of your partner.

Fathers who have kept the home going while mother was in hospital, for instance, are likely to be better versed in household lore than most, but even they could do with a little extra coaching.

Here are some pointers to Better Emergency Management.

A WORD TO WIVES

DO YOU KNOW HOW:

- ... to turn off the water, gas, or electricity at the main?
- ... to clean the washing-machine? Run the motor-mower?
- ... to knock in a nail? Tighten a screw?
- ... to attend to the various heat controls on the hot-water or home-heating system?
- ... to check a bank statement? Write a cheque?
- ... to claim for hospital benefits? (Do you know just what you and your family are entitled to?)

DO YOU KNOW:

- ... what bills have to be paid on the first of the month or quarterly?
- ... how much to put aside weekly for water rates, council rates, gas, electricity, repairs, time-payment, hospital fund, personal insurance policies, house insurance policy?

DO YOU KNOW:

- ... the person who would be most suitable to help straighten your business affairs? Would he be your husband's best friend; someone your husband works with; his boss; the paymaster; your own brother?
- Do you know your local priest or minister? Or, more to the point, does HE know YOU?
- Do you understand the state of your family's finances?

DO YOU KNOW:

- ... where your husband's will is? The deeds of the house? His cheque book, bank book, file of household accounts and receipts, securities, bonds, etc?
- ... who holds the mortgage on the house? Whether your husband has an overdraft? At which bank? Is your husband on good standing with the bank manager? (He can help a good deal with financial advice.)

DO YOU KNOW:

- ... with which company your husband is insured? If your husband has a special parking spot for his car, and where it is?
- ... have you made a will? (We are on the subject of sudden accident, so let's not beat about the bush.)

DO YOU KNOW:

- ... the solicitor your husband goes to? Could you go to him and state your case without umming and ahing, and without tears and wringing of hands?

Most of these things are simple, everyday activities, yet it is surprising how many wives and/or husbands don't bother to find out how the other half lives. Some husbands never even bother to find out where their underclothes are kept! Left on their own—the result is chaos.

DO YOU KNOW:

- ... where to go for immediate help and advice? Government agencies, family welfare, child welfare, social services, etc.? Just because they hand out charity where and when it is needed, it is foolish to disregard the help and advice they give.
- It is not commonsense to parade one's pride in dire circumstances. These agencies know all legal aspects of every type of case. Their advice could make all the difference to the welfare and happiness of your family.

Have you a list of emergency phone numbers handy? Doctor, fire, police, ambulance? All the more important if you haven't a phone and have to go out to a phone box!

A WORD TO HUSBANDS

DO YOU KNOW:

- ... how to cook simple and varied meals? (Not just open a tin of soup and make toast.)
- ... the diets of your children? For instance, an eight-month-old baby does not have a slice of roast pork to quieten him while you feed the others.

DO YOU KNOW:

- ... what time of day the baker arrives?
- ... the day the milko calls for payment of his bill?
- ... where everything in the kitchen goes?
- ... how to replenish the store cupboard?
- ... on which day the grocer and green-grocer deliver the goods?
- ... how to use the washing-machine? Iron a shirt?
- ... which clothes belong to which child?
- ... how to wash and comb kiddies' hair? Dress little girls without getting clothes on back to front?
- ... the right shelves for the right things in the linen cupboard? For the children's rooms? Your OWN?
- ... which day is best to strip beds and turn the mattresses? Where your wife leaves the dry-cleaning? The shoe repairs? The nearest laundry?
- ... who are the children's schoolteachers?
- ... when it is your wife's turn at the school tuckshop (and who to ring to cancel the appointment)?
- ... when the children are due for immunisation shots? Visits to the dentist? (Do you both keep WRITTEN records? A must!)

... all about the welfare bureaus and Government agencies? These people are wizards at helping husbands with children in distress, even if the situation is only temporary.

Who'd believe Lorraine used to be tired and listless?

"I just couldn't understand why I'd suddenly lost my energy," said pretty Lorraine Roscoe of Blackburn, Melbourne. "Even my favourite sport, basketball, lost its appeal. Then my doctor advised me to eat ALL-BRAN for breakfast each morning, because it would supply the natural food bulk probably lacking in my diet. Well, ALL-BRAN tasted delicious — and am I glad I tried it, because in a week or so I was right back on form!"

"That was a year ago," went on Lorraine, "but I've kept up my health routine. My husband and I have ALL-BRAN every morning with fruit or another cereal. Why run the risk of irregularity when ALL-BRAN is so easy to serve, tastes so good?"



Lorraine and Kevin Roscoe both work. With a busy day ahead — and often rushed meals — it's really important they make sure their diet includes natural food bulk. That's why they always eat ALL-BRAN.



The young Roscoes have a big circle of friends, and enjoy evenings out together. There's plenty of energy to spare, too, even after a hard-working day. One of the reasons? ALL-BRAN. It's nature's guard against irregularity.



ALL-BRAN**

made by

Kellogg's

NATURE'S GUARD AGAINST IRREGULARITY

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Now in Australia: the perfect sandwich wrap

Amazing new plastic **GLAD•WRAP:**

seals in freshness
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You've never seen a sandwich wrap like amazing new plastic Glad Wrap... because Glad Wrap actually seals in freshness. Sandwiches retain their just-cut goodness and flavour, hour after hour after hour. Even on the hottest, driest days. Clean, hygienic Glad Wrap keeps sandwiches fresher because it clings to itself with a moisture-tight seal, prevents drying out and staleness.

seals in freshness
because it makes a
moisture-tight seal!



Try this remarkable tumbler test with Glad Wrap... see how Glad Wrap clings to kitchen containers with a moisture-tight seal. Partly fill a tumbler with water, seal a small strip of Glad Wrap across the mouth of the glass (taking care to smooth down the edges), then tip the tumbler up... you won't spill a drop. That's how Glad Wrap locks in freshness: it clings with a moisture-tight seal. Try Glad Wrap soon.



Freshness is the promise of new plastic Glad•Wrap

Glad Wrap is a product of Union Carbide. "Glad" and "Union Carbide" are registered trade marks.

"Mum had never looked happier. She was radiant. Already the fridge was going and almost filled. There was butter, meat, jelly, custard in it." A Queensland country reader tells of the arrival of a shiny new friend in their farm kitchen years ago.

READERS' STORIES

● Let them know you're still around,

says this middle-aged Mum who learned to drive to boost her ego.

The old white fridge

THEY were milking a lot of cows by hand. Things were pretty tough. Up well before daylight, often going till after dark.

Mum worked hard, not only in the cowyard but also in the home. She was known for her cooking. No one could turn out a batch of pumpkin scones like she could.

Of course, home in those days was different from what my offspring are accustomed to.

A half kerosine tin was our wash-up dish. The bathroom was a curtain pulled

wasn't always easy to get at, especially when the children weren't around to clamber under the tank-stand.

So there was a great conspiracy going on. Dad had decided to get Mum a refrigerator for her birthday. There weren't many around — only one other in the district.

The great day came. Dad had to go to town to the dentist. I'm sure Mum must have known something fishy was going on.

The children could hardly contain themselves.

She pulled out a tray and it was filled with chocolate milk ice-blocks. They simply tasted delicious. Never were children so lucky! There were ice-blocks every day after that.

The years slipped by. The children grew up and went away to school. The dairy cows were replaced by beef cattle.

The family moved into a lovely new home. It was full of modern conveniences never hoped for. The fridge was installed in its shiny new kitchen.

One day when Mum was

ture, Old Faithful moved in to keep the happy couple company.

Even though Daughter-in-Law scrubbed her and gave her a new coat of white enamel, there never was the kinship that Mum and Old Faithful shared.

In fact, Daughter-in-Law often referred to Old Faithful as That Ghastly Creation. Not that Old Faithful played up and smoked, or anything. She just didn't fit into the modern kitchen setting.

To keep peace in the home, a new model moved

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN

MUM, you're 50, you look it, and you feel it: that's how things were with me — a back number, relegated to the role of has-been.

Of course, you're still handy. There's always the cooking, the washing, the ironing, the beds, the dishes, the garden, the messages, remembering to pick up the dry-cleaning and to fix the jolly old zip that's stuck midway in somebody's skirt: all unimportant, of course, hardly worth mentioning. You could be dispensed with quite easily.

Not so the rest of the family. Dad, for instance, at last has come into his own—lovely new office, shiny new desk, brand-new secretary, and an increase in salary.

Then there's daughter No. 1, recently engaged, photo in the paper, a busy schoolteacher, prominent tennis player.

And daughter No. 2, doing well at uni, claims to be going steady despite many dates, and recently crowned "Miss Graceful."

Mum, go to it. Do something about yourself. Let them know you're still around!

I took driving lessons. I went through three instructors, one instructress, two fences, and more than \$60. But from it all there emerged a new woman.

My confidence was restored, my ego rose. I felt I wanted to spruce up and go. I'm still Mum, but behind that wheel I think the highway is all mine.

I said I was 50, but I only feel 40, although in the process of going from 50 to 40 I must've looked 60. (That was when I was finishing with instructor No. 2 and things were grim. He said I was hopeless, helpless, and a hazard on the road.)

All I needed really was a bit of encouragement like the policeman gave me on my fourth attempt to get my licence. He said he was sure I'd get it next try, and I did.

So if you have a car and can't drive, get yourself an instructor (or more than one) and learn: move out of that middle-aged rut!—"Jean," Coburg, Vic.

"Daughter-in-Law referred to Old Faithful as 'That Ghastly Creation'!"

across the kitchen. The tub, a big round one, was also used for washing clothes.

Mum was always happy. She had only one problem.

She found it hard to keep the meat fresh and butter firm, especially in the hot summer months. She did have a hessian safe, but it wasn't all that reliable.

The best place for the butter was in a damp cloth, placed in an enamel basin and put under the water tank. Unfortunately, it

They really galloped home from school that afternoon. The ponies were soon unsaddled and fed.

There it stood in all its glory. What a sight! All lovely and white. It had four legs and underneath was the kerosine container with the light and globe.

Mum had never looked happier. She was radiant. Already the fridge was going and almost filled. There was the butter, meat, jelly, and custard in it.

in town she had a look at some new refrigerators. She decided to buy a new one more in keeping with the new home.

It had a deep-freeze unit at the top and compartments in the door for butter, eggs, and cheese. The kerosine compartment was covered in. Old Faithful was placed in the shed.

When Son was married, he built a new home. Needless to say, there wasn't much cash left for furni-

into Son's kitchen as soon as funds were available.

Old Faithful moved into his workshop—a cupboard for bullets, sinkers, fishing-hooks, and nylon lines.

Occasionally, when a bullock is slaughtered or more space is needed at Christmas for that bit of extra cheer, Old Faithful is scrubbed and lit. She will never be destroyed or got rid of, as she is too much a part of a family.



HOUSE IN THREE STAGES

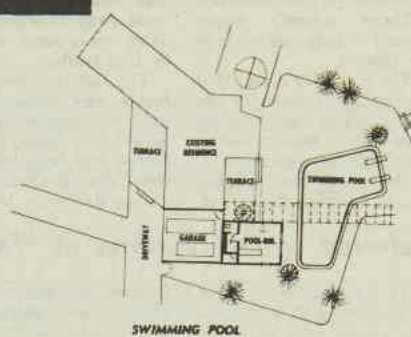
STAGE ONE



● Mrs. McCausland in the living-room on the ground floor. Staircase leads up to the penthouse.



STAGE TWO



Mr. and Mrs. Allan McCausland, a young Melbourne couple whose house-planning has included three major building stages during the past ten years, finally saw their plans completed at the end of last year. The McCauslands designed their spacious home in Beaumaris, Vic., themselves, giving maximum space to outdoor living and entertaining. They recommend this stage-by-stage method of building to all young people who have not the immediate finance to build the kind of homes they have planned for the future.

Continued on page 80



STAGE THREE



● The dining-section of the penthouse, which has a parquet floor of hickory wood, is designed especially for dancing.



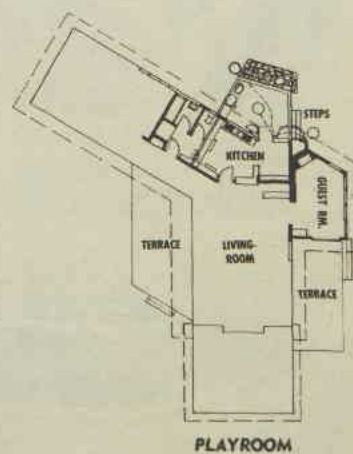
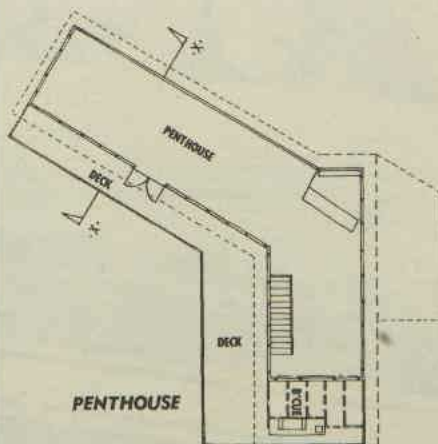
● Another view of penthouse and bar. Carpeting in this area is the same as on the stairs and ground-floor living-room.



● View of the back of the house showing the swimming-pool, the pool-room (left) with its flat, railed roof, and the patio for sun-bathing by the pool.



● Compact, irregularly shaped kitchen opens by means of a narrow doorway (right) to the recently added playroom beyond.



Photographs by Les Gorrie

Westinghouse started something

Imagine a meat-keeper that works just like your butcher's own coolroom. That keeps your meat just as full-flavoured and tender-fresh. Westinghouse alone has it. This specially refrigerated compartment keeps your meat fresh, juicy, tasty for a whole seven days and always ready to cook because it's never frozen. Fan-forced cold air, at a low, controlled temperature, continuously flows around, but never in, the porcelain enamel meat-keeper—like the fan-forced air in your butcher's coolroom. Westinghouse certainly started something.



seven day meat keeper

fresh vegetable





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Westinghouse has everything. Except frost. Everything that looks, feels and works the way a really complete food-keeper should. You can feel the finer finish of its high-lustre acrylic finish cabinet; its gleaming interior. Compare its substantial fittings; its two porcelain enamel moist-cold vegetable drawers to keep your fruit and greens crisp and garden fresh; its heavy-duty ice cube dispenser and dual ice cube trays; smooth-gliding shelf; robust lift-out storage containers; carefully planned compartments for every food item. No skimping anywhere. Everything so Westinghouse solid. Feel, too, the fan-forced flow of cold air that prevents frost forming anywhere. You'll

never defrost again! And you'll never worry again about constant door openings. Let the kids enjoy themselves! When the door is repeatedly opened and closed, the refrigerator is immediately re-filled with fresh fan-forced cold air. The temperature drops immediately. Westinghouse Cold Injection alone provides the massive reserve of cold needed to combat searing summer temperatures. Yes, Westinghouse has everything. Why shouldn't you?

See all the Westinghouse refrigerators at your retailer. Exciting models from nine cubic feet to the big Model RJG 155 illustrated above. Enjoy easy weekly payments and liberal trade-in.

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STEP AHEAD WITH **Westinghouse** — *THEY'RE ALWAYS STARTING SOMETHING!*



HOUSE OF THE WEEK . . . continued

MR. and MRS. ALLAN McCausland began their home at Beaumaris, Vic., with the ground floor, making sure that the foundations were sufficiently strong to take a second storey. Then they constructed a swimming-pool and pool-room and lastly built on the second storey, which was the final stage of their plans.

The ground floor, or first stage, consists of a living/dining-room, two bedrooms, a bathroom, a

study or guest-room, and a kitchen. A playroom, also on the ground floor, was added later as part of stage three.

A swimming-pool, and nearby sunroom — known as the pool-room and containing an entertaining room, change-room, and shower — completed the second stage of their plan.

The third stage, a second-storey penthouse for entertaining, was finished at the end of last year.

The penthouse, a single room of ten squares divided into two sections, follows the wide in-

verted V line of the ground floor. It has a living-room at one end and a dining area containing a dance floor at the other.

The ground floor of the house was originally weatherboard on a cream brick base. However, since this section was built, the entire house has been covered with a comparatively new housing material, aluminium siding. This resembles weatherboard, but is actually 100 per cent aluminium, and as the color is impregnated into the metal, both painting and general maintenance are eliminated. The exterior color of charcoal-grey with white trim is brightened by the flame color on the eaves.

Well insulated

The elimination of maintenance is of special importance to the owners. Their home, as well as being on a hilltop, is only a few yards from Port Phillip Bay, and is exposed to the elements, particularly sea air. The aluminium siding is also insulated, and since landscape windows form a great proportion of the house this insulation adds considerable comfort in hot weather.

Opening from the living-room is a small study, which can also serve as a guest-room; it has a convertible bed-settee covered in burnt-orange vinyl.

The kitchen, which also opens from the living-room, is irregularly shaped and extends to a small laundry area. The kitchen in turn opens by means of a small gateway on to a glass-enclosed playroom, added for the McCauslands' two-year-old daughter, Laura.

Forming a wide V with the angle of the living-room is a wing comprising main bedroom, child's bedroom, and a bathroom. Above this wing is the sitting-room section of the penthouse, opening to the pebble-paved and white-railed underdeck that surrounds the entire penthouse. This rough, attractive, white river pebble surface is also repeated on the flat roof of the pool-room and in front of the house.

Swimming-pool

The focal point of their home entertaining, and the second stage of the McCauslands' plans, is the swimming-pool. Built behind the house, it is irregular in shape and measures 35ft. x 15ft. It holds 18,000 gallons of water, which is pressure sand filtered. The pool was designed by architect Jack Clarke.

Round the pool are walled gardens, a teatree fence, and a patio gay with bright furniture and umbrellas.

The third and final stage in building was the large penthouse, which was specifically designed for entertaining. Almost two-thirds of the penthouse walls are taken up with landscape windows that give a magnificent view of Port Phillip Bay from Sorrento to Portarlington and beyond to the You Yang Mountains near Geelong. The northern section of the penthouse overlooks the swimming-pool and commands a view of the Dandenong Ranges.

Figures given by Mr. McCausland for building this spacious three-stage home are as follows: Cost of building the first stage or ground floor of the house, \$15,000; the swimming-pool, pool-room and surround, \$8000; the penthouse, \$12,000 — making a total cost of \$35,000.

— Moira Ward

from the 'good taste' people **Master Foods**

Wow! Cucumbers you can't stop eating. Crisply fresh, delicately spiced and as good to look at as they are to eat. They add a zingy lift to bread and butter (that's where the name comes from), biscuits and cheese, salads, hamburgers—anything!



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'Oh! those Master Foods people! They really live up to their name'



COLLECTORS' CORNER



● Jasper jugs.

COULD you give me some information about a cheese dish and a set of three blue-and-white Jasper jugs? When Sir John Wedgwood was visiting Sydney some time ago, I showed them to him and he was most interested, although the markings underneath have the Wedgwood signature or initials they are not their make—also one figure depicted is not one of theirs.—Mrs. D. Hatfield, Cammeray, N.S.W.

The cheese dish and stand is majolica ware. It is late-Victorian, probably of Staffordshire origin—about 1875 to 1885. The set of three graduated Jasper jugs are of Staffordshire origin. They also date about 1875 to 1885.



● Japanese vase.

CAN you please tell me the origin of my beautiful hanging vase (pictured above)? It is orchid-pink and turquoise and overlaid with a lace pattern in cream. The roses are hand-painted in deep rose and violet. I also have a small mustard pot (picture supplied). Could this be Wedgwood? There is no distinguishing mark, only what appears to be the centre of the potter's wheel.—Mrs. L. J. Jackson, Essendon, Vic.

Your vase is Japanese Tukan ware made of fine porcelain for the European market about 1890 to 1900. Your mustard pot is not Wedgwood, but a very fine example of Staffordshire made about 1835 to 1845.

I WOULD appreciate information about my jardiniere. It has a navy-blue-colored base which lightens slightly toward the top. It is about 13in. at the widest point and has a mottled appearance at close range. It has the markings "2384," a trademark, "Royal Lancastrian," England, on its base.—Russell Metcalfe, Park Orchards, Victoria.

The jardiniere was made by Pilkington's Tile and Pottery Co. Ltd., of Clifton Junction, near Manchester, Lancashire. The pottery was established about 1897 and specialised in ornamental wares up to 1938 and 1948 to 1957. The mark "Royal Lancastrian" was first used about 1914. Your example dates between 1914 and 1920.

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

● Cheese dish.



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SUNLIT SALAD

Drain 15oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Crushed Pineapple and reserve liquid. Add to liquid enough water to make $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups. Bring to boil and pour over contents of 1 pkt. Lemon jelly crystals. Add 1 tablespoon cider vinegar and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Chill until partially set. Fold in 1 cup grated carrot, crushed pineapple and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped Pecan nuts (optional). Pour into individual moulds or small loaf pan. Chill until firm. Unmould on to lettuce-lined platter, decorate with flower motif and serve with rolled ham slices and salad vegetables.



V is for Vitality

The vitamins and minerals in salads help your family stay active, healthy and happy. When you follow the experts' advice and serve salads, make them colourful and inviting (even to the children) with the golden brightness and extra goodness in tropical pineapple.

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GREEK PASTRIES

• Rich and succulent, with unusual sweet or savory fillings, Greek pastries have won an international reputation. In this three-page feature are recipes for some of the most famous ones.

FOR most Greek pastries either filo or kataifi pastry is used to enclose the sweet or savory filling. Both kinds can be purchased by the pound from Greek and other Continental shops.

Filo (or phyllo) consists of wafer-thin pastry sheets which look rather like tissue paper. It is used for making meat, vegetable, cheese, and egg dishes as well as sweet pastries. Commercial filo comes in sheets measuring roughly 12in. by 18in. Each pound contains approximately 30 sheets of pastry and costs about 60 cents. Filo can be made successfully by the home cook (see recipe below), but homemade filo cannot be rolled as thinly as commercial.

Kataifi resembles very finely shredded filo pastry; in fact, looks rather like shredded wheat. It is impossible to make it successfully at home but you can buy it for about 60 cents a pound. The name kataifi is also given to a sweet made with this shredded pastry. See recipe overleaf.

How to make filo pastry

12oz. plain flour $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water (approx.)

Sieve dry ingredients into a bowl and mix to stiff dough with the water. Knead on lightly floured board until smooth, place in warm bowl, cover with damp cloth, and leave in warm place for half an hour.

Divide dough into 8 pieces. Remove one piece at a time and roll out on floured board as thinly as possible. Work quickly while rolling. Place on lightly floured surface and cover with a damp cloth. Repeat with remaining pastry, placing each sheet apart from the other.

Hints on handling filo: Filo is easier to handle if kept moist. Lay filo sheet on table, brush or sprinkle with water. The pastry dries rapidly, so work with only one or two sheets at a time; keep remainder covered with towel.

Have all fillings prepared ready for use.
Any surplus filo pastry, well sealed, will keep frozen for several months. Thaw at room temperature before using.

Note: Because of its tissue-paper thinness, you would use more of the bought filo pastry than the homemade. Recipes in this feature give alternative quantities.

BAKLAVA

Ten to 16 sheets filo (or 8 sheets if homemade).

FILLING

2 cups finely chopped blanched almonds 1 cup melted unsalted butter

SYRUP

2 cups sugar lemon or orange rind
2 cups water 1 cup honey
1in. cinnamon stick

Cut filo into 8in. squares. Line base of greased 8in. cake tin with 2 sheets filo; brush each with melted butter. (If using homemade pastry, use only one sheet at a time.) Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons chopped almonds. Reserve 3 unbroken (2 homemade) sheets pastry for top layer. Repeat above process until filling and pastry are used. First and last sheets should be whole and strong, any broken sheets or trimmings may be placed in between.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



KATAIFI (above)—the shredded pastry encloses moist, cinnamon-nut filling. After baking, the kataifi is soaked in a sweet citrus-flavored syrup. See page 84.

BAKLAVA (below) is a delicious dessert made from layers of fine filo pastry (recipe on this page) combined with soft nut filling and soaked in cinnamon-flavored syrup.



—From our Leila Howard Test Kitchen



GREEK PASTRIES . . . continued

Brush with melted butter. Score top sheets with pointed knife in square or diamond shapes. Bake in moderate oven for 50 minutes; then increase temperature slightly for 10 minutes or until pastry is golden brown. Allow to cool in tin.

Syrup: Place sugar, water, rinds, and cinnamon in saucepan, bring to boil, and boil for 15 minutes. (Remove rinds after 5 minutes.) Add honey and boil for further 5 minutes.

Pour hot syrup over the Baklava in tin. Let it cool; cut pieces through to absorb syrup. Allow Baklava to stand in tin until most of syrup is absorbed.

BAKLAVA (American style)

30 sheets commercial filo (15 sheets homemade)

FILLING

- 1 cup finely chopped walnuts
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped blanched almonds
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated nutmeg
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground cloves
- 1 cup melted unsalted butter

SYRUP

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
- 2 tablespoons honey

Place 10 sheets filo (5 sheets homemade) in base of buttered 8in.-square cake tin, brush each sheet with melted butter. Mix nuts, sugar, and spices together, sprinkle half of mixture over pastry.

Lay on another 10 sheets filo (5 sheets homemade), brushing each sheet with melted butter. Sprinkle remaining half of nut mixture on this pastry, then add remaining sheets brushed with melted butter.

Cut top layers into diamond shapes with pointed knife. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Allow to cool in tin. Finish cutting through baklava and pour warm

syrup over it. Stand in tin until most of syrup is absorbed.

Syrup: Boil sugar, water, and lemon for 15 minutes in saucepan. Remove lemon and stir in honey.

GALATOUREKO (Cream pie)

10 to 15 sheets commercial filo (or 8 sheets homemade)

FILLING

- 4 cups milk
- 1 cup sugar
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup fine semolina
- 3 eggs
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons vanilla or grated orange or lemon rind
- 1 cup melted unsalted butter

SYRUP

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water
- lemon or orange rind

Combine milk, sugar, and flavoring in large saucepan; cook over medium heat. When nearly boiling, sprinkle in semolina, stirring constantly until mixture becomes thick and smooth. Remove from heat; stir occasionally to prevent skin forming. When lukewarm add eggs, lightly beaten, one at a time.

Line buttered 9in.-square sandwich tin with half pastry, bringing it up over edges, and brushing each sheet with melted butter. Pour in cream filling, spread evenly. Cover with remaining sheets of pastry, brushing each sheet with melted butter. First and last sheets should be whole and strong, place any broken sheets in between.

With pointed knife score top sheets in diamond shapes about 2in. wide. Bake in moderate oven 40 minutes, then increase temperature slightly for 5 minutes.

Syrup: Combine all ingredients in saucepan, dissolve sugar, and bring to boil. Boil 15 minutes, remove rind, and allow to cool slightly. While pie is still hot, baste with warm syrup, a little at a time, until all syrup has been absorbed by pastry. When cool, cut into diamond shapes.

KATAIFI

One pound commercial kataifi pastry.

FILLING

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups chopped walnuts
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 2 tablespoons melted unsalted butter
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 cup melted unsalted butter, extra

SYRUP

- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water
- lemon or orange rind
- 3 or 4 cloves

Mix walnuts, sugar, lightly beaten egg, cinnamon, and 2 tablespoons melted butter.

Spread sufficient pastry on hand to cover it. Place dessertspoonful of mixture on pastry and roll as for a jam roll. Repeat with remainder of pastry and filling. Place rolls side by side in buttered baking dish; brush with melted unsalted butter. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes.

Syrup: Boil all ingredients together for 15 minutes. Remove rind, pour hot syrup over rolls as soon as they are baked. Cover with thick cloth so that vapor will soften dry surface. Allow to cool before serving.

TIROTRIGONA (Cheese triangles)

- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. commercial filo (8 sheets homemade)
- 2 eggs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cottage cheese
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sieved Feta cheese
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. melted butter

Cut filo into 15in. by 3in. strips. Beat eggs until thick, add cheeses, and mix well. Brush strip of filo with melted butter



tan it up with the Sea and Ski set this summer

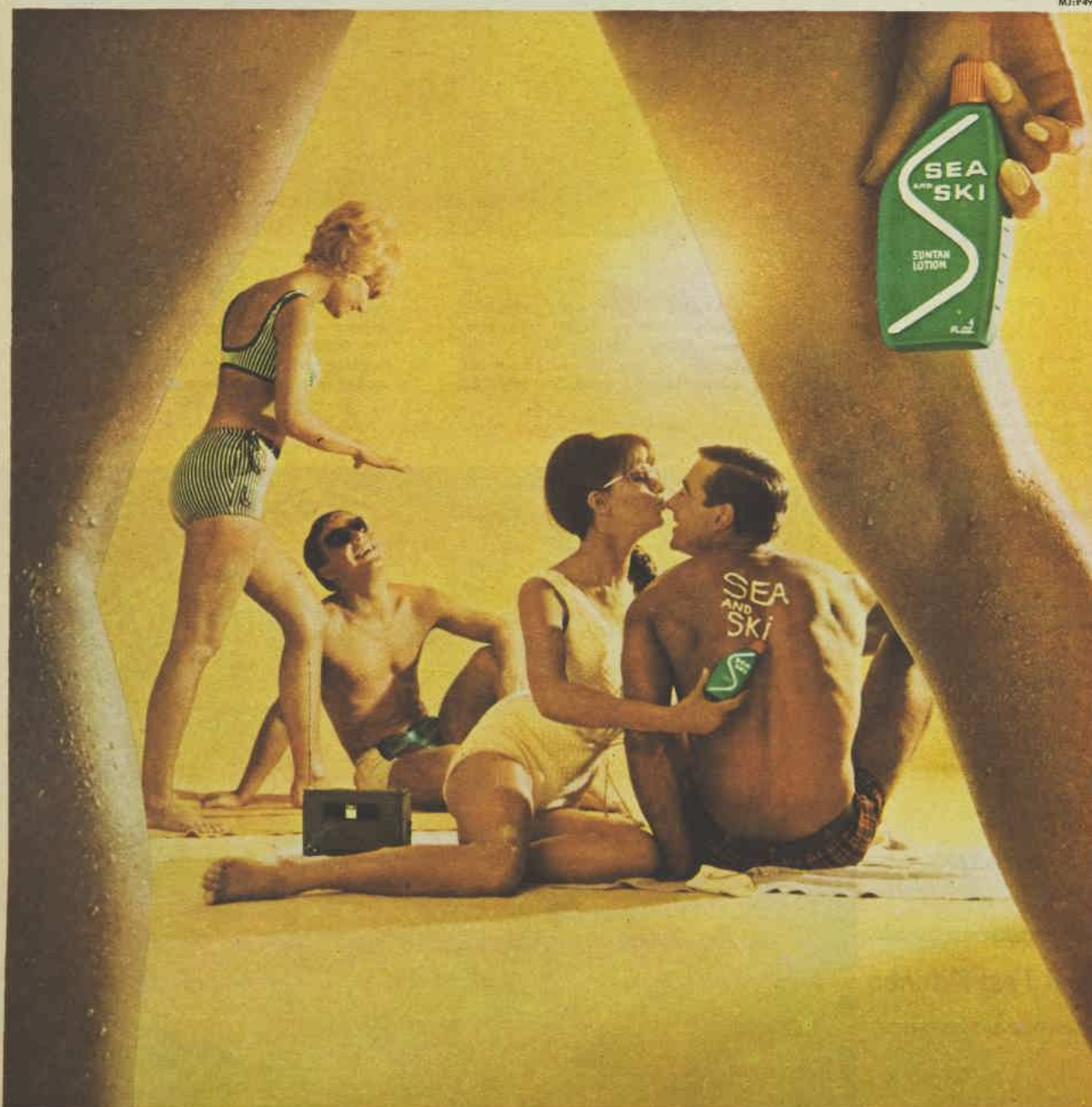
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Ask your chemist



Fruit cake wins prize of \$10

A RICH fruit cake which has whisky poured over it after baking wins first prize of \$10 in our weekly recipe contest. Consolation prize of \$2 is awarded for a pudding which makes its own tangy lemon sauce while baking.

WHISKY FRUIT CAKE

1lb. butter or substitute
1lb. sugar
6 eggs
1lb. sultanas
1lb. glace cherries
1lb. almonds
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1 dessertspoon treacle
1/2 teaspoon mixed spice

1lb. plain flour
1/2 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda
juice 1/2 orange
grated rind 1 orange
5 tablespoons whisky

Blanch and chop almonds roughly. Cut cherries in halves. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add fruits, nuts, and treacle.

Sift flour with spices. Stir bicarbonate of soda into orange rind and juice. Fold in flour alternately with orange juice mixture.

Turn into a 9in. round cake tin, lined

with greaseproof paper. Bake for approximately 4 hours in moderately slow oven. When cooked, and still hot from the oven, prick top and pour whisky over. Leave in tin until cold.

Note: Chopped crystallised ginger can be substituted for half the cherries if desired.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. F. Coleman, Goomeri, Qld.

LEMON CREAM PUDDING

3 tablespoons butter or substitute
1 1/2 pints milk
2 lemons

2 eggs
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup self-raising flour
pinch salt

Boil milk and allow to cool. Cream butter, egg-yolks, and sugar. Add flour, grated lemon rind, and juice. Stir in milk and mix until well blended.

Beat egg-whites with salt until stiff. Fold into lemon mixture. Pour into deep greased ovenproof dish. Bake, standing in dish of water, for approximately 1 hour in moderate oven.

Consolation prize of \$2 to J. Hansson, 3 Pinewood Avenue, Dandenong, Vic.

Concluding . . .

GREEK PASTRIES

and place a teaspoonful of cheese mixture on one end. Fold end over to form a triangle, keep folding length of strip. Place on a baking tray.

Repeat process until all filling has been used. Brush top of each triangle with melted butter. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes or until golden brown.

BOUREKAKAI (Cheese cakes)

1lb. commercial filo (or 8 sheets homemade)
1lb. Feta cheese
2oz. butter
2 eggs
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 cup thick white sauce
pepper, nutmeg

If cheese is too salty, soak 5 minutes in little cold water. Drain and place in bowl. Crush to a paste, add cool white sauce. Add eggs, one at a time, stirring well. Add pepper, nutmeg, and parsley. Prepare (brushing pastry with butter) and bake in same way as Tirotrigona. Bourekakai can also be deep fried in oil.

SPANAKOPITTA (Spinach pie)

10 sheets commercial filo pastry (or 5 sheets homemade)
2 bunches spinach
1 cup chopped parsley
1 cup finely chopped shallots
1 1/2 teaspoons salt
1lb. onions
2 tablespoons oil
1lb. Feta cheese
1lb. cottage cheese
good pinch pepper
1 teaspoon ground dill
1 egg
1 cup melted butter

Wash spinach, remove white stems, cut spinach into 1/2in. lengths. Place in large bowl with parsley and chopped shallots (including some of green tops). Sprinkle with salt and set aside for 10 minutes. Chop onions and fry in oil until brown.

Grate Feta cheese, add cottage cheese, pepper, dill, and well-beaten egg. Mix well. Squeeze liquid from spinach mixture, add with onions to cheese mixture.

Line base and sides of greased lamington tin with half the pastry, brushing each sheet with melted butter. Spread filling evenly over base, press down well. Cover with remainder of pastry, brushing each sheet with melted butter. First and last sheets should be whole and strong; place any trimming in between. With pointed knife, score top sheets in square or diamond shapes.

Bake in moderate oven for 40 minutes. When golden brown, remove from oven and finish cutting. Serve hot or cold.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in these recipes.

How to make a man's mouth water
...even if he's only four years old!



Serve the Beans that are simmered
in thick tomato sauce till they're tasty
right through to their tender hearts

Kia-ora tender hearted **Beans**



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Q168



KITCHEN SET. Teacosy, pot-handle mitts, and pot-holders (above) are easy to make. Use washable fabrics so they can be kept clean and fresh. See directions at right.

Make these Christmas gifts

• A variety of pot-holders, an unusual teacosy, a pretty evening bag—all would make perfect little presents for friends or relatives this Christmas.

KITCHEN SET

Any bright scraps of fabric will make these pretty kitchen accessories.

TEACOSY

The cosy is actually an elongated U-shape. The lining is pulled through an opening at the top, curved edge to form a

double-thickness cosy with a frilled top.

You can make it in one piece from the same fabric, or in two pieces using both patterned and plain fabric, as shown at left.

Materials: $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. patterned cotton, 1-3rd yard plain cotton; 2 padding pieces 6in. deep x 9in. wide; rick-rack braid.

Measurements: Cosy cover is a rectangle 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., one

longer end of which is rounded to fit a teapot snugly; lining is a rectangle measuring approx. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. x 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. You can vary the size to fit your own teapot.

Cut two outer cosy pieces and two lining pieces. Stitch padding pieces to wrong sides of lining pieces 2in. from lower edge of lining. Sew rows of machine-stitching to hold padding in place.

Turn small hems or bind with bias binding, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. along tops of curved outer pieces for opening.

With right sides facing, join one lining piece to one outer piece on 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. straight edge. Repeat with remaining pieces.

Sew rick-rack braid, or trim of your choice, to lower edge of outer piece on right side and to lower edge of lining on wrong side.

With right sides facing, stitch two cosy pieces tog., from top hemmed openings to lower edges. Pull lower edge through top opening to form frill.

POT-HOLDERS

Materials: Required amount of cotton fabric and lining (square pot-holder in above photograph measures approximately 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. square); 1 card bias binding; cotton thread.

You can choose one of the shapes shown above — square, pantaloons, or heart, or make up your own.

Cut two pieces of cotton and two of lining to required shape, and bind all thicknesses together with bias binding folded over raw edges. Finish off binding with loop in one corner.

Stitch quilting if desired. (You could also insert a magnet between linings so pot-holder will hang on stove.)

POT-HANDLE MITTS

Materials: 1-3rd yard gain-colored fabric for outer covering; 1-3rd yard felt or suitable lining; 1 card bias binding; 1 reel cotton.

Cut the shapes in graduated sizes, as illustrated, to fit your pot-handles. Each mitt takes 2 pieces of cotton and two pieces of lining.

Place lining on wrong side of outer fabric, and bind the two pieces together at short, straight end only by stitching folded bias binding over raw edges. Repeat with second cotton and lining pieces.

Now place two pieces of mitt together, linings facing, and bind raw edges with bias binding folded in half, stitching binding through all thicknesses of material.

To finish off, continue sewing a length of bias binding together to form a loop.

EVENING BAG

Materials: $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. green satin, $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 2in.-wide green velvet ribbon, 3yds. 1in.-wide green velvet ribbon, 1 bone or plastic ring (a child's bangle would do).

Cut two pieces green satin 11in. x 28in. (this includes $\frac{1}{2}$ in. seam allowance for bag and lining). Fold satin in half crosswise and, using diagram as guide, cut top of bag (opposite fold of material) to shape; allow $\frac{1}{2}$ in. turnings on all cut edges.

Stitch 2in.-wide ribbon strip down centre of one satin piece, machining down each side of ribbon. Leaving 1in.-wide space between, stitch strip 1in.-wide ribbon either side of centre strip. Leave another 1in.-wide space



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EVENING bag (left) made of satin and trimmed with matching ribbon would make a delightful and inexpensive gift. See opposite page.

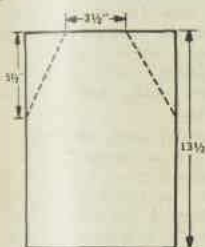


SMALL CHILDREN could make this cute parrot pot-holder (right) for grandmother from gay scraps of material. Directions are below.

and stitch another 1-in. wide ribbon piece on either side.

This will allow 1-in. wide space of satin at either end for seams. Right sides facing, join side seams and top seam for handle. Press seams; turn right side out.

Make up lining by joining side and top seams and press. Wrong sides facing, place lining inside bag, turn in 1-in. seam allowances



on lining and bag, and finely slip-stitch together along handle edges.

Stitch one end of 1 1/2-in. strip of lin.-wide ribbon to back of bag on widest velvet strip 5 in. down from top seam; place plastic ring underneath and sew other end to bag; stitch a casing to keep ring in place.

Draw handle of bag through ring to close bag.

PARROT POT-HOLDER

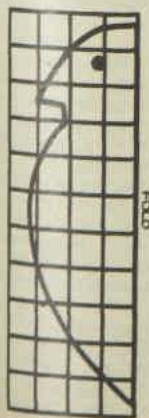
Materials: 1/2 yd. brightly colored cotton; piece of felt measuring 11 in. x 4 in. for lining; 2 buttons for eyes; length of cord for tie.

Fold fabric in half, place paper pattern (diagram below, each square equals 1 in.) on fold and cut out parrot shape twice from fabric, allowing extra for turnings. Similarly, cut one parrot shape from folded felt lining.

Sew lining to wrong side of one fabric piece; baste two fabric pieces together, right sides facing, then machine round edge, leaving an opening from back of head to beak.

Turn parrot right side out, top-stitch along back of head down to beak, press, fold parrot over, and press again.

Stitch small eye buttons on head and tie cord round neck.



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SUNSHINE CRÈME CARAMEL

4 ozs. granulated white sugar, water (caramel), 1 1/2 lev. tbsp. Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk, 1 1/2 pints hot water, 4 eggs, 4 oz. sugar, 1 tsp. vanilla essence, 3 tbsp. rum (optional).

METHOD: Place sugar in saucepan and add sufficient water to moisten. Brown over low heat, stir occasionally. When golden pour into 8" sandwich tin and cover base and sides. Allow to stand until caramel hardens. Whisk Sunshine into hot water. Beat together eggs, sugar and vanilla. Pour hot milk slowly into egg mixture whisking between each addition, add rum (optional). Strain. Pour into tin. Place into baking dish containing hot water and bake in moderate oven 1-1 1/2 hours, until firm. Allow to stand until cold, carefully loosen caramel from side of tin with knife, invert and turn out onto platter. Serves 6-8.

SUNSHINE CUSTARD

1 lev. tbsp. custard powder, 4 lev. tbsp. sugar, 1/2 cup cold water, 1 egg — beaten, 1 pint boiling water, 3 heaping tbsp. Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk. And — for the "extra creamy" touch — one more heaping spoonful!

METHOD: Place custard powder and sugar into saucepan. Mix to paste with cold water. Add egg and beat until smooth. Beat in Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk and gradually add boiling water. Bring mixture to the boil over low heat, stirring constantly until required thickness is reached. Add vanilla to taste. Cool. Chill.

SUNSHINE VANILLA ICE CREAM

1 lev. tsp. gelatine, 1/2 cup cold water, 1/2 cup boiling water, 9 lev. tbsp. Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk, 2 oz. sugar, 1 x 4 oz. can Nestlé's Reduced Cream, 1 tsp. lemon juice, 1 tsp. vanilla essence.

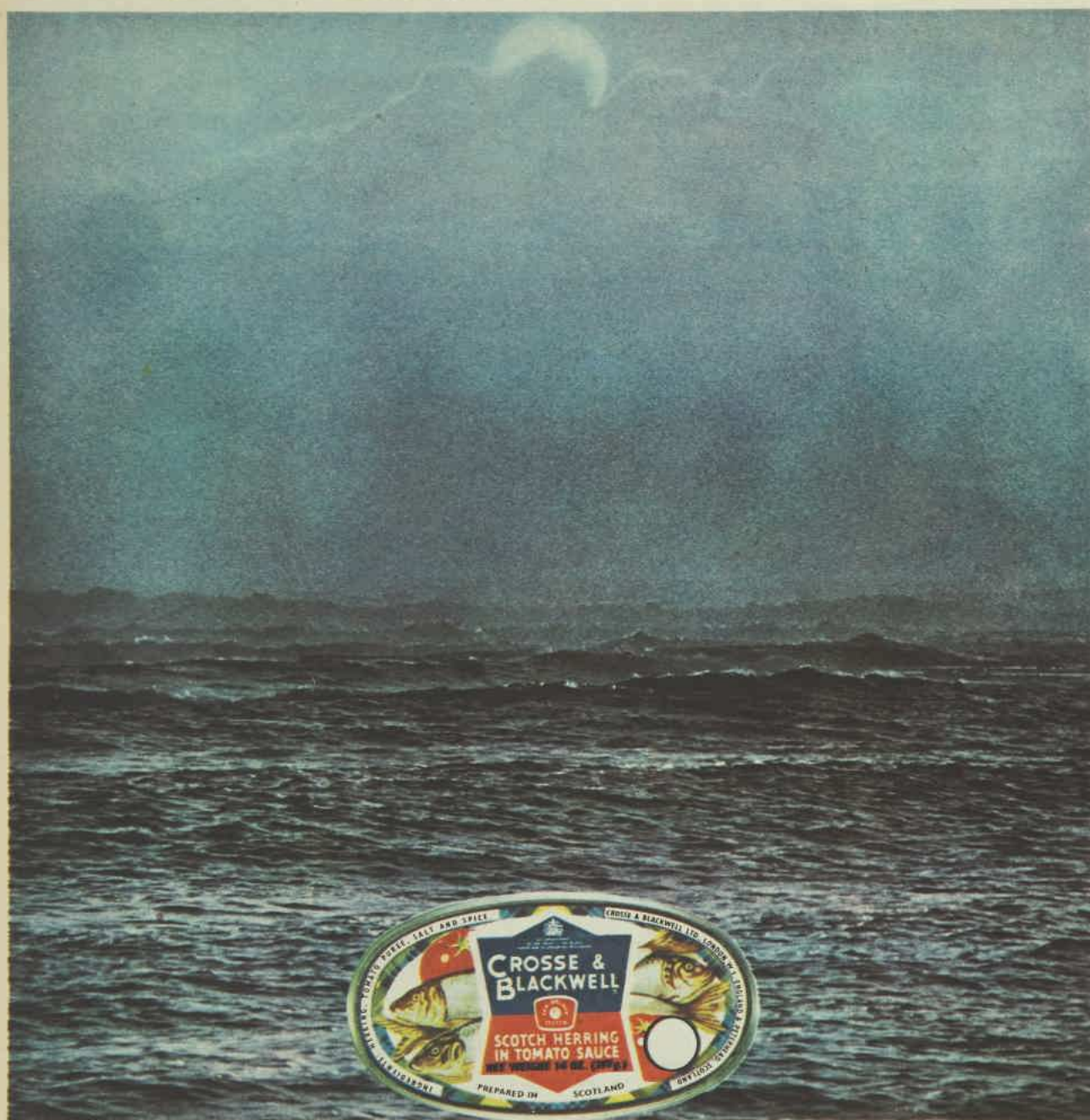
METHOD: Turn refrigerator control to maximum. Mix the gelatine in cold water, allow to swell. Add boiling water and allow gelatine to dissolve. Whisk in Sunshine and sugar. Add lemon juice, vanilla and the Reduced Cream. Mix thoroughly. Pour into freezer tray and cover. Freeze until the consistency is of thick cream (approx. 2 hours). Pour into chilled bowl, beat until almost double in volume (approx. 5 minutes using electric beater). Turn refrigerator control to normal, replace ice-cream in the freezer tray, cover and return to freezer. Makes 1 1/2 pints.

Like more Sunshine Recipes? Write to Nestlé's in your Capital city for the Sunshine Golden Recipe Book.



BY MARGARET
E. SANGSTER

THE LONELIEST PLACE



The "little ones" from the North Sea

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Plump Scotch herring: favourites the world over, to give menus a special fillip . . . tangy touch for salads, and savoury satisfaction in sandwiches. Enjoy the rich taste of Crosse & Blackwell herring — one of the many superb Crosse & Blackwell products imported to Australia by Nestlé's. Begin now, with either of these delightful ideas.

HERRING BALLS

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese; 1 x 7 oz. tin Crosse & Blackwell Scotch Fresh Herring; 1 cup breadcrumbs; 1 egg — beaten; 2 tbsp. finely chopped onion; dash tabasco sauce; pepper and salt; paprika.
Method: Combine cheese with mashed herrings, breadcrumbs, egg, onion, tabasco, salt and pepper. Form into balls. Dust well with paprika. Bake in hot oven 15 min. Cool; serve with salad. Makes 20 balls.

SAVOURY HERRING CRACKERJACKS

1 x 7 oz. can Crosse & Blackwell Herring in Tomato Sauce; 2 tbsp. lemon juice; 1 tbsp. grated onion; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cultured sour cream; $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt.
Method: Blend all ingredients except the sour cream. Mix well. Gently fold in the sour cream. Cover and chill well. Use as dip, spread or sandwich filling.

IT'S hard to return to a town that you've left with the highest hopes. Laura Kerwin had told everybody that she was going to the city to be married, but when she reached the city and went to the hotel where she and Frank Crosby had planned to meet she found a note waiting for her. In it Frank said that he'd fallen madly in love with another girl, and this was goodbye.

So a day later, with just a few dollars in her purse, Laura backtracked. She arrived in town on Sunday, and the next morning she went to the office. But, at the end of a grim day, she took stock of the situation.

For eight hours, she told herself, I've felt as if I were swimming through a sea of whispers—nobody asked any questions, I only wish they had! I just can't take it. I'd like to go to the loneliest place in the world where I wouldn't have to see anyone or talk to anyone and—Laura suddenly decided. She'd go to Uncle Ed's farm upstate!

Laura was an orphan and what she did was her own business.

It was dark when she arrived at the farm, but she lit a few candles that she found in the pantry, and was unwrapping some sandwiches that she'd brought with her when a knock sounded on the door. She went slowly to open it and saw a young man standing on the threshold.

"Hello there," he said, smiling. "I saw a light and—"

"And you wondered who had taken possession? Well, the house belongs to me—my Uncle Ed left it to me when he died. I'm Laura Kerwin."

"I'm your nearest neighbor, Dex McNair—my land adjoins this farm. Frankly, I thought you were a tramp—that's why I came over to investigate—I didn't want Ed's house to burn down . . . Are you all alone?"

"Yes. That's why I came here. I wanted to—be alone."

"If that's the case, I'm sorry I bothered you."

Laura had cut herself off from the rest of the world. She had enough money to live frugally for perhaps six months—after that, the deluge. For a week, she house-cleaned during the day with an unleashed violence, and in the evenings she sat staring into the darkness, and thought of Frank Crosby with another girl in his arms. After a while, though, she stopped imagining—nothing mattered very much!

And then, one day, when she was tired of being static, she went out to the shed in the back of the house. Rusty machinery standing idle—ploughs, garden implements. As she stood there a shadow fell across the floor, and she glanced over her shoulder.

"Yes, Miss Laura Kerwin—it's me again. How are you getting on?"

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"I'm getting on. That's about all."

"Lots of folk say the same thing—but getting on is a step in the right direction . . . Nice lot of gear in this shed—too bad it's going to rot."

"Yes, it is too bad."

"Land's the same way—turning sour."

"What does that mean?"

"When a field isn't used, when it isn't fertilised and ploughed and kept up to the mark, the land goes bad and it won't grow anything. It's like a heart that's been shut off from loving."

"That's a queer thing for you to say."

"But it makes sense, doesn't it?"

"Even if I wanted to do it, I couldn't bring the land back."

"But you could get someone to do it for you—me, for instance. My farm's running on greased wheels and I'd take your land on shares with it."

"What does 'on shares' mean?"

"Half the profit to you—half the profit to me. The orchards need pruning before the trees'll bear good fruit."

"Go on—say something about a heart—" Laura sighed. "Make your point!"

"OK. Orchards need pruning—just as a heart needs to experience pain before it's capable of feeling real emotion."

"You should be a writer!"

"Well, I do pieces for the farm journals. Tell me, have we made a deal?"

"Why—why, yes! I guess it's a deal."

"Then we're partners—but that isn't why I came over. Mum wanted me to ask you to supper—we've left you alone, but now we think the time's come for—"

So Dexter McNair started to work Laura's farm on shares, and at first she paid no attention to the figure in faded blue denims, five or six meadows away, but after a while she began to get curious and she'd go down to the place where Dex was running a tractor or ploughing, and asked questions.

"I've worked from nine to five ever since I was 16, Dex."

"And you're getting fed-up with idleness. Want to know how this tractor goes?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll put you in the driver's seat! Mum wants you to have Sunday dinner with us, Laura—she thinks you're too thin."

"I've always been on the thin side . . . I was wondering, Dex, if I could have a flower garden, so I can pick them for the house?"

"Now you're talking! Once you put flowers in those lonely rooms, they'll start to laugh, and then you'll start to laugh—real laughter, from deep down!"

"You're the strangest man I've ever known!"

"And you're the prettiest girl I've ever known. I only wish I could plough your problems under—well, give me time! Growth doesn't come all at once."

When Laura Kerwin had arrived at the farm her one desire had been to crawl into a hole. But more and more, as she spent her time out of doors, she learned the secret, as Dex put it, of growth . . . One morning, as she was weeding her flower-garden, he dropped over.

"I'm going to thin out that prove down by the west 40, Laura."

"But they're such pretty trees!"

"They're too close, they crowd each other. And you'll need firewood in the winter."

"I will, at that. You're very good to me, Dex."

"I'd like to be better than good,

but there's a hands-off quality about you!" Dex laughed, "I'll get an axe out of the toolshed."

"Once that axe, and everything else, was rusty. Now everything shines!"

"Sometimes even your eyes . . . Well, you'll hear me chopping for the rest of the morning."

Laura told herself, if I'd met him before Frank, but she never finished the thought for she heard the sound of a crash, and then an agonised voice calling her name. She rushed toward the toolshed and stopped short, screaming, and Dex told her weakly, "Hope the sight of blood

doesn't make you sick . . . Somebody moved the scythe . . . dark in here—tripped against it—"

"Your leg—oh, Dex—"

"Take the handkerchief out of my pocket, Laura—" Dex was speaking with an effort, "Tie it as tight as you can—above my knee . . . Then call Doc Simpson—at the village."

"Everything's going 'round and 'round . . . I can't—think—"

"Pull yourself together, dear . . . if you faint now I'll—bleed to death—"

With a supreme effort Laura fought back her dizziness and managed to make a clumsy tour-

niquet. She phoned the doctor, then Dex's mother, and with the doctor they managed to get Dex into the house.

Things happened very fast then, and later—when she and Dex were alone, he grinned at her.

"I can't help wishing it were the other way—"

"You mean you wish I'd cut my leg?"

"I mean I wish that my blood were in your veins!"

"It's a blessing we have the same type. When I saw you lying on the floor—" Laura shuddered— "Your blood was like a

fountain—and it washed away the past . . . The doctor says you can't be moved."

"It'll start gossip, me living in your house—unless we get married right off!"

"I'm immune to gossip. When I was jilted everyone talked and—"

"Don't tell me about that other man, darling. Skip the past—I couldn't care less about it—or him!"

"Neither could I, Dex—" Laura spoke huskily—but, oh, so happily—"neither could I!"

(Copyright)

"Did someone mention tea?"

"You pour I'll just sit here."

"Stay where you are until you're poured for... we're the star of this show."

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ne was her guiding star,
but now she had to
act on her own initiative

COPYCAT

By ANNETTE EYRE

LUCILLE leaped on to the first step, then hurried inside, her chestnut hair swinging in the hot breeze. You had to be quick with Sydney buses, or they left you standing. "Bondi Beach," she said to the conductor, passing him the money with one hand and settling the gaily striped beach bag on her knees with the other.

She took the ticket and, still thinking of Tarrant, absently tore it to shreds. The bus went noisily on its way, past great white blocks of flats, red brick bungalows, a clutter of shops, a filling station. Lucille's idle glance returned to the passengers.

"Tarrant!" The breath caught in her throat and involuntarily she sat forward, staring at the tall man who sat in the front seat with a pretty girl at his side. "Tarrant wouldn't take a girl out today! Not so soon!" But her eyes stared angrily at the young woman with slim brown shoulders and ash-blond hair who smiled up at him.

Lucille thought in panic, he might look around at any moment! The humiliation would be a hundred times worse then, when his grey eyes met hers and he knew she was witness to the first manifestation of the "freedom" he had talked about last night. But Tarrant did not look around. His dark head was bent toward the chattering girl, his face engrossed.

Frightened, Lucille's thoughts flew back to the scene of the evening before. "Of course all women are possessive," Tarrant had said angrily. She had met him coming home from work and they had walked together, he tower-

ing more than half a head above her, even though she was tall.

His broad shoulders were moulded loosely into a grey city suit and his dark hair was immaculate above the tan he kept all the year around. "It's better that we part now," he said, kicking his toes methodically into the gravel. "I like to feel free, and the sooner you realise that the better."

She paused, so that he had to stop, too, and look at her. His eyes were steady, with the tawny flecks that came when he was facing an adventure, making a decision, or merely being adamant and pigheaded. "I love you, darling," she said in her heart. "Can't you see that? Love me, too. Don't send me away."

"You kiss a girl a few times," said Tarrant cruelly, "and she thinks you belong to her."

Hurt and confused, she had said, "But I don't understand, Tarrant. I only asked that you come in the Surf Ski Competition with me. I don't really mind if you don't. I am sorry if I appeared possessive. I didn't mean to." It had seemed reasonable to ask him to partner her. They had done a lot of this sort of thing together. Their friendship had been born in the water; in swimming carnivals, small VJ yachts, and on surfboards.

She thought suddenly, he might be upset. His parents might have been at him again about the art classes, about his drawing gift being wasted. Lucille knew all about that. She had even been in on one of the rows.

Mrs. Mason was a large woman, dark like her son and with that same determined chin.

"You produced me in the wrong country, Mother," Tarrant said. "The weather in Sydney is against art."

She broke in, "That's lazy talk. You were so tied up with your swimming and lifesaving when you left school that you took the first job offering. You didn't care that you would hate it, and that it had no future, as long as it had short hours so that you could get away to your swimming."

"But don't you see, this outdoor life can't last. Before you are thirty you're going to have to take a straight look at things. The lifesaving and racing will be over, and you won't even have a career. I'm only trying to help," she pleaded as he turned impatiently away.

"Then help me have fun," Tarrant said.

Lucille thought, exasperation mixed with sympathy and anger, his mother is right. Why can't he see? But it was easy, too, to understand the grip of the sun and the surf when one was as proficient at one's job as Tarrant was.

There was an aura of romance and idolatry, too, surrounding that team of suntanned young gods who paraded Bondi Beach all summer, drilling, marking rip tides, and bringing 'n careless bathers, swinging out after an occasional shark, in the shining surfboat that rode the waves so skilfully. It would be hard to pull out and stand behind an easel or a drawing-board all day.

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His mother exploded angrily, "He's so pigheaded! He's being a fool to himself. Can't you persuade him, Lucille? I only ask that he take these weekend classes for six months until he can support himself. Then he will be back to ordinary working hours when he gets a job in advertising or starts freelancing."

"Lucille knows it's not her affair," Tarrant said warningly.

So that was it! She was not to be allowed to help clear away his foolish blind spot. She thought, I have a right. One day, when Tarrant had time to take his mind off surfing, lifesaving, and the tough man's life of all-the-year-round training for physical perfection, their warm companionship would turn to love.

One day his gay kisses beneath the stars at yacht club dances

COPYCAT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

would come to match hers in depth, and then it would be her life, too, that he was throwing away. Tarrant will not be happy as a nostalgic, middle-aged failure, she thought. I should be allowed to tell him that before it is too late.

At the top of the esplanade, where busy traffic sounds merged with the roar of Pacific rollers that pounded on the beach a hundred yards away, Tarrant and the girl stood up and, still without looking around, left the bus.

Trailing hopelessly across the dry grass, in their wake, Lucille thought, I might get a word with him! I'll settle near the reel. It was hardly the best place in the world to discuss a broken love

affair. Suddenly she noticed the watch on her wrist. "It's three o'clock! His period of duty begins at two on Saturdays!"

She frowned, remembering that Tarrant was never late at the beach. A quarter, or even twenty to two, saw him stamping around impatiently close to the life-saving reel, his muscular body briefly attired in the regulation one-piece black bathing suit that Bondi's surf lifesaving team wore.

"Lucille!" She paused at the top of the concrete steps that led down on to the sand. "Why, Liz! Hello, Flip. Hello, Sandy!" she exclaimed, looking down at a tall, fair girl remarkably like herself with two children in tow.

"Hello, Auntie," chorused the small girl and boy, staring up with enormous pleasure out of eyes as blue as her own.

"Sandy had a small accident," explained Liz, holding up the little boy's foot to show a long gash. "I must take him home to clean it. Flip's terribly miserable about having to leave the beach. Could you keep an eye on her?"

Lucille swallowed. There had been one chance in a hundred of getting a word with Tarrant before. With an eight-year-old to look after there was none now. "Well—" she began doubtfully. The child's beseeching eyes were enormous in her small, freckled face. "Oh, all right."

Flip gripped her hand with an excited yelp of delight.

"Watch her, then," said Liz, departing. "You know how well

she swims. And she's venture-some."

"Let's go down to the other end of the beach!" Flip's glowing face was upturned, and she dragged at Lucille's hand.

Clinging to straws, Lucille said, "I always sit near the lifesaver. I feel safe there."

The child laughed, springing from one slender leg to the other in an excess of excitement and energy. "Really, Auntie! What a coward!"

They went down the steps together, and it was then that she saw Tarrant, with the girl, stretched out on the sand. He had stripped to a pair of dark red trunks, and she was wearing a brief swimsuit.

Involuntarily, Lucille paused. What had happened that Tarrant was off duty? He had not missed a Saturday afternoon all summer.

Around them suntanned forms stretched lazily on the wide, golden sands. Children played with balls. One or two radios chattered out the racing news. Tarrant's face was close to the girl's slim, brown arm as they stretched out to sunbathe.

"Let's settle here, Flip," she said, sinking on to the soft sand half a dozen yards on the opposite side of the reel. "It's fun to watch the lifesavers in action."

THE child obediently followed suit, then jumping up suddenly she exclaimed, "I was swimming in the big pool. I left my bathing cap." She stood, wiping thin in her small bikini, shading her eyes against the sun, staring up toward the north end of the beach where the pool hugged the rocks.

Lucille unzipped the front of her dress and shed it on the sand, revealing a blue one-piece that matched her eyes and flattered her chestnut hair. "You get it," she said. "But come right back." Flip would be all right. She had known this beach since toddling days.

The low drone of conversation around her merged gently with the roar of the breakers. Lying back, Lucille watched out of half-closed eyes as the lifesavers lined up to drill, their white skull-caps gleaming in the brilliant sun, their skins dark against the white foam background.

The sunbathers around sat up, talking about them. Their words cut clearly through the air. "They're one short," someone said, and someone else answered, "Tarrant Mason is out of it, you know."

Lucille felt herself stiffen. "Why?" said the voice. "He's been in the team for years."

"I hear he has strained his heart. It's tough, that life-saving game. They earn their medals."

With a swift, involuntary jerk, Lucille swung around to where Tarrant and the girl were lying. His head was turned and he was staring along the sand. She thought, drenched with pity, "He

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made himself come, to get used to it, and now he doesn't want to look."

With a swift rush the row of the night before came back again. "I asked him to come surf-skiing with me! Perhaps he had just found out! Perhaps I was the first one to offer him something he cannot have!" A breathless sort of horror enveloped her. It was enough to make love turn to hate in a man like Tarrant, who lived for his swimming and sailing.

He used to say, condescendingly, when she was barely out of school, "Come down to the pool this afternoon. If I've got time I'll give you a few lessons. Your breaststroke is terrible!" And she had always gone, sitting around, waiting until his older friends drifted away. Waiting until he found the time to notice her.

That was before their lives had merged together and something like love had begun to grow out of the shared interests and the shared talents. Lucille knew her swimming was now equal to his own, her diving better. And she could rig a yacht with the best of men, and bring her in to win through the scudding wind of the harbor.

She thought, gently, "He doesn't know I'd really like him to be an artist, too. He doesn't know I've made myself an outdoor girl to please him." You did not tell Tarrant's type of man you were a copycat. You pretended every moment of the day that you loved wet feet and that you felt fine with your hair full of salt and the sun peeling the skin off your nose. That you did not really mind a crack on the head with a swinging boom and sand in your lunch every weekend.

SHE thought, with fear, he doesn't want me because I can do what he can't do. He wants a landlubber who won't remind him of what he is missing. She looked across the sand again, through the brown bodies sitting or dozing on their towels. The girl looked delicate, Lucille thought, frightened. She wore a swimsuit that looked as though it had never been in the surf.

Faint at first above the roar of the surf, and then insistent and continuous rang a high-pitched bell. Shark! Lucille jumped up with the crowd, the familiar mixture of fear and excitement that the bell brought, surging through her as she stared out to sea, searching for the tell-tale fin in the clear blue beyond the breakers.

Those in the surf were hurrying inshore. Those on the sand ran down to the water, agog with curiosity.

"Flip!" Lucille spoke out loud in sudden dismay, her voice guttural at the realization that she had forgotten her niece in the preoccupation with her own thoughts. She had told the child to hurry back. Surely Flip would not attempt to swim down through the surf?

Anxiously, she scanned the beach and water. "She might." The child was a strong swimmer for her age, and as Liz had said, venturesome. There had been plenty of time for her to walk to the pool and back along the sand. Lucille slitted her eyes against the glare. What was that in the white foam of the last breaker? A head in a red bathing cap? Yes, it was.

Involuntarily, she moved forward. Nearly all of the bathers were close inshore now. The lone head bobbed, making no progress. Sharks were said not to venture into the breakers, but only a fool would ignore the bell.

"What's the matter?" "Why doesn't she come in, whoever she is?" Anxious cries broke through the crowd.

Lucille thought suddenly, "Flip used to have a red bathing cap!" She said, through gritted teeth, every muscle tense and trying to believe, "It can't be Flip! She's not a silly child!" She was barely conscious that she was now running forward down the beach, eyes strained. Why did not the swimmer, whoever she was, come in? The crowd was shouting. "She is in trouble! Where are the lifeguards?"

COPYCAT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

Where were they? Lucille flashed around. The beach was more than a mile long. Somewhere, down the vast expanse of sand, behind the crowds, those men in their brief dark suits and small white skull-caps were marching, knees high, drilling for just such an emergency as this. But there was no one around the reel. She swung back again, shading her eyes, staring out to sea. Then suddenly she knew it was Flip.

"She's caught in a rip tide!" someone said. "It's a child!" The cry went up, "It's a child." "A little girl."

Panic-stricken, half dazed with shock, Lucille ran on winged feet back to the lifeline, picked up the white canvas belt and dropped it

over her head. She turned, feeling the cord tug and tighten against her back, and then the reel unwind. As she touched the first swirl of foam, a man's strong hand gripped her arm.

"Stop! Give me the belt!" Her eyes looked into Tarrant's, steady and unafraid.

She heard herself scream. "Let me go!" And then, because even in this desperate second she could not bring herself to say, "You're ill," she cried, "It's Flip."

"Flip!" He grasped the belt roughly, dragged it over her head and slid it down across his own broad chest. She saw the set line of his wide jaw, the trace of anxiety in his parted lips, the practised, precision movements.

"Tarrant!" she yelled in a panic. He must not go!

Without another word, he pushed her roughly aside, forging with great strides through the thundering waves, the white cord trailing from his broad back, unwinding at the reel on the sand.

She glanced wildly around, wanting to shout to the crowd, "Stop him! Stop him! He is ill!" But the words froze on her lips, because Flip was out there, and suddenly, cutting through the blue water, she saw the dark triangle of the shark's fin.

They all saw it and an anxious roar went up from the thousands of bathers on the sand. Terrified, Lucille thought, He could collapse! His heart might stop altogether! He might die! I've sent him in to

To page 94

RIVETS



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do this because I didn't keep an eye on Flip, and he might never come out of it.

She splashed forward, knee deep, waist deep, turning her face from the rollers as they broke over her head, then out of her depth she dived through a crashing wave. She thought, If Tarrant collapses, he can be dragged in on the cord. I can give the signal for them to wind if only I can get to Flip before it happens.

Coming up on the other side of the roller, blinking, shaking the water from her eyes, she saw that Flip was three more breakers out and Tarrant, swimming like a champion, was drawing nearer. With a gasp of relief she dived through the next wall of foam.

Rising in the swell, she saw the red cap was not more than fifteen yards away. She could see Flip's

COPYCAT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

terrified face as a great mountain of green lifted her high.

Treading water and raising her head, Lucille screamed, "Splash! Flip, splash!" She went on treading water and shouting like a "crazy woman. "Splash!"

Flip's face rose into view again, and then it swung away on the tide. "Splash!" screamed Lucille above the thunder of the waves. A shark was easily frightened if it was not hungry. "Splash!" she screamed again, despair taking hold. "Oh, please, don't let the shark be hungry!" The fin slid past not more than half a dozen yards from Flip's red cap.

Tarrant was close now.

She opened her mouth to shout again, then suddenly, beyond the

last line of foam, a small splash rose into the air, and then another. "She heard!" Lucille put her head down and began to swim.

They were closing in together, and she saw that Tarrant had Flip within reaching distance when the lifeboat swung in. Strong arms leaned out and dragged her on board. Other arms were picking up Tarrant and the little girl.

"You're safe!" she whispered, reaching out to the white-faced, gasping child and clasping her small, trembling form close. Tarrant hunched against the stern, would not look up. Lucille pressed a hand to her eyes.

"It's all right," said Melville Graham, captain of the team, gruffly. "Everything's OK. You

shouldn't have gone out, though, Lucille. You took one hell of a risk."

"You all right, Tarrant?" asked Melville.

Lucille noticed that he said the words awkwardly, as though he feared Tarrant might not want to be asked. Was he all right? Lucille's eyes rested on his wet, bronzed face, the shining, salt-caked hair, the quiet, steady eyes. Her voice trembled with fear. "Are you all right?" she asked.

As though shock had suddenly set in, Flip began to cry, and Tarrant reached a big, protective arm across her. "What do you mean?" he asked casually. "Of course I am all right."

She thought in agony. He is not going to tell me. It is not going to end here. He doesn't want me to know. And then they were in by

the shore, riding up on the last swirl of foam. Tarrant leaped into the shallow water, lifting Flip out of the boat, and Lucille jumped, too, holding the child's hand as they splashed ashore together. The lifeboat swung back into the surf on its mission to chase the shark away.

People crowded around, staring, congratulating. They parted just a little to let the trio walk up the beach toward their clothes.

The beautiful tanned girl with blonde hair met them where the crowd thinned out. She looked shaken and angry. "You little fool, risking people's lives," she said harshly.

Lucille saw the flecks return to Tarrant's eyes, the untidy, ugly, handsome features harden. "I enjoyed it," he said. "She did no harm. I am taking her home in a taxi. Do you want to come, because I shan't return. Or will you stay?"

The girl looked taken aback. She glanced doubtfully from one face to another, Flip's, Tarrant's, and then Lucille's. Lucille looked straight into the green eyes, holding her breath. She had the courage to keep her gaze steady, knowing that Tarrant would not like the way the girl had spoken.

FROM THE BIBLE

● "No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or he will be devoted to the one and despise the other. You cannot serve God and mammon."

—St. Matthew 6: 24.
(New English Bible)

Without assurance, the girl said, "I — I'll stay."

Tarrant nodded briefly.

Holding one each of Flip's small hands, they found a taxi on the esplanade, and jumping in, Tarrant gave Liz's address. All the way along between the shops, the great towering blocks of flats, and the hill where the cliffs started, they did not speak.

Then, as the car turned inland, Lucille looked up. "You've forgotten, haven't you," she said gently, "that I wasn't a swimmer when I met you."

Tarrant frowned.

"I — I'm a natural copycat," she faltered. "You made me into an outdoor girl. I wouldn't mind taking art lessons myself," she added in a rush. "Anyone can learn to draw to a certain standard. I've always wanted to try."

When he seemed to be searching for an answer, needing time, she went on, "I wanted you to be an artist, you know. You wouldn't let me say so . . ."

Tarrant's eyes looked into hers. The startled expression went and they were soft and gentle. He took her hand and smiled.

"I am sorry about last night," he said. "I was upset. I had just come from the doctor. It was rather a shock."

"Of course."

"It's a relief, in a way," he added, "having a career. If I have to turn my mind to supporting a wife I'll need a better future than I had in store."

Lucille caught her breath.

A small, mouse-colored head moved forward between their shoulders. Tarrant gave Flip a quizzical look. "Do you mind staring out of the window," he asked politely, "in return for having your life saved?"

Out of enormous blue eyes, Flip stared up at him, delighted. "Are you going to kiss my auntie?" When there was no reply, she curled up with ecstasy, rolling back against the seat, thin knees coming up under her small chin.

Lucille began to laugh, and Tarrant joined in. "Since you mention it," he said innocently, "it's not a bad idea."

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Julie Wisdom, top fashion model, says she uses at least fifty to sixty Kleenex tissues a day for her make-up. "Kleenex tissues are best of all" says Julie "because they're really soft — and kind to my skin."

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

THE gang chief orders his men to shoot at Lothar and Skinny's family. But, just as they take aim, Mandrake (and his hypnotic tricks) comes to the rescue. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Must a worker on these smelting apparatuses swear? (5-8)
- Learn intuitive perception of what is fitting to establish connection (7).
- Comes face to face with (5).
- Designates as men (5).
- Tenacious sweetmeat made with sugar (7).
- Related on the father's side (6).
- Ask Ted (anagr., 6).
- A star in a fish produces a large kind of apple (7).
- Cater (anagr., 5).
- Woven fabric produced by a wet willow (5).
- This anchorite is not without lucre (7).
- When they work they are standing on a plate (6-7).



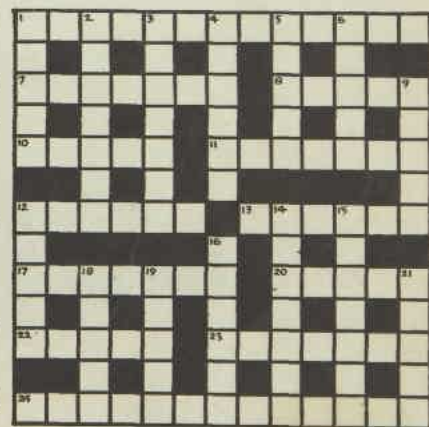
Solution of last week's crossword.

- Inductive philosopher often served with breakfast (5).
- No men end this addition to the family name (7).
- Passing across in start (7).
- Very small Italian island north of Palermo, Sicily (6).
- Belgian province bordering on France (5).
- The top of a macer (5).
- Resisting change of shape, though the inside is nothing but oil (5).

- Tosca (anagr., 5).
- Seaport, West Pakistan (7).
- Art turns to Mussolini to defame (7).
- Worshipped (6).
- Jazz music with a wing (5).
- Man's name starting with everything (5).
- Journey by ox-wagon (5).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 16, 1966



The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY presents . . .

Summer KNITTING AND CROCHET

A collection of
dresses, jackets,
sweaters, handbags
for happy, sun-filled
summer days.

DRAWSTRING DRESS in sunny
stripes. Directions are on page 2.

SUMMER KNITTING AND CROCHET — Page 1

Women's Weekly

DRAWSTRING DRESS

Shown in color on page 1

Materials: 8 (10, 12) balls Patons Bluebell Crepe in main color (m), 5 (6, 7) balls in first contrast (c1), 3 (4, 5) balls in second contrast (c2), 3 (4, 5) balls in third contrast (c3); 1 pr. No. 9 knitting needles; 18in. Lightning zip fastener; length elastic.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length including strap, 35in.

Tension: 13½ sts. to 2in.

FRONT

Using c1, cast on 116 (124, 132) sts.

1st Row: (K 1, p 1) to end of row.

2nd Row: (P 1, k 1) to end of row.

Work in st-st. for 8 rows. *

Change to m and work 10 rows st-st.

Change to c2 and work 10 rows st-st.

Change to m and work 10 rows st-st.

Change to c3 and work 10 rows st-st.

Change to m and work 10 rows st-st.

Change to c1 and work 10 rows st-st.

Cont. repeating from * keeping color sequence correct until work measures 14in.

Keeping stripe correct, dec. 1 st. each end next and every 8th foll. row to 102 (110, 118) sts.

Cont. in st-st. and stripe sequence for 24in.

Cont. in st-st. and stripe sequence, inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 6th foll. row to 116 (124, 132) sts.

Cont. even in stripe until work measures 27in., or length required, to underarm. Place marker each end of row, sides are seamed to this point.

Cont. in st-st. and stripe, casting on 5 sts. each end of next 2 rows for facing.

Cont. in st-st. and stripe until work measures 6in. from cast-on facing sts. Place marker each end of row. Top is hemmed at this mark. Cont. using same color for lin. Cast off.

BACK

Work as for front until work measures 14in.

Next Row: Right side facing, knit in stripe dec. 1 st. each end of row. Work 7 more rows st-st.

Divide for zip fastener. **Next Row:** Keeping stripe correct k 2 tog., k 55 (59, 63), turn. Work on this side only, leaving rem. sts. on holder.

Cont. in st-st. and stripe, dec. 1 st. at side edge every 8th row to 51 (55, 59) sts., cont. even for 24in. Right side facing, cont. as before inc. 1 st. at side edge at beg. of next row, then every 6th row to 58 (62, 66) sts. Cont. even until work measures 27in., or length required to underarm. Place marker at armhole end of row. Right side facing, cont. as before casting on 5 sts. at beg. of row for armhole facing.

Cont. in st-st. and stripe for another 6in. Place marker each end of row, top is hemmed at this point. Cont. in same color for lin. Cast off.

Return to sts. on holder and work to correspond with first side in reverse.

TO MAKE UP

Press on wrong side with warm iron. Fit zip fastener into centre back. Seam sides to markers. Turn back armhole facings and sl-st. into position. Stitch elastic, one end to each side of top at front under hem. Fold hems at markers at top backs and front and sl-st. into position so that elastic passes through hem at front, thus gathering it in to about 6in.

TIE

With c1, cast on 5 sts. K every row until tie is 45in. long, or longer if desired. Cast off. Thread tie through top hems and tie on left shoulder.

MOTIF DRESS

Shown in color opposite

Materials: 13 balls pale pink, A; 1 ball mid pink, B; 1 ball dark pink, C; 1 ball brown, D, Villawool Ban-Lon Purple Label; No. 9 crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36) in. bust; length, 37in.

Tension: Each motif to measure 3½in. square.

TO MAKE A MOTIF

Make 6 ch., join into circle with sl-st. **1st Round:** 3 ch., 15 tr. in circle, join with sl-st. to 3rd ch.

2nd Round: 4 ch., (1 tr. in top of tr., 1 ch.) 15 times, join with sl-st. to 3rd ch.

3rd Round: 3 ch., 1 tr. in next space, 2 tr. in every space, join with sl-st. to 3rd ch.

4th Round: (3 ch., 1 d.c. in space between each 2 tr. of previous round) rep. to end, 3 ch., join with sl-st.

5th Round: 4 ch., 3 tr., 1 ch., 4 tr. in ch. loop, * (1 ch., 2 tr. in next ch. loop) 3 times, 1 ch., 4 tr. 1 ch. 4 tr. in next ch. loop, * rep. from * to * 3 times, (1 ch., 2 tr. in next ch. loop) 3 times, 1 ch., join with sl-st. to 4th ch. and fasten off.

Make 56 motifs in A only.

Make 6 motifs in A for shoulder straps.

Make 8 motifs with circle and 1st round in D, 2nd round in A, 3rd round in C, 4th round in B, 5th round in A.

Make 8 motifs with circle and 1st round in C, 2nd round in B, 3rd round in D, 4th round in A, 5th round in C.

Make 8 motifs with circle and 1st round in A, 2nd round in D, 3rd round in B, 4th round in C, 5th round in A.

TO MAKE UP

Lightly press each motif on wrong side.

Proceed to join motifs horizontally from lower edge as follows: * Place 2 motifs in main color tog. with right sides out. Using m.c., join in yarn and work (1 d.c. into 1st space from corner of front motif, 2 ch., 1 d.c. into 1st space from corner of back motif) 4 times, 2 ch., 1 d.c. into corner of front motif, 4 ch., 1 d.c. into corner of back motif of next 2 motifs, * rep. until 2 motifs have been joined 7 times, then place 1 motif with centre A to front, 1 motif with centre D to back, and join as before.

Then place 1 motif with centre D to front, 1 motif with centre C to back, and join as before, then place 1 motif with

centre C to front, 1 motif with centre A to back, and join as before.

To finish into a round, work 4 ch. 1 d.c. into corner of the back motif of 1st group, 2 ch., and sl-st. into the first space of front motif. Cont. to join a round of 7 motifs in m.c. plus the 3 in front panel until there are 8 rounds of motifs joined horizontally and place the centre panel of 3 as given in the illustrated plan.

Note: If extra length is required make 7 more motifs in m.c. and 1 each of centre A, C, and B, then join horizontally as before. This will give an extra 3½in. in length.

Proceed in same way to join motifs vertically, beg. at lower edge and working up to top edge.

Border for Top Edges: With right side facing, using m.c., join in at a corner space and work 3 ch. 1 d.c. into every space to last space, 3 ch. join with sl-st.

Border for Lower Edge: Work row as for top edge.

Next Row: (2 d.c., 4 ch. sl-st. into 1st ch. for picot, 2 d.c. into ch. loop) rep. to end, join with sl-st. and fasten off.

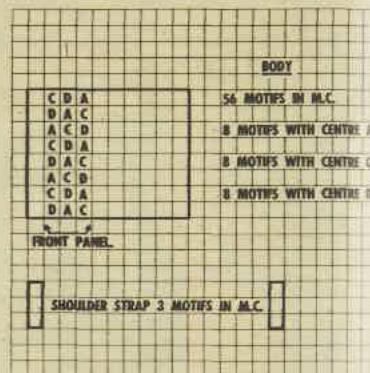
Shoulder Straps: Join 1st motif to top border on one side only, then join a 2nd

motif to opposite side of 1st motif, join 3rd motif to opposite side of 2nd motif, finally join opposite side of 3rd motif to top border. Join another shoulder strap in same way.

Armholes and Neck Borders: Work as border for lower edge.

TO FINISH OFF

Lightly press work on wrong side.





MOTIF DRESS (above), with multi-color panel, touches where it pleases in a relaxed shift shape. Crochet directions are on opposite page.

BE A WOW at Christmas parties in this little crocheted shell trimmed with glittering sequins. Directions for making are given on page 4.



STRIPED SKIVVY



Page 4 — SUMMER KNITTING AND CROCHET

Materials: 12oz. main color (m.c.), 4oz. contrast color (c.c.) Struts Milford Knitting Cotton No. 4; 1 pair No. 9 needles.

Measurements: To fit 34-36in. bust.

Tension: 6 sts. and 8 rows to 1in.

BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

Using m.c., cast on 120 sts. Work 22 rows st-st. (1st 8 rows are for hem).

Join in c.c., work 6 rows st-st., then work 14 rows st-st. in m.c.

Continue in st-st. and stripes as established until work measures 15½in. from beginning, and 6 c.c. stripes have been worked. Work 2 rows m.c.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then 1 st. each end every alt. row until 90 sts. rem. Cont. straight until 9 c.c. stripes have been worked from beg., then work 12 rows in m.c.

Cast off 15 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Cast on 1 st. each end of next 8 rows for facing. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Using m.c., cast on 64 sts. Work 8 rows st-st., casting off 1 st. each end of 3rd and 6th rows. (60 sts.) Cont. in striped patt. as for back, inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row to 84 sts. Cont. straight until work measures 10½in. (4 c.c. stripes worked). Work 2 rows m.c. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then 1 st. each alt. row until 54 sts. rem., ending on p row.

Next Row: K 26, k 2 tog., k 26. Keeping sides of sleeve straight, cont. to k 2 tog. in centre of sleeve on each alt. row until 40 sts. rem. Then, still dec. at centre of row, dec. 1 st. each end every row until 19 sts. rem. **Next Row:** Cast off, knitting 2 tog. to end of row.

Using back-st., sew up all seams, making sure that stripes match. Turn hems under and sl-st. in place. Set in sleeves.

SEQUINED SHELL

Materials: 6 balls Villawool Purple Label Ban-lon; No. 7 Aero Crochet Hook; 11oz. of sequins for all sizes.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust; length, 18in. (all sizes).

Tension: 6 half-treble to 1in.

SEQUINS

Thread sequins on a reel of colored silko to match Ban-lon. Sequins are worked in on the 2nd patt. row only, 1 sequin to each ch. Carry thread only along 1st row.

PATTERN

1st Row: 1 h.tr. in 1st space, (2 h.tr. in each 1 ch. space) rep. to end, 1 ch., turn.

2nd Row: (1 d.c. between the 2 h.tr., 1 ch.) rep. to end, 1 ch., 1 d.c. in turning ch., turn with 2 ch.

Rep. these 2 rows inclusive.

BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

Beg. for side edge, make 58 ch., 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each ch. to end (57 d.c.), turn with 1 ch.

Next Row: 1 d.c. in 1st d.c., (miss 1 d.c., 1 ch., 1 d.c. in next d.c.) rep. to end, turn with 2 ch.

Cont. in patt. for 5 (7, 9) rows.

To Shape Armhole: Make 5 ch., turn, 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, (miss 1 ch., 1 ch., 1 d.c. in next ch.) rep. once, patt. to end.

Shown in color on page 3

Next Row: Patt. to end. Rep. last 2 rows twice.

Next Row: Make 21 ch., turn, 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook (miss 1 ch., 1 ch., 1 d.c. in next ch.), rep. 8 times, patt. to end. Patt. 4 rows, ending at lower edge.

To Shape Side of Neck: Patt. to last 3 spaces, turn. **Next Row:** Patt. to end. **Next Row:** Patt. to last space, turn. Rep. last 2 rows 4 times. Patt. 22 rows, ending at neck edge, 3 ch., turn.

To Shape Other Side of Neck — Next Row: 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, miss 1 ch., 1 ch., 1 d.c. in next d.c., patt. to end. **Next Row:** Patt. to end, make 3 ch., turn. Rep. last 2 rows 4 times, ending at neck edge, make 6 ch., turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook (miss 1 ch., 1 ch., 1 d.c. in next ch.) rep. once, patt. to end. **Next Row:** Patt. to end (shoulder edge). Cont. in patt. for 5 rows, ending at lower edge.

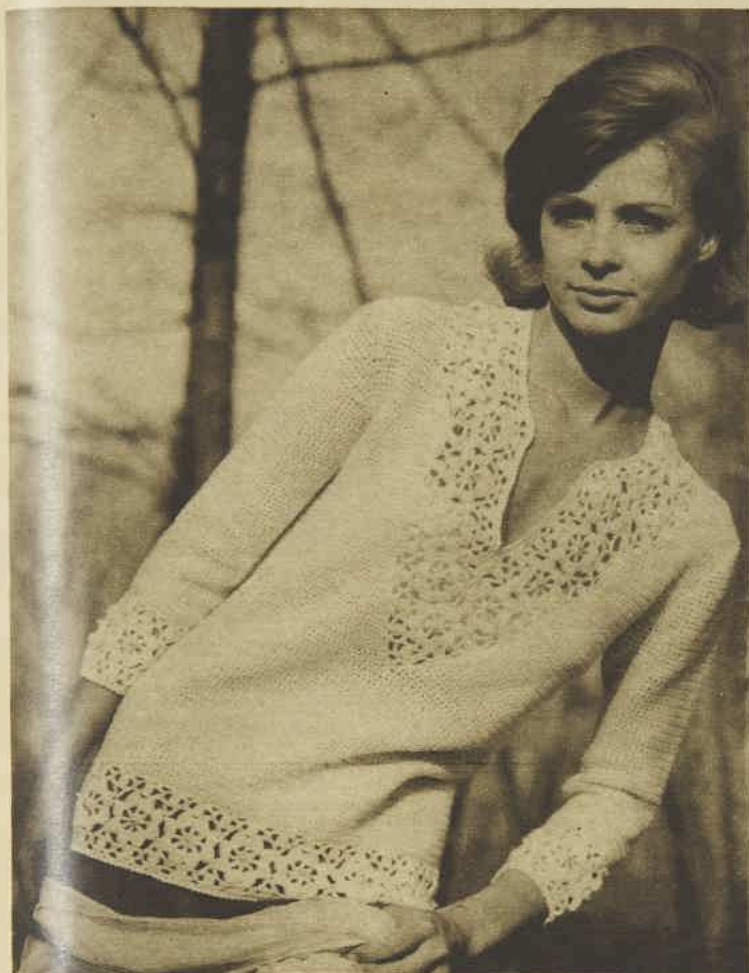
Next Row: Patt. to last 10 spaces, turn, patt. to end. **Next Row:** Patt. to last 2 spaces, turn. **Next Row:** Patt. to end. Rep. last 2 rows twice, ending at lower edge.

Cont. in patt. for 5 (7, 9) rows. **Next Row:** 1 d.c. in each space. Fasten off.

TO FINISH OFF

Flat sew shoulder and side seams. Work d.c. round armhole, neck, lower edges.

TRIMMED WITH PEARLS



The Australian Women's Weekly — November 16, 1966

Materials: 16 balls Emu 4-ply Bri-Nylon; No. 9 Crochet Hook; 37 pearls.

Measurements: To fit 34in. bust; length, 24in.; sleeve, 17in.

Tension: 4 tr. to 1in.

BACK

Make 96 ch.

1st Row: Tr. in 4th ch. from hook, tr. in each ch. to end, 3 ch., turn. (93 tr.)

2nd Row: Tr. in each tr. to end, 3 ch., turn.

Rep. 2nd row until 40 rows have been worked, or length required.

To Shape Armholes — Next Row: Sl-st. over 4 tr., tr. to last 4 sts., turn. Dec. 1 tr. each end of next 4 rows. Work 15 rows without shaping.

Next Row: Sl-st. over 6 tr., tr. to last 6 sts., turn. Rep. this row twice more. Fasten off.

FRONT

Work as back until 24 rows have been completed.

To Divide for Neck Opening: Work 46 tr., turn.

Dec. 1 tr. at neck edge every alternate row until 28 tr. remain.

Keeping neck edge straight for 9 rows, shape armhole as for back.

To Shape Neck: Dec. 1 tr. at neck edge every row until 8 sts. remain, continue straight until armhole is same length as back armhole, ending at armhole edge.

Next Row: Sl-st. over 6 tr., 2 tr. Fasten off.

Rejoin yarn to other side front, leaving 1 tr. unworked in centre and work to correspond with 1st side.

SLEEVES

Make 59 ch.

1st Row: Tr. in 4th ch. from hook, tr. in each ch. to end, 3 ch., turn.

2nd Row: Tr. in each tr. to end, 3 ch., turn.

Continue in tr., inc. 1 tr. each end of every 6th row twice, then every 3rd row until inc. to 70 tr. Continue straight until sleeve seam measures 14½in.

To Shape Armholes: Sl-st. over 4 sts., tr. to last 4 sts., turn. Dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 16 sts. remain. Fasten off.

TRIMMING

Make 37 motifs as follows:

Make 7 ch., join into circle with sl-st.

1st Round: 4 ch., (1 tr., 1 ch.) 7 times (8 spaces).

2nd Round (1 d.c., 3 tr., 1 d.c.) into each space. Fasten off.

Join second and successive motifs in 2nd round by slip-stitching two centre trebles together.

Join 8 motifs for front and 8 for back, 5 for each sleeve, 5 for each side of front neck and one for centre front to form "V" neck.

LOWER EDGING

(For back, front, and sleeves)

1st Row: 3 ch. * (3 ch., 1 d.c.) in 1st and 2nd petal, 3 ch. (1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr.) in space between 2 motifs (made by the joining sl-st.), rep. from * to end 3 ch. turn.

2nd Row: * (3 ch., 1 d.c.) in each sp., 3 tr. in 3 ch. space between tr., rep. from * ending with 1 tr. in turning ch., 3 ch., turn.

3rd Row: (3 ch., 1 d.c.) into each loop.

4th Row: (1 d.c., 1 picot of 3 ch., sl-st. into 1st ch., 1 d.c.) into each loop.

UPPER EDGING

(For joining trimming to back, front, and sleeves)

Work as lower edging to end of 3rd row.

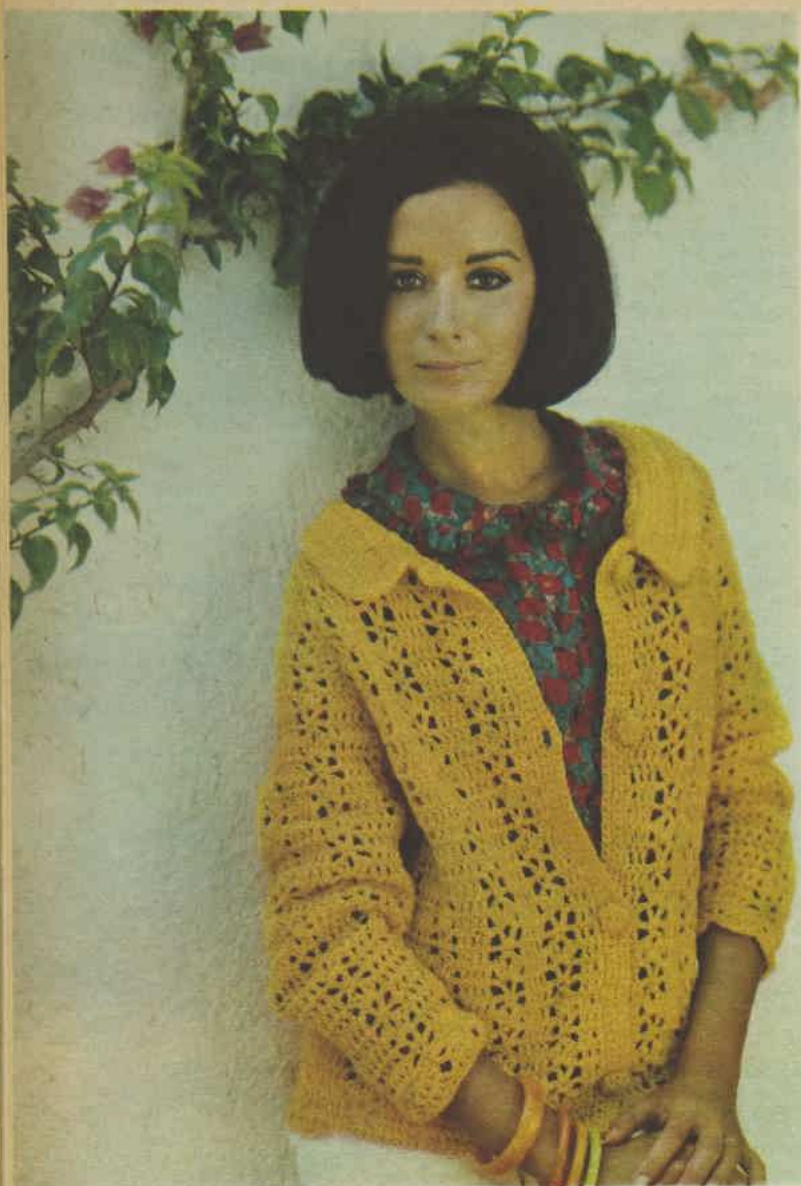
4th Row: As 4th row of lower edging, omitting picot and attaching to garment with * 1 d.c. in loop, 1 ch., 1 d.c. in 3rd tr. on garment, rep. from * to end.

NECK TRIM

Using back-stitch, join shoulder seams. Work upper edging on motifs to join to neck, adjusting where necessary. Join remainder of shoulder seam, then work lower edging to end of 3rd row, on 4th row continue round back neck.

TO MAKE UP

Using back-stitch, sew in sleeves, join side and sleeve seams, including edging. Sew pearls to centre of each motif.



HOLIDAY JACKET

Materials: 17 (18) balls Emu Double Crepe, Scotch Double Knitting, Bri-Nylon Double Knitting, or 19 (20) balls of Emu Sports; size 6 crochet hook; 4 button moulds.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34) in. bust; length, 23 (23½) in.; sleeve, 17 in.

Tension: 2 patt. to 3½ in.

Note: Figures in brackets are for second size.

RIGHT FRONT

Make 42 (45) ch.

1st Row: Tr. in 4th ch. from hook, tr. in next 2 ch., * 2 ch., miss 2 ch., tr. in next ch., 2 ch., miss 2 ch., 4 tr. in next 4 ch., rep. from * to end (2nd size, end with 3 extra tr.), 3 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 3 tr. in 3 tr., (6 tr. in 6 tr.) * 1 tr. in top of tr., 3 ch., 1 tr. in same sp., 4 tr. in 4 tr., rep. from * to end, 3 ch., turn.

3rd Row: 3 tr. * 2 tr. 1 ch. 2 tr. in 3 ch. sp., 4 tr. in 4 tr., rep. from * to end (3 tr.), 3 ch., turn.

4th Row: 3 tr. (6 tr.) * 2 ch., 1 tr. in 1 ch. sp., 2 ch., 4 tr. in 4 tr., rep. from * to end, 3 ch., turn.

Repeat rows 2, 3, and 4 for pattern.

Continue in pattern until front measures 16 in., ending front edge.

Next Row: Work to last 4 sts., turn.

Next Row: Sl-st. over 2 sts., pattern to end.

Next Row: 1st size: Patt. to end, 2 ch., 1 tr. in last patt., 5 ch., turn. 2nd size: Patt. to end, 3 tr. in last 3 sts., 3 ch., turn.

Continue without further shaping until armhole measures 5 in., ending at armhole edge.

Next Row: Pattern to centre of last shell, 1 d.c., turn.

Next Row: Sl-st. to top of 1st tr., 2 ch., patt. to end.

Dec. 1 st. at neck edge of every row 4 times.

When armhole measures 7 (7½) in., ending armhole edge, shape shoulder: Sl-st. over 11 sts. Patt. to end. Fasten off.

EASY STYLING combines with an openwork pattern stitch in this cool and comfortable little jacket.

LEFT FRONT

Work exactly as right front as pattern is reversible.

BACK

Make 77 (83) ch.

Work in patt. as for fronts to armholes, keeping 4 tr. each end on 1st size and 7 tr. each end on 2nd size.

Next Row: Sl-st. over 4 sts., patt. to last 4 sts., turn.

Next Row: Sl-st. over 2 sts., patt. to last 2 sts., turn.

Continue to dec. as for fronts. Then continue without shaping until armholes measure 7 (7½) in.

Next Row: Sl-st. over 11 sts., patt. to last 11 sts., turn.

Next Row: Sl-st. over 11 (14) sts., patt. to last 11 (14) sts. Fasten off.

SLEEVES

Make 42 (46) ch.

Work in patt. as for fronts for 3 rows, working 4 tr. each end on 1st size and 6 tr. on 2nd size. Inc. 1 st. each end of next and every following 3rd row, 10 times in all. Continue without further shaping until sleeve measures 15½ in. or length required, allowing for edging.

Next Row: Sl-st. over 4 sts., patt. to last 4 sts., turn. Dec. 2 sts. each end of every row 7 times. Fasten off.

FRONT EDGING

Work 4 rows d.c. along left front. Work 2 rows on right front. Mark positions for 4 buttonholes, one 2 in. from lower edge, one ½ in. from neck edge, and 2 evenly spaced between. Make buttonholes on 3rd row of d.c. by missing 3 d.c., and working 3 ch.

Next Row: D.c., working 3 d.c. into 3 ch. loop.

COLLAR

Make 81 (85) ch.

1st Row: Tr. in 4th ch., tr. in each ch. to end, 3 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 9 (11) tr., * 2 tr. in next tr., 9 tr., rep. from * to end (to last 2 sts. 2 tr.), 3 ch., turn.

Continued opposite

COTTON CASUAL

Shown in color on page 8

Materials: 21oz. Strutt's Milford Knitting Cotton No. 4; No. 13 crochet hook for 34in. bust, No. 12 for 36in. bust, No. 11 for 38in. bust.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust.

Tension: One 6 tr. group plus 2 d.c. equals 1½ in. on No. 13 hook, 1½ in. on No. 12 hook, 1½ in. on No. 11 hook.

BACK

Ch. 95 loosely.

Foundation Row: 1 tr. in 3rd ch. from hook, 1 tr. in next ch., * 3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. 3 ch. 1 d.c. in next ch. (picot), 3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 tr. in each of next 2 ch., rep. from * to end, 3 ch., turn.

PATTERN

1st Row: 1 d.c. in 1st 3 ch. sp., * 6 ch., miss picot, 1 d.c. in next 3 ch. sp., 3 ch., 1 d.c. in next 3 ch. sp., rep. from * 12 times, 3 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. in 1st 3 ch. sp., * 3 tr. 1 ch. 3 tr. in 6 ch. sp., 1 d.c. in next 3 ch. sp., rep. from * 12 times, 3 ch., turn.

3rd Row: 1 tr. in 1st d.c., * 3 ch., 1 d.c. 3 ch., 1 d.c. in 1 ch. sp. of 6 tr. (picot), 3 ch., 2 tr. in d.c., rep. from * to last 3 ch. sp., 2 tr. in last sp., 3 ch., turn.

These 3 rows form pattern. Cont. in patt. until 51 rows have been worked, finishing on 2nd row, 1 ch., turn.

To Shape Armholes: Sl-st. over 8 sts.

Holiday jacket . . . concluded

3rd Row: 9 (11) tr., * 2 tr. in next tr., 10 tr., rep. from * to end (to last 2 sts., 2 tr.), 3 ch., turn.

Work 3 rows of tr. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly. Using flat seam join shoulder seams, sew in sleeves with back st. seam, join side and sleeve seams, using flat seam sew on collar.

BUTTONS

Make 2 ch., work 6 d.c. into 1st ch.

2nd Round: * 2 d.c. in next d.c., 1 d.c. in next d.c., rep. from * to end.

3rd Round: As 2nd round.

4th Round: D.c. to end.

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to d.c. 3 ch., 1 tr. in same d.c., 3 ch., 1 d.c. 3 ch. 1 d.c. in 1 ch. sp. of 6 tr. Work in patt. to last 6 tr. gr., 2 tr. in d.c., 3 ch., turn. Work in patt. for 21 rows, 1 ch., turn.

To Shape Shoulders: 2 d.c. in 1st sp., 2 d.c. in picot, 1 d.c. in next 3 ch. sp., patt. to last two 3 ch. sps., 1 ch., turn.

Next Row: 2 d.c. in 1st ch. sp., 3 d.c. in 6 ch. sp., 3 ch., 3 tr. in same sp., work in patt. to last 6 ch. sp., 4 tr. 3 d.c. in 6 ch. sp., 1 d.c. in next sp., turn.

Next Row: Sl-st. over 7 sts., 3 ch., work in patt. to last 6 tr. gr., 1 d.c. in 1 ch. sp., 1 ch., turn.

Next Row: 2 d.c. in 1st sp., * 2 d.c. in next sp., 1 d.c. in picot, 2 d.c. in next sp., rep. from * to last picot, 1 d.c. in picot, fasten off.

FRONTS

Note. This pattern is reversible. Both fronts are worked the same.

Ch. 53 loosely. Work as back, to 17 rows above armhole shaping.

To Shape Rever and Neckline — Next Row: 1 tr. in 1st d.c., * 3 ch., 1 d.c. 3 ch. 1 d.c. in 1 ch. sp. of 6 tr. (picot), 3 ch. 2 tr. in d.c., rep. from * 3 times, 3 ch., turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c. in 1st 3 ch. sp., * 6 ch., miss picot, 1 d.c. in next 3 ch. sp., 3 ch., 1 d.c. in next 3 ch. sp., rep. from

Fasten off, leaving length of yarn, place over button mould, draw in firmly at base. Sew in position.

SLEEVE EDGING

Starting at seam, work 1 row d.c. round sleeve edge, sl-st. to 1st st.

2nd Row: Sl-st. to centre of tr. gr. on 1st row of sleeve, 3 ch., 4 tr. in same sp., * 2 ch., d.c. in centre of single tr. of sleeve, 2 ch., 5 tr. in centre of 4 tr., rep. from * to end, 2 ch., d.c. in seam, 2 ch., sl-st. to top of 3 ch.

3rd Row: 3 ch., 1 tr. in each tr. to end, join with sl-st. Press seams and edgings. The first 2 rows of sleeve edging can be worked on lower edge of jacket or just 1 row d.c. as desired.

* 3 times, working last d.c. in top of 3 turning ch., 3 ch., turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c. in 1st 3 ch. sp., * 3 tr. 1 ch. 3 tr. in 6 ch. sp., 1 d.c. in 3 ch. sp., rep. from * 3 times, 3 ch., turn.

Next Row: * 1 d.c. 3 ch. 1 d.c. in 1 ch. sp. of 6 tr., 3 ch., 2 tr. in d.c., 3 ch., rep. from * 3 times, turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c. in 1st 3 ch. sp., * 6 ch., 1 d.c. in next 3 ch. sp., 3 ch., 1 d.c. in next 3 ch. sp., rep. from * twice, 3 ch., 1 d.c. in picot, 3 ch., turn.

To Shape Shoulders — Next Row: 2 tr. in 1st 3 ch. sp., * 1 d.c. in 3 ch. sp., 3 tr. 1 ch. 3 tr. in 6 ch. sp., rep. from * once, 1 d.c. in 3 ch. sp., 3 ch., turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c. in 1 ch. sp., 3 ch., 2 tr. in d.c., 3 ch., 1 d.c. 3 ch. 1 d.c. in 1 ch. sp., 3 ch., 2 tr. in d.c., 3 ch., 1 tr. in top of 3 turning ch. Fasten off.

SLEEVES

Chain 53 loosely. Work 9 rows in patt., 3 ch., turn.

10th Row (1st increase): 1 tr. in d.c., 3 ch. 1 tr. in same d.c., work in patt. to last 3 ch. sp., 1 tr. 3 ch. 1 tr. 3 ch. 1 tr. in last sp., 3 ch., turn.

11th Row: 1 d.c. in 1st sp., 3 ch., 1 d.c. in next sp., 3 ch., 1 d.c. in next sp., 6 ch., work in patt. to last 2 sps., 3 ch. 1 d.c. in next sp., 3 ch., 1 d.c. in turning ch. sp., 3 ch., turn.

12th Row: 3 tr. in 1st sp., 1 d.c. in next sp., 3 tr. 1 ch. 3 tr. in 6 ch. sp., work in patt. to last sp., 4 tr. in last sp., 3 ch., turn.

13th Row: 1 d.c. in 1st tr., 3 ch., 2 tr. in d.c., work in patt. to last tr., 1 d.c. 3 ch. 1 d.c. in last tr., 4 ch., turn.

14th Row: 1 d.c. in 1st sp., 3 ch., 1 d.c. in next sp., 6 ch., work in patt. to last sp., 1 d.c. 3 ch. 1 d.c. in last sp., 3 ch., turn. Repeat last 3 rows twice.

21st Row: Rep. 12th row once, 3 ch., turn. This ends 1st inc. section.

22nd Row (2nd increase): 1 d.c. in 1st tr., 3 ch., 2 tr. in d.c., work in patt. to last d.c., 2 tr. in d.c., 3 ch. 1 d.c. in same st., 9 ch., turn.

23rd Row: 1 d.c. in 1st d.c., 3 ch., 1 d.c. in next sp., 3 ch., 1 d.c. in next sp., 6 ch., work in patt. to last sp., 6 ch., 1 d.c. in picot, 3 ch., turn.

24th Row: 3 tr. 1 ch. 3 tr. in 6 ch. sp., 1 d.c. in next sp., work in patt. to last sp., 1 d.c. in 3rd of 9 turning ch., 3 ch.,

turn. Work 9 rows in patt. 3 ch., turn. This ends 2nd inc. section.

Rep. 1st inc. section once, then 6 rows of 2nd inc. section. Omit turning ch. on last row. 51 rows from beg.

To Shape Tops — 52nd Row: Sl-st. over 8 sts. to d.c., 3 ch. 1 tr. in same d.c., 3 ch., 1 d.c. 3 ch. 1 d.c. in 1 ch. sp., work in patt. to last 6 tr. gr., 2 tr. in d.c., 3 ch., turn. **53rd Row:** Work in patt. to last sp., 1 ch., turn.

54th Row: 3 d.c. 3 ch. 3 tr. in 6 ch. sp., work in patt. to last 6 ch. sp., 3 tr. 3 ch. 3 d.c. in last sp., 3 ch., turn.

55th Row: 1 d.c. in 3 ch. sp. in 1st gr., 3 ch., 2 tr. in d.c., work in patt. to last 3 ch. sp. in last gr., 1 d.c. in sp., 3 ch., turn.

56th Row: 1 d.c. in 1st sp., 3 ch. 1 d.c. in next sp., 6 ch., work in patt. to end, 3 ch., turn.

57th Row: 1 d.c. in 1st sp., 3 tr. 1 ch. 3 tr. in 6 ch. sp., work in patt. to end, 3 ch., turn. **58th Row:** Work in patt. to end, 3 ch., turn.

59th Row: 1 d.c. in 1st sp., 6 ch., work in patt. to last sp., 1 d.c. in sp., 1 ch., turn. Repeat 54th to 59th rows once, then 54th to 57th rows once. Fasten off.

COLLAR

Ch. 74 loosely. Work in patt. for 9 rows. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press on wrong side. Join all seams with flat seam on right side. Set in sleeves. Attach collar.

BORDER

With right facing, join cotton at lower edge at right-side seam. Work in d.c. across front, 3 d.c. in corner, d.c. up front to rever corner, 3 d.c. in corner, 1 d.c. across rever around collar, work other side to correspond, down front, and around lower edge.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. in each d.c. Work 3 d.c. in corners. To work mitre corner, decrease where collar joins at rever: Work to within 1 st. of angle (insert hook in next st., draw loop through, rep. twice more 4 loops on hook), cotton over hook draw through all loops, d.c. round collar to left side mitre corner, rep. corner dec., 1 d.c. in each d.c., 3 d.c. at corners.

Rep. 2nd row twice. Fasten off.

Work 7 rows d.c. around cuff edges.

SUMMER KNITTING AND CROCHET — Page 7



COTTON CASUAL (left), an edge-to-edge jacket with neat collar and wrist-length sleeves, is crocheted. Directions are given on page 7.

RAFFIA STRIPES (above) are separated by rows of white wool in an Italian-influenced summer top. Crochet directions begin on page 10.



SKINNY SWEATER (above), sleeveless, with a high square neckline, is knitted in an unusual pattern-stitch to give a wide-ribbed effect. Directions for 32, 34, and 36in. bust measurements are complete on page 13.



SINGLET TOP (above) drops to a V in front, with a straight-across neckline at the back. A reversible style, it can be worn either way. Directions for 30, 32, 34, and 36in. bust measurements begin on page 10.

RAFFIA STRIPES

Shown in color on page 8

Materials: 3 spools Jolly Raffia; 6 balls Patons Patonyle 4-ply; Midlands Phantom Crochet hook, No. 11 for 32in. bust, No. 10 for 34in. bust, No. 9 for 36in. bust.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust.

Tension: 5 h.tr. to lin.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; h.tr., half treble; l.tr., long treble.

Note: Use Patonyle doubled and raffia single throughout. Directions are the same for all three bust sizes, hook sizes above give the different measurements.

FRONT

With Patonyle, make 97 ch.

**** Next Row:** 1 h.tr. in 3rd ch. from hook, 1 h.tr. in each ch. to end (94 h.tr.), 2 ch. for turn.

Next Row: 1 h.tr. in each st. to end, 2 ch. for turn. Rep. last row twice. Break off Patonyle, join in raffia.

Next Row: 3 l.tr. in 1st st. ($\frac{1}{2}$ shell made), miss next 2 sts., 1 d.c. in next st., * miss 2 sts., 5 l.tr. in next st., miss 2 sts., 1 d.c. in next st., rep. from * to end. Rep. last row 5 times, working 5 l.tr. shell in

each d.c. and d.c. over centre of each shell and starting each row with 3 l.tr. shell. Break raffia and join in Patonyle. Rep. from ** to ** 3 times.

Next Row: With Patonyle, work 95 h.tr. **Next Row:** Sl-st. over 1st 9 sts., work h.tr. to last 9 sts., 2 ch. for turn. Dec. 1 st. each end of next row. Work next row straight.

Next Row: With raffia, 3tr. shell in 1st st., cont. in patt. to end, 4 ch. for turn. Work another row the same. Cont. in shell st. patt., leaving 1 shell at end of next row unworked, then work 3 rows straight.

Next Row: With Patonyle, h.tr. in each st. to end. Rep. last row three times.

To Shape Shoulder—Next Row: With raffia, 1 3tr. shell in 1st st., cont. in patt. until 3 5tr. shells worked, 1 d.c., 1 ch. for turn.

Next Row: Miss 1 st., sl-st. over next 3 sts., cont. in patt. until 3 5tr. shells worked, 4 ch. for turn.

Next Row: 3tr. shell in 1st st., cont. in patt. until 2 5tr. shells worked, 3 tr. in last st.

Next Row: Patt. until 3 5tr. shells worked, 4 ch. for turn.

Next Row: 1 3tr. shell in 1st st., cont. in patt. until 2 5tr. shells worked, 1 d.c., 4 ch. for turn.

Next Row: 1 3tr. shell in 1st st., cont. in patt. until 2 5tr. shells have been worked, 4 ch. for turn. Rep. last row twice.

Next Row: 3 sl-st., cont. in patt. until 2 5tr. shells worked. Fasten off.

Leaving 20 h.tr. in centre unworked, join in raffia at armhole edge and work other side to correspond, reversing shapings.

BACK

Work as front until 5 raffia stripes have been completed. Break off raffia, join in Patonyle, and work 1 h.tr. in each st. to centre back, 2 ch. for turn. Work 3 more h.tr. rows on these sts. Break off Patonyle, join in raffia, and complete to match front shoulder to 7th row. Fasten off.

Join in Patonyle at opposite armhole edge and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

With Patonyle, make 63 ch. Work as back from ** to ** once, inc. 1 shell at beg. of 3rd raffia row.

With Patonyle, work 4 h.tr. rows, inc. 1 st. each end on alt. rows.

With raffia, cont. in shell patt. for 6 rows, inc. 1 shell at beg. of 3rd and 6th rows.

Next Row: With Patonyle, work in h.tr., inc. 1 in 1st st. **Next Row:** Sl-st over 1st 9 sts., patt. to last 9 sts., 2 ch., turn.

Next Row: Work in h.tr., dec. 1 st. each end. Rep. last row once.

Next Row: With raffia, 1 3tr. shell in 1st st., patt. to end.

Cont. in shell patt. for 5 rows, dec. 1 shell on next and alt. rows 3 times (working dec. at opp. end of row in each case).

With Patonyle, work 4 h.tr. rows, dec. 1 st. each end of each row.

Next Row: With raffia, 1 3tr. shell in 1st st., cont. in shell patt. until 3 5tr. shells worked, 1 d.c., 1 3tr. shell, 1 ch. for turn.

Next Row: 3 sl-st., cont. in shell patt. until 3 5tr. shells worked, 1 d.c., 1 3tr. shell, 4 ch., turn. **Next Row:** Cont. in shell patt. until 3 5tr. shells, fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece with warm iron over damp cloth. Machine st. side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Work 1 row d.c. round neck edge to neaten.

SINGLET TOP

Shown in color on page 9

Materials: 6 (6, 7, 7) balls Emu Bri-Nylon Double Knitting, main color, 2 balls contrast color; one pair each Nos. 7 and 10 needles.

Measurements: To fit 30 (32, 34, 36) in. bust (actual measurement lin. larger); length, 19 (20, 21, 22) in.

Tension: $5\frac{1}{2}$ sts. to lin.

FRONT

Pattern

1st Row (wrong side): Purl.

2nd Row: K 3, * p 1, k 3, rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: Purl.

4th Row: K 1, * p 1, k 3, rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 1, k 1.

Using No. 7 needles and main color, cast on 87 (93, 99, 105) sts. and work in patt. for 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., ending with a p row.

To Shape Armhole and Neck — Next Row: K 2 tog., patt. 41 (44, 47, 50), cast off 1 st., patt. 41 (44, 47, 50), k 2 tog.

Next Row: P to centre front, leave rem. sts. on spare needle. Working on right front, dec. 1 st. each end of next and every alt. row until 2 sts. remain, k 2 tog. Fasten off.

Rejoin yarn at centre front and work other side to correspond.

BACK

Work as front to armholes.

To Shape Armholes — Next Row: K 2 tog., patt. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. **Next Row:** Purl.

Repeat these 2 rows until 51 (53, 55, 57) sts. remain, ending with a p row.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: K 2 tog., patt. 9, cast off 29 (31, 33, 35), patt. 9, k 2 tog.

Work on last 10 sts., continuing armhole shaping as before, at the same time casting off 3 sts. each alt. row at neck edge twice, 2 sts. remain. K 2 tog., fasten off.

Rejoin yarn at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

Using fine back-stitch, join side seams.

NECK AND ARMBANDS

Using No. 10 needles and contrast yarn, cast on 1 st., k 1, turn.

Next Row: Cast on 2 sts., k 1, p 1, k 1, turn.

Next Row: * P 1, k 1 to last st., p 1.

Next Row: Cast on 2 sts., k 1, p 1 to last st., k 1. Repeat from * until inc. to 11 sts., then continue in matching rib until long side fits up raglan edge when slightly stretched, leave on spare needle and work 2 more identical pieces. Leave one of these on spare needle.

Next Row: Work across right side (k 1, p 1) row of 1st piece (this means short side will be at right side of work), then across wrong side row of 2nd piece (22 sts.). These are now worked together to form shoulder strap for 5 ($5\frac{1}{2}$, 6, $6\frac{1}{2}$) in.,

or required length. To measure exact length required for shoulder strap, it is suggested that these bands, which form half the front, be carefully stitched in place on right front with a flat seam. When shoulder strap is correct length, right side facing, work 11 sts. and leave on safety pin, continuing on last 11 sts. for armhole band until same length as short side of front armhole band, ending with a right-side row.

**** Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next and each alt. row until 1 st. remains. Fasten off. ****

Rejoin yarn to 11 sts. at back neck and work to fit across neck, when slightly stretched, ending with right-side row, then work across 11 sts. of spare piece and work shoulder strap to equal length of other strap. Divide and work left-front neck and armhole bands to same length

Continued on page 12

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the same way. They were highly regimented. They flew in single file.

SKINNY RIB DRESS has a gleaming metallic thread knitted in with the light-weight wool. Directions for 32, 34, and 36in. bust measurements are overleaf.



DIAMOND SWEATER (above), a beguilingly feminine design with classic styling, has raglan sleeves and crew neck with back-buttoned opening. Directions for knitting are overleaf.

DIAMOND SWEATER

Shown in color on page 11

Materials: 7 (8) balls Patons Azalea Wool; 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; stitch-holder; 3 small buttons; Milwards Phantom Crochet Hook No. 10.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34) in. bust; length, 22 (22½) in.; sleeve, 4½ in.

Tension: 7½ sts. to lin.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 120 (132) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1½ in., inc. 1 st. at end of last row.

Change to No. 10 needles.

Foundation Row: P 1, k 5, * w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., k 4, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 4, rep. from * to last 7 sts., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., k 5, p 1. 123 (135) sts.

Next Row: Purl.

Work patt. thus:

1st Row: P 1, k 3, k 2 tog., * w.fwd., k 3, w.fwd., k 3, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 3, rep. from * to last 10 sts., w.fwd., k 3, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 3, p 1.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: P 1, k 2, k 2 tog., * w.fwd., k 5, w.fwd., k 4, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 2, rep. from * to last 10 sts., w.fwd., k 5, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 2, p 1.

5th Row: P 1, k 1, k 2 tog., * w.fwd., k 7, w.fwd., k 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 1, rep. from * to last 11 sts., w.fwd., k 7, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1, p 1.

7th Row: P 1, k 2 tog., * w.fwd., k 9, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rep. from * to last 12 sts., w.fwd., k 9, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1.

9th Row: P 1, k 2, * w.fwd., k 3, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 3, w.fwd., k 3, * rep. from * to * to last 12 sts., w.fwd., k 3, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 3, w.fwd., k 2, p 1.

11th Row: P 1, k 3, * w.fwd., k 2, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 2, w.fwd., k 5 * rep. from * to * to last 11 sts., w.fwd., k 2, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 2, w.fwd., k 3, p 1.

13th Row: P 1, k 4, * w.fwd., k 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 1, w.fwd., k 7, * rep. from * to * to last 10 sts., w.fwd., k 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 1, w.fwd., k 4, p 1.

15th Row: P 1, k 5, * w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 9, * rep. from * to * to last 9 sts., w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 5, p 1.

16th Row: Purl.

Rep. last 16 rows until work measures 15 in. or length required to underarm.

To Shape Armholes: R.s.f., in patt., cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, dec. 1 st. each end of next 5 alt. rows. 101 (113) sts.

SKINNY RIB DRESS

Shown in color on page 11

Materials: 14 balls Patons Azalea Crochet Yarn; 40 spools lurex thread; 1 pair No. 10 needles; Milwards Phantom Crochet Hook No. 12; Coats Hem Facing.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length, 37 in.

Tension: 15 sts. to 2 in. over st-st.

BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

Using Azalea and 2 strands of lurex together, cast on 151 (163, 175) sts. Work in st-st. for 18 in. (or length required to 2 in. below waistline). Cont. in rib thus:

1st Row: P 2, k 3, * p 3, k 3, rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

2nd Row: K 2, p 3, * k 3, p 3, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2. Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 30½ (30, 29½) in., ending on 2nd row.

Cont. in patt. until armhole measures 4½ (5) in. on straight, ending on a right-side row.

Next Row: P 50 (56), p in back and front of next st., p to end. 102 (114) sts.

R.s.f., slip last 51 (57) sts. on to stitch-holder. Work in patt. on first 51 (57) sts. only until armhole measures 7 (7½) in. on straight.

To Shape Shoulder: R.s.f., cast off 10 (12) sts. at beg. of next row and next 2 alt. rows. Cast off rem. 21 sts. Return to sts. on holder and work on this side in patt., completing to correspond with first side in reverse.

FRONT

Work same as back until armhole measures 4½ (5) in. on the straight. Cont. in patt. until armhole measures 5 (5½) in., ending on a wrong-side row.

To Shape Neck: Keeping patt. correct, work 39 (45) sts., cast off 23, work patt. to end.

Next Row: P 37 (43), p 2 tog. Work on this side only, leaving rem. sts. on holder.

Cont. in patt., dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 5 rows, then every alt. row to 30 (36) sts. Cont. in patt. until armhole measures 7 (7½) in. on straight.

To Shape Shoulder: With wrong side facing, cast off 10 (12) sts. at beg. of next row and next 2 alt. rows. Return

to sts. on holder and work this side to correspond with first side in reverse.

SLEEVE

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 80 (82) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1 in., inc. sts. evenly along last row to 85 sts. Change to No. 10 needles and work foundation row as back. (87 sts.)

Next Row: Purl.

Cont. in patt., inc. 1 st. each end of next row and every 4th (3rd) following row, to 97 (105) sts., working extra sts. in st-st. or pattern as you prefer. Cont. until sleeve measures 4½ in.

To Shape Top of Sleeve: R.s.f., in patt., cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 37 sts. rem. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

Neckband: Seam shoulders. Using No. 12 needles, pick up and knit 21 sts. across left back of neck, 66 sts. evenly around front of neck, and 21 sts. across right back of neck. (108 sts.) Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 14 rows. Using size 10 needles, cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Seam sides. Seam sleeves and set into armholes. Fold neckband in half inside and slip-st. as a hem. Work 1 row dec. around back opening, make 3 ch. loops on left side as buttonholes. Sew on buttons to correspond with loops. Lightly press.

SINGLET TOP . . . concluded

as short side of right-front bands. Work from ** to **, commencing with right-side row on neckband and wrong-side row on armhole band. Fit bands with a flat seam and join centre front and underarm seams neatly with back-stitch.

HIP BANDS

Using No. 10 needles and contrast color, cast on 11 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib to fit across lower edge of front, when slightly stretched, cast off.

Work identical strip for lower edge of back.

Using a flat seam, join to garment, leaving side seams open for ¾ in. Press lightly with warm iron over dry cloth, omitting ribbing.

DRESS AND JACKET

Shown in color on page 16



Materials: Shift, 15 (16, 17) balls; Jacket, 12 (13, 14) balls Villawool V.I.P. Ban-Lon; 1 pr. each Nos. 9 and 10 needles; 7 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length of dress, 36in. (all sizes); length of jacket, 20½ (20½, 20½) in.; sleeves, 17in. (all sizes).

Tension: 13 sts. to 2in.

PATTERN

1st Row: P 1, (y.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., y.r.n., p 1) rep. to end.

2nd Row: K 1, (p 5, k 1) rep. to end.

3rd Row: P 1, (k 1, y.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., y.fwd., k 1, p 1) rep. to end.

4th Row: As 2nd row. Rep. these 4 rows inclusive.

SHIFT BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 109 (115, 121) sts. and work 6 rows st-st.

Next Row: K 2, (y.fwd., k 2 tog.) rep. to last st., k 1 (fold of hem row).

Beg. with p row, cont. in st-st. and work 7 rows. Change to No. 9 needles and cont. in patt. inclusive *.

Cont. until work measures 30in. from fold of hem row (or length required), ending on right-side row.

To Shape Raglans: Keeping patt. in order cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 2nd row until 55 (59, 63) sts. rem. Cast off 4 (5, 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows for armhole facings and leave rem. 47 (49, 51) sts. on holder.

FRONT

Work as back until 69 (73, 77) sts.

rem. in raglan shaping, ending on right-side row.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: Patt. 18 (19, 20) sts., slip next 33 (35, 37) sts. on holder, patt. 18 (19, 20) sts.

Cont. on last 18 (19, 20) sts. Cont. raglan shaping and dec. 1 st. on neck edge on next and every 2nd row 7 times. Cast off rem. 4 (5, 6) sts. for armhole facing. Join in yarn at neck edge, finish other side in reverse.

TO MAKE UP

Carefully press work on wrong side. Using small bk-st., sew up side seams. Press seams open. Fold up hem and sl-st.

Neck Border: With No. 10 knitting needles and right side facing, beg. at left front raglan, pick up and k 8 sts. each side of neck, 33 (35, 37) sts. from holder and 47 (49, 51) sts. from holder of back neck. (96, 100, 104 sts.) Beg. with p row, work 5 rows st-st.

Next Row: K 2, (y.fwd., k 2 tog.) rep. to end (fold of facing row). Beg. with p row, work 4 rows st-st. Cast off loosely.

Lightly press border. Join border ends, press seam. Fold facings in, sl-st. down.

JACKET

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 109 (115, 121) sts. and work as back of shift to *. Cont. until 14in. from fold of hem row (or length required), ending on right-side row.

To Shape Raglans: Keeping patt. in order cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 3 (5, 9) rows, then every 2nd row until 37 (39, 39) sts. rem. Cast off on next row.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 55 (61, 67) sts. and work as back to *. Cont. until side edge measures same as back, ending on wrong-side row.

To Shape Raglan: Keeping patt. in order cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at raglan edge on next 2 (8, 14) rows, then every 2nd row until 29 (31, 33) sts. rem., ending at front edge.

To Shape Neck: Cast off at beg. of next and every 2nd row 3 (5, 7) sts. once, 2 sts. 6 times, 1 st. twice, at the same time,

cont. shaping raglan until 2 sts. rem. Work 2 tog. and fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as left front in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 49 sts. (all sizes) and work as back to *. Inc. 1 st. each end of 13th, then every 7th (7th, 6th) row thereafter until 81 (83, 85) sts., taking all inc. sts. into patt. where possible. Cont. until sleeves measure 17in. from fold of hem, ending on right-side row.

To Shape Raglans: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 2nd row until 11 sts. rem. Cast off on next row.

TO MAKE UP

Carefully press work on wrong side. Using small bk-st. sew up raglan seams. Press seams open. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Fold under hems and sl-st.

LEFT FRONT BORDER

Right side facing and No. 10 needles, beg. at centre back neck, neatly pick up and knit 46 (48, 50) sts. on neck to front edge (tie in a marker at top of front edge), pick up and knit 105 sts. on front to lower edge (151, 153, 155 sts.).

Beg. with p row, work in st-st. and inc. 1 st. each side of marker (for mitred corner) every row for 5 rows.

Next Row: K 2, (y.fwd., k 2 tog.) rep. to last st., k 1 (fold of facing row).

Beg. with p row, work 5 rows st-st., at the same time dec. 1 st. each side of marker on each row. Cast off loosely.

RIGHT FRONT BORDER

Beg. at lower edge, neatly pick up and knit 105 sts. to neck edge (tie in marker at top of front edge), 46 (48, 50) sts. on neck edge to centre back.

1st Row: P, inc. 1 st. each side of marker every row.

2nd Row: K 3, (cast off 3 sts., k 13) 6 times, cast off 3 sts., k to end.

3rd Row: P and cast on 3 sts. over cast-off 3 sts. **4th Row:** Knit. **5th Row:** Purl.

Next Row: K 2, (y.fwd., k 2 tog.), rep. to last st., k 1 (fold of facing row).

Next Row: As 5th row. **Next Row:** As 4th row. **Next Row:** As 2nd row. **Next Row:** As 3rd row. Cast off loosely.

Lightly press borders. Neatly join border ends at centre back. Fold border in half to wrong side and sl-st. down. Sew round double buttonholes.

SKINNY SWEATER

Shown in color on page 9

Materials: 8 (9, 10) balls Emu Bri-Nylon 4-ply; one pair each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; medium crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust. Length: 20 (20½, 21) in.

Tension: 9 sts. to 1in. over pattern.

Abbreviations: T 2, k 2 tog., leaving stitches on needle, knit again into first st.

BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 148 (158, 168) sts. and work 1in. in st-st., ending k row, knit next row to form hemline.

Commence pattern:

1st Row: P 4 (3, 2), * T 2, p 4, repeat from * to last 6 (5, 4) sts., T 2, p 4 (3, 2).

2nd Row: K 4 (3, 2), * p 2, k 4, repeat from * to last 6 (5, 4) sts., p 2, k 4 (3, 2).

Cont. in pattern for 1in., change to No. 10 needles and proceed in patt. until work measures 13½in. from hemline.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, then 2 sts. at beg. of

foll. 8 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of foll. 4 (6, 8) alt. rows. 108 (114, 120) sts.

Continue straight until armholes measure 4½ (5, 5½) in.; end on wrong side row.

To Shape Neck.—Next Row: Patt. 24, cast off 60 (66, 72) sts., patt. to end. Work on last 24 sts. until armhole measures 6½ (7, 7½) in.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 4 alt. rows. Rejoin yarn to other side and work to correspond.

NECK EDGING

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 6 sts.

1st Row: K 1, p 1, T 2, p 1, k 1.

2nd Row: P 1, k 1, p 2, k 1, p 1.

Repeat last 2 rows until long enough to fit neckline, slightly stretched.

TO MAKE UP

Using fine back-stitch, join shoulder and side seams. Sew neck edging to neckline. Work 2 rows double crochet round armholes. Press with warm iron and dry cloth.



SHELL - STITCH BAG (right) is easy to crochet in washable raffia straw. You'll want to make it over and over again for yourself or as a special gift. Directions are on the opposite page.



CLUSTER - STITCH BAG (above) is smart and roomy. The handle is detachable and can be used with other bases. Directions are given on the opposite page.

BEAD BAG (right), a neat, tailored shape, is crocheted. The beads are worked in on every second pattern row. Directions for making bag are on the opposite page.



CLUSTER-ST. BAG

Materials: Two spools Jolly Raffia; No. 6 crochet hook; 1 handbag frame.

Measurements: Completed bag measures 9in. long x 10in. wide.

PATTERN STITCH

(Cluster-stitch)

* Y.o.h., insert hook, y.o.h. and pull up lin. loop, rep. from * 5 times, y.o.h. and draw through all loops on hook, 1 ch. This completes 1 cluster-st.

Note: Use 2 strands raffia tog. throughout.

Make 43 ch.

1st Row: 1 tr. in 3rd ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each st. to end (41 tr.), 1 ch. for turn.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. in each st. to end, 4 ch. for turn.

3rd Row: 1 cluster-st. in 1st st., * miss next st., 1 cluster-st. in next st., rep. from * to end (21 cluster sts.), 1 ch. for turn. Rep. last 2 rows 8 times, then work 5 rows d.c., turning last row with 4 ch.

Next Row: As 3rd. **Next Row:** As 2nd. Rep. last 2 rows 8 times for 2nd side of bag.

Next Row: Tr. in each st. to end. Fasten off.

Fold bag in half, right sides facing, and join with d.c. as far as last 2 cl. rows at each side top. Turn right sides out. Thread handle through tr. slots.

SHELL-ST. BAG

Materials: 3 spools Jolly Raffia; No. 9 crochet hook; 1 bag frame.

Measurements: Completed bag measures approx. 11in. wide x 8in. deep.

PATTERN STITCH

(Shell-stitch)

Work 1 d.c. and 5 tr. into same stitch.

Note: Use 2 strands raffia tog. throughout.

Make 58 ch. **Next Row:** 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each ch. to end, 3 ch. for turn.

Next Row: 3 tr. in 1st st. ($\frac{1}{2}$ shell made), * miss next 3 sts., 1 shell-st. in next st., rep. from * to end, 1 d.c. in last st., 3 ch. for turn.

Next Row: 3 tr. in d.c. of previous row, * 1 shell in next d.c., rep. from * to end,

1 d.c. in last st., 3 ch. for turn. Rep. this row 40 times, turning last row with 1 ch.

Next Row: 4 d.c. in each shell, 3 d.c. in last $\frac{1}{2}$ shell (55 d.c.), 1 ch. for turn.

Next Row: Work 26 d.c., inc. 1 in each of next 2 d.c., d.c. in each st. to end.

Break yarn. Rejoin at other end of last row and work 3 ch., 3 tr. in 1st d.c., complete 2nd side of bag exactly as 1st.

D.c. sides of bag tog. Fold in point at each side lower edge and, with right sides facing, stitch triangle across point to form gusset.

TO FINISH OFF

Work 1 round d.c. round top of bag, working 4 d.c. in each shell. Fasten off.

Join yarn at 3rd shell from side edge work d.c. in each st. to last 2 shells, 1 ch. for turn. Work 4 more d.c. rows on these sts. Fasten off. Fold last 3 d.c. rows to wrong side and stitch to first border row.

Work other side top the same. Attach frame to bag.

BEAD BAG

Materials: Three spools Jolly Raffia; 48 doz. jug beads; No. 9 crochet hook; 1 pair bag handles.

Measurements: Completed bag measures approx. 12in. wide x 9in. deep.

Note: Use 2 strands raffia tog. throughout. Thread 100 beads at a time on to doubled yarn. When 1st 100 are worked in, break yarn, and thread another 100.

Make 61 ch.

Next Row: 1 tr. in 3rd ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch. to end, 1 ch. for turn.

Next Row: * 1 d.c., 1 h.tr., rep. from * to end, 1 ch. for turn.

Next Row: 1 h.tr. (into base and over former d.c., work all future h.tr. thus), 1 d.c., 1 h.tr. with bead, * 1 d.c., 1 h.tr., 1 d.c., 1 h.tr. with bead, rep. from * to end, 1 ch. for turn.

Next Row: * 1 d.c. over former bead, 1 h.tr., rep. from * to end, 1 ch. for turn.

Next Row: 1 h.tr., 1 d.c., 1 h.tr., 1 d.c., 1 h.tr. with bead, * 1 d.c., 1 h.tr., 1 d.c., 1 h.tr. with bead, rep. from * to end.

Rep. last 4 rows 8 times. Work 4 rows in pattern, omitting beads. Fasten off.

Right sides tog., join two pieces with d.c. across base and up each side to within 3in. of top. Turn right side out. Thread handle through top slots.

Skimmer for summer

Shown in color,
page 16

Materials: 11 (12) balls Patons Bluebell Crepe Yarn in main color (m.c.), 2 (2) balls first contrast color (c.c. 1), 2 (2) balls second contrast color (c.c. 2), 2 (2) balls third contrast color (c.c. 3); 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 9 needles; Milwards Phantom Crochet Hook No. 10; stitch holder.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34) in. bust; length, 38in.

Tension: 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ sts. to 2in. on No. 9 needles.

Note: Avoid pulling wool tightly behind 2-tone work.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles and m.c., cast on 120 (126) sts. and work in st-st. until work measures 32in., or 1in. more than length required to underarm.

To Shape Armholes: Right side facing, cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 6 rows and next 3 alt. rows. 90 (96) sts.

Cont. in st-st. until armhole measures 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. on the straight. Cast off.

FRONT

Work as back.

BACK YOKE

Using No. 10 needles and c.c. 2, cast on 87 (93) sts.

1st Row: K. * 3 c.c. 1, 3 c.c. 2, rep. from * to last 3 sts., 3 c.c. 1.

2nd Row: P in same colors as 1st row. Rep. last 2 rows once.

5th Row: K. * 3 c.c. 3, 3 c.c. 1, rep. from * to last 3 sts., 3 c.c. 3.

6th Row: P in same colors as 5th row. Rep. last 2 rows once, inc. 1 st. each end of 7th row. These 8 rows form pattern.

Cont. in patt. inc. 1 st. each end of 13th and 19th rows from beg., working extra sts. into check pattern as they occur.

93 (99) sts. Cont. in patt. until work measures 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

To Shape Neck: Right side facing, keeping pattern correct k 28 (31), cast off 37 sts. and work to end.

Next Row: P 28 (31), turn, work on this side only, leaving rem. sts. on holder.

Next Row: Cast off 3 sts., k 25 (28).

Next Row: Purl. Rep. last 2 rows once.

22 (25) sts. **Next Row:** K 2 tog., k to end.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 6 (7) sts., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k to end. **Next Row:** Cast off 6 (7) sts., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog. **Next Row:** Knit. **Next Row:** Cast off rem. 6 (7) sts.

Return to sts. on holder and work to correspond with first side in reverse.

FRONT YOKE

Work as for back yoke for 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

To Shape Neck: Right side facing, keeping pattern correct, k 31 (34) sts., cast off 31 sts., k 31 (34).

Next Row: P 31 (34) sts., turn, work on this side only, leaving rem. sts. on holder. Cont. in st-st. and patt., cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next row and next alt. row. Dec. 1 st. at same edge every row until 18 (21) sts. rem. Cont. straight until front yoke matches back yoke.

To Shape Shoulder: With wrong side facing, cast off 6 (7) sts. at beg. of next row and next 2 alt. rows.

Return to sts. on holder and work to correspond with first side in reverse.

BORDER FOR YOKE

Seam shoulders. Using crochet hook and c.c. 2, work 2 rows double crochet round complete outside of yoke, working 2 sts. in same place at each of 4 corners. Work 2 rows in same manner using c.c. 1, then 2 rows using c.c. 3, end off.

BORDER FOR NECK

Work 6 rows double crochet round neck edge, 2 of c.c. 2, 2 of c.c. 1, then 2 of c.c. 3. Slightly dec. around curved section so neckband will be flat.

UNDERARM FACING

Seam sides. Right sides facing, using No. 10 needles and m.c., pick up and k 42 sts. round underarm. Work in st-st. for 7 rows, commencing with a p row, inc. 1 st. each end of every alt. row. Cast off very loosely.

Work other underarm in same manner.

TO MAKE UP

Press all sections on wrong side with warm iron over damp cloth. Turn facings in and sl-st. into position. Pin yoke on top of body and stitch firmly into position, back and front alike. Turn up lin. hem and sl-st. into position. Press all seams.



Page 16 — SUMMER KNITTING AND CROCHET

SKIMMER (left) for the footloose and fancy free is narrow as an arrow with color contrast in the check-patterned yoke. Directions on page 15.

DRESS and jacket (right) are knitted in lacy stitch trimmed with picot. Directions and close-up of dress shoulder detail are given on page 13.



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